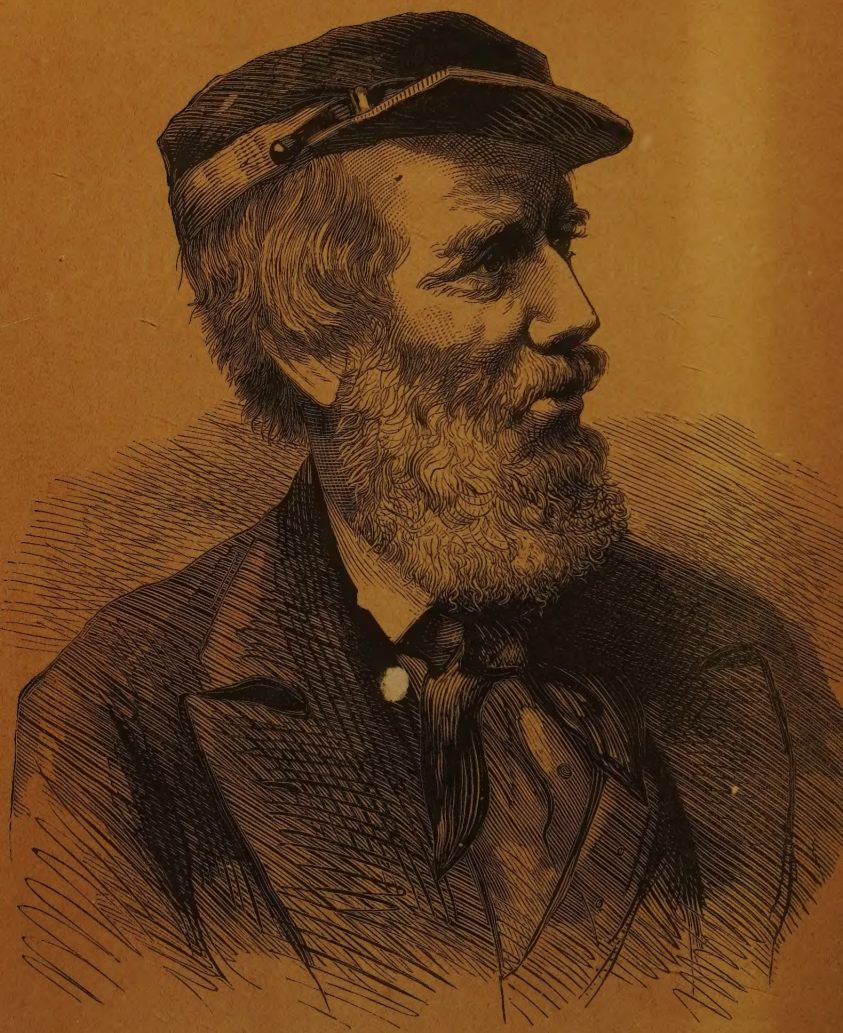

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EXPLORATIONS
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BY
DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
AND OTHERS,
GIVING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE
Stanley-Livingstone
EXPEDITION OF SEARCH,
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
THE NEW YORK "HERALD,"
AS FURNISHED BY
Dr. LIVINGSTONE and Mr. STANLEY.

With a Biographical Sketch of Dr. Livingstone, the great Explorer of Africa, Mr. Stanley, the celebrated Traveller for the "Herald," and Others (Dr. Barth, Baker, Burton, Speke, Du Chaillu, etc.,) connected with Discoveries in Africa, and a practical epitome of Historical and Geographical information in regard to the Continent

INHABITED BY THE BLACK MAN.

EDITED BY
L. D. INGERSOLL,
AUTHOR OF "IOWA AND THE REBELLION," LATE ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

The recent success of the unique expedition of the New-York "Herald" newspaper in search of Dr. Livingstone, the most distinguished of African missionaries, and modern travellers, has given renewed interest to a continent which has been well described as "the division of the world which is the most interesting, and about which we know the least." To supply the popular demand for information in regard to Africa, the explorations of Dr. Livingstone, the "Herald" expedition, and subjects most intimately connected therewith, the following volume has been prepared. It will be seen that Dr. Livingstone himself, and Mr. Stanley, the conductor of the "Herald" expedition, have been largely quoted in the compilation of the work. No one has written of Africa more intelligently, graphically, or fully, than Dr. Livingstone, and none so recently as Mr. Stanley. They are, of course, the principal authorities for this volume, as they are the best that can be had, but the researches of others have been used whenever necessary to add interest to the subject, and to make this book as nearly a complete account of all that is now known of Africa as possible. As such, it is now given to the public in the confident belief that it will supply a want generally felt, and which has often been expressed by the journals of our own and other countries, and other recognized representatives of public opinion.

No book of travels is more interesting than the great work of Dr. Livingstone, and none, we think, which contains so much information valuable to the reading world. There we have a narrative in which are finely blended accounts of missionary labors, scientific researches, explorations among strange people, wonderful animals, a country to which attaches the deepest interest; and all told in the most attractive manner. In Mr. Stanley's dispatches,

5087

letters, and more formal narrations, we have among the best examples of the astonishing development and enterprise of the modern press, as aided by the magnetic telegraph. Much that is most excellent in what these men have said of Africa on the spot will be found, and in their own language, in this volume. Thus it may be seen how ancient and modern customs and habits, and a continent of the old and the new world clasp hands across the gulf of time and space, through the marvelous means of the lightning and the press.

Whilst no pains and research have been spared in the preparation of the book, it has been entrusted to one familiar with the subject and able to place before the public in the least practicable space, all that is most valuable and interesting connected therewith. It is confidently believed, therefore, that no book of so much interesting matter, at so cheap a price as this has been published. The greatest pains have been taken also in its mechanical execution. We feel justified, therefore, in commending it to the public as a complete hand-book of information in regard to one of the most interesting topics to which mankind are now giving attention, and religion, literature, and science their best labors and studies.

THE UNION PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following volume has been prepared with the view of setting forth in a clear and comprehensive manner the most interesting and valuable results of recent explorations in Africa, especially those of Dr. Livingstone: of setting them forth in such way as may serve to give the general reader a correct knowledge of the remarkable peoples and countries first made known by the greatest of modern explorers. The general plan of the book, it will be seen, is biographical, Dr. Livingstone being the principal character of the volume, as he is certainly the most interesting of moderns connected with African exploration. But with him are grouped others, celebrated in somewhat less degree, but whose labors have been invaluable to the cause of both general and scientific knowledge. Among these is Mr. Stanley, who had charge of the famous Special Search Expedition of the New York "Herald," which succeeded, on the very scene of English failure, in discovering the discoverer, thereby reflecting the highest renown upon American journalism. The account of this expedition, as given by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, is quite full, in connection with which will be found a brief history of the rise and progress of modern journalism, which, it is hoped, will not be found inappropriate. Special emphasis is given to Dr. Livingstone's letter to James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Jr., upon the subject of the Slave Trade of East Africa, and British culpability therein.

Should the volume prove to be of value in giving the reading public a general knowledge of the African continent; of arousing an interest among the commercial and religious people of America in behalf of extending commerce and Christian civilization to the continent of contrasts; and also of exciting a feeling of just indignation that England still permits her subjects to carry on the slave trade and thus succeed in bringing her to a performance of duty in this great matter of international interest and treaty stipulations, I shall be greatly gratified.

L. D. INGERSOLL.

CHICAGO, November, 1872.

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EXPLORATIONS IN AFRICA,

BY

LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY,

AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A Brief Account of Africa—Its Ancient Civilization—Little Information extant in Relation to Large Portions of the Continent—The Great field of Scientific Explorations and Missionary Labor—Account of a Number of Exploring Expeditions, Including those of Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, and others—Their Practical Results—Desire of Further Information Increased—Recent Explorations, Notably those of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, Representing the New York "Herald" Newspaper.

A work of standard authority among scholars says that "Africa is the division of the world which is the most interesting, and about which we know the least." Its very name is a mystery; no one can more than approximately calculate its vast extent; even those who have studied the problem the most carefully widely disagree among themselves as to the number of its population, some placing it as low as 60,000,000, others, much in excess of 100,000,000 souls; its su-

perficial configuration in many portions is only guessed at; the sources of its mightiest river are unknown. The heats, deserts, wild beasts, venomous reptiles and savage tribes of this great continent have raised the only barrier against the spirit of discovery and progress, elsewhere irrepressible, of the age, and no small proportion of Africa is to-day as much a *terra incognita* as when the father of history wrote. Many of its inhabitants are among the most barbarous and depraved of all the people of the world, but in ancient times some of its races were the leaders of all men in civilization and were unquestionably possessed of mechanical arts and processes which have long been lost in the lapse of ages. They had vast cities, great and elaborate works of art, and were the most successful of agriculturists. Noted for their skill in the management of the practical affairs of life, they also paid profound attention to the most abstruse questions of religion; and it was a people of Africa, the Egyptians, who first announced belief in the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul. Large numbers of mummies, still existing, ages older than the Christian era, attest the earnestness of the ancient faith in dogmas which form an essential part of the creed of nearly every Christian sect. The most magnificent of women in the arts of coquetry and voluptuous love belonged to this continent of which so much still sits in darkness. The art of war was here cultivated to the greatest perfection; and it was before the army of an African general that the Roman legions went down at Cannæ, and by whom the Empire came near being completely ruined. Indeed,

it may with much show of argument be claimed that the continent over so much of which ignorance and superstition and beasts of prey now hold thorough sway, was originally the cradle of art, and civilization, and human progress.

But if the northern portion of the continent of Africa was in the remote past the abode of learning and of the useful arts, it is certain that during recent periods, other portions of the continent, separated from this by a vast expanse of desert waste, have supplied the world with the most lamentable examples of human misery and the most hideous instances of crime. Nor did cupidity and rapacity confine themselves in the long years of African spoliation to ordinary robbers and buccaneers. Christian nations took part in the horrid work; and we have the authority of accredited history for the statement that Elizabeth of England was a smuggler and a slave-trader. Thus Africa presents the interesting anomaly of having been the home of ancient civilization, and the prey of the modern rapacity and plunder of all nations. It is natural, therefore, that in regard to the plundered portions of this devoted continent, the world at large should know but little. It is also natural that with the advancement of the cause of scientific knowledge, humanity, genuine Christianity, and the rage for discovery, this vast territory should receive the attention of good and studious men and moral nationalities. Accordingly we find that during a comparatively recent period Africa has become a great field of scientific explorations and missionary labor, as well as of colonization.

The first people to give special and continued attention to discoveries in Africa, were the Portuguese. During the fifteenth century, noted for the great advance made in geographical discoveries, the kingdom of Portugal was, perhaps, the greatest maritime power of christendom. Her sovereigns greatly encouraged and many of their most illustrious subjects practically engaged in voyages of discovery. They were preeminently successful both in the eastern and western hemisphere, and one of the results of their daring enterprise is the remarkable fact that Portuguese colonies are much more powerful and wealthy to-day than the parent kingdom.

"The Child is father of the Man."

The Portuguese sent many exploring expeditions along the coast of Africa, and in the course of a century they had circumnavigated the continent and planted colonies all along the shores of the Atlantic and the Indian oceans. Bartholmew Dias having discovered the Cape of Good Hope, the reigning sovereign of Portugal determined to prosecute the explorations still further, with the object of discovering a passage to India. This discovery was made by the intrepid and illustrious mariner, Vasco de Gama, November 20, 1497, a little more than five years after the discovery of America. He pursued his voyage along the eastern coast of Africa, discovering Natal, Mozambique, a number of islands, and finding people in a high stage of commercial advancement, with well-built cities, ports, mosques for the worship of Allah according to the Mohammedan faith, and carrying on a considerable trade with India and the Spice

Islands. Of this trade, Portugal long retained supremacy. Other European powers also meantime established colonies at different places on the African coast, so that in the sixteenth century a considerable portion of the outer shell, so to say, had been examined. The vast interior, however, long remained unexplored, and much of it remains an utterly unknown primeval wilderness to this day. The settlements and colonies of the Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English were for commercial purposes only, and added very little to the general stock of information.

It was not until a year after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States that any organized effort in behalf of discoveries in Africa was made. In the city of London a Society for the Exploration of Interior Africa was formed in 1788, but it was not until seven years afterwards, that the celebrated Mungo Park undertook his first expedition. Thus it was more than three hundred years from the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope before even a ray of light began to penetrate the darkness of benighted Africa. Meantime, great empires had been overthrown and others established in their place and beneficent governments founded on both continents of the western world.

The life and adventures of Mungo Park form a story of exceeding interest, between which and the life and adventures of Dr. Livingstone there are not a few points of remarkable coincidence. Park was a native of Scotland, and one of many children. He was educated also in the medical profession. Moreover, while he was making his first tour of discovery

in Africa, having long been absent from home, reports of his death reached England and were universally credited. His arrival at Falmouth in December 1797, caused a most agreeable surprise throughout the kingdom. An account of his travels abounding with thrilling incidents, including accounts of great suffering from sickness and cruelty at the hands of Mohammedan Africans on the Niger, was extensively circulated. Many portions of this narrative were in about all the American school books during the first half of the nineteenth century, and the name of Mungo Park became as familiar as household words in the United States. In 1805, Park undertook another tour of discovery, which he prosecuted for some time with indomitable courage and against difficulties before which an ordinary mind would have succumbed. He navigated the Niger for a long distance, passing Jennee, Timbuctoo, and Yaoori, but was soon after attacked in a narrow channel, and, undertaking to escape by swimming, was drowned. His few remaining white companions perished with him.

The discoveries of this celebrated man were in that part of Africa which lies between the equator and the 20th degree of north latitude. They added much to the knowledge of that portion of the country, and keenly whetted the desire of further information. Several journeys and voyages up rivers followed, but without notable result till the English expedition under Denham and Clapperton in 1822. This expedition started with a caravan of merchants from Tripoli on the Mediterranean, and after traversing the great desert, reached Lake Tsad in interior Africa.

Denham explored the lake and its shores, while Lieut. Clapperton pursued his journey westward as far as Sakatu, which is not greatly distant from the Niger. He retraced his steps, and having visited England, began a second African tour, starting from near Cape Coast Castle on the Gulf of Guinea. Traveling in a northeastern direction, he struck the Niger at Boussa, and going by way of Kano, a place of considerable commercial importance, again arrived at Sakatu, where he shortly afterwards died. He was the first man who had traversed Africa from the Mediterranean sea to the Gulf of Guinea. Richard Lander, a servant of Lieut. Clapperton, afterwards discovered the course of the Niger from Boussa to the gulf, finding it identical with the river Nun of the seacoast.

Other tours of discovery into Africa have been made to which it is not necessary here to refer. The practical result of all these expeditions, up to about the middle of the ninetenth century, was a rough outline of information in regard to the coast countries of Africa, the course of the Niger, the manners and customs of the tribes of Southern Africa, and a little more definite knowledge concerning Northern and Central Africa, embracing herein the great desert, Lake Tsad, the river Niger, and the people between the desert and the Gulf of Guinea. Perhaps the most comprehensive statement of the effect of this information upon Christian peoples was that it seemed to conclusively demonstrate an imperative demand for missionary labors. Even the Mohammedans of the Moorish Kingdom of Ludamar, set loose a wild boar upon Mungo Park. They were aston-

ished that the wild beast assailed the Moslems instead of the Christian, and afterwards shut the two together in a hut, while King and council debated whether the white man should lose his right arm, his eyes, or his life. During the debate, the traveler escaped. If the Mohammedan Africans were found to be thus cruel, it may well be inferred that those of poorer faith were no less bloodthirsty. And thus, as one of the results of the expeditions to which we have referred, a renewed zeal in proselytism and discovery was developed.

Thus, the two most distinguished African travellers, and who have published the most varied, extensive, and valuable information in regard to that continent, performed the labors of their first expeditions cotemporaneously, the one starting from the north of Africa, the other from the south. I can but refer to the distinguished Dr. Heinreich Barth, and him who is largely the subject of this volume, Dr. David Livingstone. The expeditions were not connected the one with the other, but had this in common that both were begun under the auspices of the British government and people. A full narrative of Dr. Barth's travels and discoveries has been published, from which satisfactory information in regard to much of northern and central Africa may be obtained. The narrative is highly interesting and at once of great popular and scientific value. Hence the world has learned the geography of a wide expanse of country round about Lake Tsad in all directions; far toward Abyssinia northeasterly, as far west by north as Timbuctoo, several hundred miles southeasterly, and as

far toward the southwest, along the River Benue, as the junction of the Faro. Dr. Barth remained in Africa six years, much of the time without a single white associate, his companions in the expedition having all died. Dr. Overweg, who was the first European to navigate Lake Tsad, died in September, 1852. Mr. Richardson, the official chief of the expedition, had died in March of the previous year.

But unquestionably the most popular of African explorers is Dr. Livingstone, an account of whose first expedition—1849–52—has been read by a great majority of intelligent persons speaking the English language. Large and numerous editions were speedily demanded, and Africa again became an almost universal topic of discourse. Indeed, intelligence of Dr. Livingstone's return after so many years of toil and danger, was rapidly spread among the nations, accompanied by brief reports of his explorations, and these prepared the way for the reception of the Doctor's great work by vast numbers of people. Every one was ready and anxious to carry the war of his reading into Africa. And afterwards, when Dr. Livingstone returned to Africa, and having prosecuted his explorations for a considerable period reports came of his death at the hands of cruel and treacherous natives, interest in exact knowledge of his fate became intense and appeared only to increase upon the receipt of reports contradicting the first, and then again of rumors which appeared to substantiate those which had been first received. In consequence of the conflicting statements which, on account of the universal interest in the subject, were published in the

public press throughout the world, the whole Christian church, men of letters and science became fairly agitated. The sensation was profound, and, based upon admiration of a man of piety, sublime courage, and the most touching self-denial in a great cause to which he had devoted all his bodily and intellectual powers, it was reasonable and philosophical.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the English government should have fitted out an expedition in search of Livingstone. Accordingly, the Livingstone Search Expedition, as it is called, was organized early in the winter of 1871–72, and under command of Lieut. Dawson, embarked on its destination, on the 9th of February of the last year. The expedition reached Zanzibar April 19, and the members were most kindly received by the Sultan, Sayid Bergash, and greatly assisted by his Grand Vizier, Sayid Suliman. A company of six Nasik youths, originally slaves in a part of Africa through which the Search Expedition would pass, were being drilled for the purpose, and were expected to be of great assistance.

But before intelligence of the Livingstone Search Expedition at Zanzibar awaiting favorable weather, had arrived, the world was startled by the news that a private expedition, provided solely by the New York "Herald" newspaper, and in charge of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, had succeeded, after surmounting incredible difficulties, in reaching Ujiji, where a meeting of the most remarkable nature took place between the great explorer and the representative of the enterprising journal of New York. Unique in its origin, most remarkable in the accomplishment of its benefi-

cent purpose, this Herald-Livingstone expedition has received the considerate approval of mankind, and Mr. Stanley has become with justice regarded as a practical hero of a valuable kind. His accounts of his travel, his dispatches to the "Herald" from time to time, the more formal narratives furnished by him, compose a story of the deepest interest and, when properly considered, of the greatest value. It is to preserve this story in permanent form—and wherever possible in the language of Mr. Stanley himself—connecting with it such portions of Dr. Livingstone's life and explorations, such accounts of discoveries and affairs in Africa generally, and such mention of the newspaper enterprise itself as may serve to make a volume of interesting and useful information upon a subject of confessedly universal interest among Christian people, that this work has been undertaken.

CHAPTER II.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LIVINGSTONE.

His Birth and Parentage—Hard Work and Hard Study—The Factory Boy Becomes a Physician—The Opium War in China Causes Him to Sail for Africa.

David Livingstone, whose name has become so distinguished on account of discoveries in southern and central Africa, is a native of Scotland. In the introductory chapter to his interesting "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," Dr. Livingstone makes passing mention of a few of his ancestors, showing that he came of good honest stock. "Our great-grandfather," he says, "fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and our grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus alluded to by Walter Scott:

> 'And Ulva dark and Còlonsay,
> And all the group of Islands gay
> That guard famed Staffa round!'

"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in the 'Tales of a Grandfather' and other works. As a boy I remember listening to him with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sit-

ting by the African evening fires." Finding the resources of his farm unable to support a large family, the grandfather transferred the scene of his story-telling and industry to Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory on the Clyde not far from the City of Glasgow. In these extensive works he and his sons were honorably employed by the proprietors. It would be difficult to speak of Dr. Livingstone's father and mother and of his early life in more appropriate words than he has himself used. He says :

" Our uncles all entered his majesty's service during the last French war, either as soldiers or sailors ; but my father remained at home, and, though too conscientious ever to become rich as a small tea-dealer, by his kindliness of manner and winning ways he made the heart-strings of his children twine around him as firmly as if he had possessed, and could have bestowed upon them, every worldly advantage. He reared his children in connection with the Kirk of Scotland,—a religious establishment which has been an incalculable blessing to that country ; but he afterward left it, and during the last twenty years of his life held the office of deacon of an independent church in Hamilton, and deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me, from my infancy, with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns's ' Cotter's Saturday Night.' He died in February, 1856, in peaceful hope of that mercy which we all expect through the death of our Lord and Saviour. I was at the time on my way below the Zumbo, expecting no greater pleasure in

this country than sitting by our cottage-fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory.

"The earliest recollection of my mother recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet. At the age of ten I was put into the factory as a 'piecer,' to aid by my earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of my first week's wages I purchased Ruddiman's 'Rudiments of Latin,' and pursued the study of that language for many years afterward, with unabated ardor, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster—happily still alive—was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges that all who wished for education might have obtained it. Many availed themselves of the privilege; and some of my schoolfellows now rank in position far above what they appeared ever likely to come to when in the village school. If such a system were established in England, it would prove a never-ending blessing to the poor."

In this happily-described scene of his boyhood, David Livingstone had been born in 1815. He be-

gan this occupation of a "piecer" in the cotton works at the age of ten years. It will be seen from the foregoing quotations that, what with "piecing," reading, and studying, the ambitious lad did not leave many hours to sleep. He says he read everything that he could lay his hands on except novels, scientific works and books of travels being, however, his special delight. It appears that his father was of opinion that works of science were inimical to religion, and insisted upon David's reading those works which were supposed to be the most conducive to his religious education. Upon this point the son at length rose in open rebellion, and tells us that the last application of the rod to him—from which we may infer that the parental government did not always take the form of moral suasion—was upon his refusal, point-blank, to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." This dislike to what Dr. Livingstone calls "dry doctrinal reading" continued for several years, when he discovered a number of religious works which were in themselves interesting, and agreed with him in the idea that religion and science were not hostile to each other. Such being David Livingstone's course of intellectual culture during boyhood and youth, his manual labor continued for many years without cessation, and it is believed, without complaint. It cannot be doubted that as boy and youth, he was a good "hand" in the factory. So we find him promoted from the situation of a "piecer" to that of a "spinner," the latter being a position at once less laborious, though requiring more skill, and better paid. His moral education meantime proceeded apace. This it will be best to relate in his own language:

"Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of our free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour; but it was only about this time that I really began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of color-blindness. The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with his blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for his mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since. But I shall not again refer to the inner spiritual life which I believe then began, nor do I intend to specify with any prominence the evangelistic labors to which the love of Christ has since impelled me. This book will speak, not so much of what has been done, as of what still remains to be performed before the gospel can be said to be preached to all nations. In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire, and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise."

Young Livingstone pursued his medical education in a manner similar to that which had characterized

A Narrow Escape from a Lion

his studies theretofore. He continued to work hard as well as to study hard, and though of slender physical proportions, he certainly had a vigorous constitution, sustained by great force of will. He found time to make many excursions into the country round about his home, whereby his practical knowledge of botany and also of geology, to which he gave much attention, was greatly extended. It must be agreed that Livingstone's course of education, general and professional, was much out of the ordinary track. He appears to have been by nature broad-minded; catholic, or as it is often expressed, liberal in view. It was, perhaps, impossible for him to have become, at any rate in the age in which he was fortunately born, a sectarian in religion or a dogmatist in anything. He might, however, have become more inclined to sectarianism had his course of education been marked out by others instead of almost wholly by himself. His success in classical, general, and professional knowledge, is one of many illustrations of the gratifying truth that a boyhood and youth of hard manual labor may be so employed as to bring about the most admirable intellectual culture and men of prodigious influence in directing the progress of the world. It appears that Dr. Livingstone himself, after his name had become known throughout the world, was still firmly convinced that his early life of labor had been beneficial to him. In an interesting bit of autobiography he remarks:

"My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed

at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. It 'sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the gospel of Christ, to the heathen.' This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society ought to do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others; and I would not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected.

"Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same

lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

Having finished his medical curriculum, Livingstone presented himself for examination, having prepared a thesis on a subject which required the use of the stethoscope (an instrument for the examination of the chest), on which account he had to go through a course of questions and experiments longer and more severe than usual. He passed the ordeal with entire success, however, and expresses great delight at becoming a member of a profession "which is preëminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

It had been Dr. Livingstone's purpose to go to China as a Missionary. He hoped to gain access to that empire whose vastness appears to have fascinated his imagination, by means of the healing art. England being engaged at this time, however, in the "opium war" with China, it was impracticable for him to make his way among the Celestials. Wherefore he remained in England and pursued certain theological studies, proficiency in which he thought would greatly aid him as a missionary. Meantime, he became deeply interested in Africa, through the labors of Dr. Moffat, who had long been a missionary at Kuruman, and who at this time was engaged in translating the Bible into the language of the Bechuanas. Accordingly, Dr. Livingstone, in 1840, sailed for that wonderful country which has become more and more interesting ever since, largely on account of his own explorations and labors, and the almost marvelous events which directly and indirectly have grown out of his career in Africa.

CHAPTER III.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone's Departure from Cape Town and Journey to the Missionary Station, Kuruman—Proceeds to Shokuane, the Chief Village of Sechele, Chief of the Bakwains—Sketch of the Chieftain's Life and Character—Missionary Life—Characteristics of the People—Graphic Sketch of a Combat with Lions—Many Facts about the "King of Beasts."

After a voyage of three months, Dr. Livingstone reached Cape Town, and soon afterwards proceeded to the interior, starting inland from Algoa Bay whence he had gone by a coastwise journey. At this time Kuruman, in the territory of the Bechuanas was a missionary station the farthest inland from Cape Town. This place is about seven hundred miles in a nearly northeastern direction, from Cape Town, and about five hundred, due north, from Algoa Bay. The route of travel from either place is, of course, farther. From Algoa Bay Dr. Livingstone took his departure in the aboriginal mode of travel, or, rather, the pioneer mode, namely, wagons drawn by oxen. The journey was tedious, but remaining at Kuruman only long enough to recruit his oxen, Dr. Livingstone pushed on northward, not halting for any length of time until he had reached Shokuane, where he met Sechele, a noted African chieftain, exercising great power among the people who inhabit what is called the Bakuena or Bakwain country. He was, indeed, sovereign of the

tribe of Bakwains, and certainly one of the most interesting Africans of whom modern explorers give us any account.

Sechele was descended from what the Africans would call an illustrious ancestry. His great grandfather, Mochoasele, was a noted traveller and is said to have been the first to tell the Bakwains of the existence of white men. The father of Sechele was also named Mochoasele. One of his predominating characteristics was covetousnesss, and he appears especially to have coveted the wives of other chieftains. Because he had taken to himself many of the wives of his under chiefs they rebelled against him and put him to death. His children were spared and their adherents called in the aid of the powerful Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, far to the northward. Sebituane, with a large force surrounded the principal town of the Bakwains by night, and at the dawn of the following day, proclaimed that he had come to revenge the death of Mochoasele. The proclamation was accompanied by a tremendous beating of shields and African drums, whose rub-a-dub is rarely stilled in the southern and central protions of the continent, and the Bakwains fell into a panic. As they rushed from the town pell-mell, like the crowd from a burning theatre, many were taken and slain, the Makololo being the most expert of all Africans in throwing the javelin. The children of the murdered chief were ordered to be spared by Sebituane, and a Makololo meeting Sechele, took him in safe custody by giving him a blow over the head which rendered him insensible. The usurper being put to death, Sechele was

placed in power. He immediately began to augment his influence and render his chieftainship secure by marrying the daughters of his under-chiefs, of whom he forthwith took three to wife. This is one of the usual modes adopted in Africa for perpetuating the allegiance of a tribe. The government is patriarchal, each man being, by virtue of paternity, chief of his own children. They build their huts around his, and the greater the number of his children the more his importance increases. "Hence," says Dr. Livingstone, "children are esteemed one of the greatest blessings, and are always treated kindly." In the course of his narrative Dr. Livingstone relates a number of incidents illustrating the universal affection of Africans for children.

The Chief Sechele had thus been placed at the head of his tribe by the aid of Sebituane not long before Dr. Livingstone reached the principal town of the Bakwains. It was here that the great explorer held his first public religious exercises. Sechele was present an attentive listener. But not disposed to take things upon trust, he asked many questions, and was particularly anxious to know why, if Dr. Livingstone's forefathers had been told of a future judgment his forefathers were left in ignorance and to pass away into darkness, The chief was impressed, however, with the arguments in favor of Christianity and at once went to work learning to read. He learned the alphabet in a day, and very soon began to read in the Bible. The prophet Isaiah was his favorite. "He was a fine man, that Isaiah," Sechele used to say; "he knew how to speak."

Perceiving that Dr. Livingstone was anxious for the Africans to believe in Christianity, Sechele said to him one day, "Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I shall call our head men and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros' hide) we will soon make them all believe together." Sechele, in fine, became a convert, always advocated Christianity, but was greatly troubled as to how to get rid of his superfluous wives. This was a real difficulty; because he could not put them aside without appearing to be ungrateful to their parents who had so materially aided him in his adversity. At length he did so, however, and with great natural politeness gave each one new toilets and other presents, including all his own goods which they had kept for him, and returned them to their parents with the message that he had no fault to find with them but wished to follow the will of God. He remained steadfast, and was ever a valuable friend and aid to Dr. Livingstone. When first known he was tall and slender, but active and strong. His studies and in-door life made him corpulent. About the time Dr. Livingstone was to begin his second journey into the interior, and while at the village of Kuruman awaiting repairs to his wagon, Sechele's town of Kolobeng was attacked by the Boers, and sacked. The discomfited chief sent the following account of the affair to the Rev. Mr. Moffat, at Kuruman, the bearer of the letter being Sechele's wife Masebele:

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confi-

dence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northward). I replied, 'These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them).' They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children, and men. And the mother of Balerilling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of wagons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own wagon and that of Macabe, then the number of their wagons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.

"I am SECHELE,

"The son of Mochoasele."

This disaster to Sechele caused a considerable delay in Dr. Livingstone's departure for the north upon that remarkable expedition which has become so celebrated. At length, however, guides were procured,

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and the journey was begun, November 20, 1852. That which we further learn of the intelligent Sechele, whom misfortunes of the severest nature were unable to dishearten, is thus related by Dr. Livingstone:

"When we reached Motito, forty miles off, we met Sechele on his way, as he said, 'to the Queen of England. Two of his own children, and their mother, a former wife, were among the captives seized by the Boers; and, being strongly imbued with the then very prevalent notion of England's justice and generosity, he thought that in consequence of the violated treaty he had a fair case to lay before her majesty. He employed all his eloquence and powers of persuasion to induce me to accompany him, but I excused myself on the ground that my arrangements were already made for exploring the north. On explaining the difficulties of the way, and endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt, on account of the knowledge I possessed of the governor's policy, he put the pointed question, 'Will the queen not listen to me, supposing I should reach her?' I replied, 'I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her.' 'Well, I shall reach her,' expressed his final determination. Others explained the difficulties more fully, but nothing could shake his resolution. When he reached Bloemfontein he found the English army just returning from a battle with the Basutos, in which both parties claimed the victory, and both were glad that a second engagement was not tried. Our officers invited Sechele to dine with them, heard his story, and collected a handsome sum of money to

enable him to pursue his journey to England. The commander refrained from noticing him, as a single word in favor of the restoration of the children of Sechele would have been a virtual confession of the failure of his own policy at the very outset. Sechele proceeded as far as the Cape; but, his resources being there expended, he was obliged to return to his own country, one thousand miles distant, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

"On his return he adopted a mode of punishment which he had seen in the colony, namely, making criminals work on the public roads. And he has since, I am informed, made himself the missionary to his own people. He is tall, rather corpulent, and has more of the negro feature than common, but has large eyes. He is very dark, and his people swear by 'Black Sechele.' He has great intelligence, reads well, and is a fluent speaker. Great numbers of the tribes formerly living under the Boers have taken refuge under his sway, and he is now greater in power than he was before the attack on Kolobeng."

And here we bid farewell to "the Black Sechele" trusting that his wise government, incipient statesmanship among the tribal Africans, may have full development worthy of its interesting and auspicious beginning.

The foregoing sketch of the life and character of this singular man has been given because believed to be interesting in itself and because one may hence get a glimpse at any rate of the people among whom Dr. Livingstone lived and labored for so many years. The calamity which befel Sechele did not occur, of

course, until after the traveler had been long in Africa. Meantime, he had acquired the language of the Bakwains, had married a daughter of the missionary, Mr. Moffat, and had become the father of several children. After several journeys in exploration of the country, Dr. Livingstone finally determined to select "the beautiful valley of Mabotsa" as the site of a missionary station, and thither he removed in 1843. His purchase of land for the purposes he had in view was the first instance of a sale, with regular transfer of title, which had occurred in that country. The price paid for a large lot was five pounds sterling, and it was stipulated that a similar piece of land should be allotted to any other missionary at any other place to which the tribe might remove.

It were needless to enter into the details of Dr. Livingstone's missionary life among the Bakwains. His relations with the people, he tells us, were simply relations between strangers. His influence depended entirely upon persuasion. He disclaimed having either authority or power, and it may be safely concluded, from the beneficent result in the case of Sechele and the improved stage of civilization and prosperity to which he brought his tribe, that his course of kindness and affection was also the course of wisdom Not only this, but the influence of the missionaries was good in bringing new motives into play among these ignorant people. There were no less than five instances, during Dr. Livingstone's sojourn at Kolobeng, of the prevention of war through influences which may be claimed as wholly Christian. The people in general, he says, were slow in coming

to a decision on religious subjects; but in questions affecting their worldly affairs they were keenly alive to their own interests. They might be called stupid in matters which had not come within the sphere of their own observation, but in other things, he proceeds to say, they showed more intelligence than is to be met with in our own uneducated peasantry. They are remarkably accurate in their knowledge of cattle, sheep, and goats, knowing exactly the kind of pasturage suited to each; and they select with great judgment the variety of soil best suited to different kinds of grain. They are also familiar with the habits of wild animals, and in general are well up in the maxims which embody their ideas of political wisdom. A little further on, Dr. Livingstone gives a lively account of what may be called his private life: "Our house at the river Kolobeng, which gave a name to the settlement, was the third which I had reared with my own hands. A native smith taught me to weld iron; and having improved from scraps of information in that line from Mr. Moffat, and also in carpentering and gardening, I was becoming handy at almost any trade, besides doctoring and preaching; and as my wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, we came nearly up to what may be considered as indispensible in the accomplishments of a missionary family in central Africa, namely, the husband to be a jack-of-all-trades without doors and the wife a maid-of-all-work within."

But it is not to be supposed that missionary life in a country infested by large numbers of beasts of prey would at all times pass smoothly on. Indeed, it was

not long after Dr. Livingstone had taken up his abode at Kolobeng, that he took part in a lion hunt, in which he personally had an encounter with one of the beasts, the result of which was a wound which permanently disabled his left arm. His graphic account of this affair presents a vivid picture of one phase of African life, and relates besides certain habits and characteristics of the lion which will be found interesting to all students of natural history. Wherefore, the narative bearing upon the incident is given in full:

"Here an occurrence took place concerning which I have frequently been questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage. The Bakatla of the village Mabotsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed that they were bewitched—'given,' as they said, 'into the power of the lions by a neighboring tribe.' They went once to attack the animals; but, being rather a cowardly people compared to Bechuanas in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

"It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length

and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, then, leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village: in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout.

Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying

rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm.

"A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gun-shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterward. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers."

It is very evident that Dr. Livingstone does not hold the lion, famed as the king of beasts, in high respect. He might almost appear to hold him in a certain contempt, notwithstanding the fact that he will carry to his grave the inconvenient evidence of the maned brute's power. The traveler gives a full account of these animals in the seventh chapter of his "Researches in South Africa." He says:

"When a lion becomes too old to catch game he frequently takes to killing goats in the villages; a woman or child happening to go out at night falls a prey too; and as this is his only source of subsistence now, he continues it. From this circumstance has

THREE LIONS ATTEMPTING TO DRAG DOWN A BUFFALO, AS SEEN BY THE EXPLORERS.

arisen the idea that the lion, when he has once tasted human flesh, loves it better than any other. A man-eater is invariably an old lion; and when he has overcome his fear of man so far as to come to villages for goats, the people remark, 'His teeth are worn, he will soon kill men.' They at once acknowledge the necessity of instant action, and turn out to kill him. When living far away from population, or when, as is the case in some parts, he entertains a wholesome dread of the Bushmen and Bakalahari, as soon as either disease or old age overtakes him he begins to catch mice and other small rodents, and even to eat grass; the natives, observing undigested vegetable matter in his droppings, follow up his trail in the certainty of finding him scarcely able to move under some tree, and dispatch him without difficulty The grass may have been eaten as medicine, as is observed in dogs.

"That the fear of man often remains excessively strong in the carnivora is proved from well-authenticated cases in which the lioness, in the vicinity of towns where the large game had been unexpectedly driven away by fire-arms, has been known to assuage the paroxysms of hunger by devouring her own young. It must be added that though the effluvium which is left by the footsteps of man is in general sufficient to induce lions to avoid a village, there are exceptions: so many came about our half-deserted houses at Chonuane while we were in the act of removing to Kolobeng, that the natives who remained with Mrs. Livingstone were terrified to stir out of doors in the evening.

"When a lion is met in the daytime, a circumstance by no means unfrequent to travelers in these parts, if preconceived notions do not lead them to expect something very 'noble' or 'majestic,' they will see merely an animal somewhat larger than the biggest dog they ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features: the face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like a dog's; not exactly such as our painters make it,—though they might learn better at the Zoological Gardens,—their ideas of majesty being usually shown by making their lion's faces like old women in night-caps. When encountered in the daytime, the lion stands a second or two, gazing, then turns slowly round and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder, then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a greyhound. By day there is not, as a rule, the smallest danger of lions which are not molested attacking man, nor even on a clear moonlight night, except when they possess the breeding *storge* (natural affection:) this makes them brave almost any danger; and if a man happens to cross to the windward of them, both lion and lioness will rush at him, in the manner of a bitch with whelps. This does not often happen, as I only became aware of two or three instances of it. In one case a man, passing where the wind blew from him to the animals, was bitten before he could climb a tree; and occasionally a man on horseback has been caught by the leg under the same circumstances. So general, however, is the sense of security on moonlight nights, that we seldom tied up

our oxen, but let them lie loose by the wagons; while on a dark, rainy night, if a lion is in the neighborhood, he is almost sure to venture to kill an ox. His approach is always stealthy, except when wounded; and any appearance of a trap is enough to cause him to refrain from making the last spring. This seems characteristic of the feline species; when a goat is picketed in India for the purpose of enabling the huntsmen to shoot a tiger by night, if on a plain, he would whip off the animal so quickly by a stroke of the paw that no one could take aim; to obviate this, a small pit is dug, and the goat is picketed to a stake in the bottom; a small stone is tied in the ear of the goat, which makes him cry the whole night. When the tiger sees the appearance of a trap, he walks round and round the pit, and allows the hunter, who is lying in wait to have a fair shot.

"When a lion is very hungry, and lying in wait, the sight of an animal may make him commence stalking it. In one case a man, while steathily crawling toward a rhinoceros, happened to glance behind him, and found to his horror a lion *stalking him;* he only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. At Lopepe a lioness sprang on the after-quarter of Mr. Oswell's horse, and when we came up to him we found the marks of the claws on the horse, and a scratch on Mr. O.'s hand. The horse, on feeling the lion on him, sprang away, and the rider, caught by a wait-a-bit thorn, was brought to the ground and rendered insensible. His dogs saved him. Another English gentleman (Captain Codrington) was surprised in the same way, though not hunting the lion at the

time, but turning round he shot him dead in the neck. By accident a horse belonging to Codrington ran away, but was stopped by the bridle catching a stump; there he remained a prisoner two days, and when found the whole space around was marked by the footprints of lions. They had evidently been afraid to attack the haltered horse, from fear that it was a trap. Two lions came up by night to within three yards of oxen tied to a wagon, and a sheep tied to a tree, and stood roaring, but afraid to make a spring. On another occasion, one of our party was lying sound asleep and unconscious of danger between two natives behind a bush at Mashue; the fire was nearly out at their feet in consequence of all being completely tired out by the fatigues of the previous day: a lion came up to within three yards of the fire, and there commenced roaring instead of making a spring: the fact of their riding-ox being tied to the bush was the only reason the lion had for not following his instinct and making a meal of flesh. He then stood on a knoll three hundred yards distant, and roared all night, and continued his growling as the party moved off by daylight next morning.

"Nothing that I ever learned of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs. With respect to its great strength there can be no doubt. The immense masses of muscle around its jaws, shoulders and forearms proclaim tremendous force. They would seem, however, to be inferior in power to those of the Indian tiger Most of those feats of

strength that I have seen performed by lions, such as the taking away of an ox, were not carrying, but dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground: they have sprung, on some occasions, on to the hind-quarters of a horse, but no one has ever seen them on the withers of a giraffe. They do not mount on the hind-quarters of an eland even, but try to tear him down with their claws. Messrs. Oswell and Vardon once saw three lions endeavoring to drag down a buffalo, and they were unable to do so for a time, though he was then mortally wounded by a two-ounce ball.*

"In general, the lion seizes the animal he is attacking by the flank, near the hind-leg, or by the throat below the jaw. It is questionable whether he ever attempts to seize an animal by the withers. The flank is the most common point of attack, and that is the part he begins to feast on first. The natives and lions are very similar in their tastes in the selection of titbits: an eland may be seen disemboweled

* This singular encounter, in the words of an eye-witness, happened as follows:—

"My South African Journal is now before me, and I have got hold of the account of the lion and buffalo affair; here it is:—'15th September, 1846. Oswell and I were riding, this afternoon, along the banks of the Limpopo, when a waterbuck started in front of us. I dismounted, and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and after going a little distance, stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from the two-ouncer crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed, as soon as I had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo, and gaining on him at every stride, three lions leaped on the unfortunate brute; he bellowed most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight, but he was, of course, soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions, on their hind-legs, tearing away with teeth and claws, in most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards, and, kneeling down, blazed away at the lions. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One

by a lion so completely that he scarcely seems cut up at all. The bowels and fatty parts form a full meal for even the largest lion. The jackal comes sniffing about, and sometimes suffers for his temerity by a stroke from the lion's paw, laying him dead. When gorged, the lion falls fast asleep, and is then easily dispatched. Hunting a lion with dogs involves very little danger compared with hunting the Indian tiger, because the dogs bring him out of cover and make him stand at bay, giving the hunter plenty of time for a good deliberate shot.

"Where game is abundant, there you may expect lions in proportionately large numbers. They are never seen in herds, but six or eight, probably one family, occasionally hunt together. One is in much more danger of being run over when walking in the streets of London than he is of being devoured by lions in Africa, unless engaged in hunting the animal. Indeed, nothing that I have seen or heard about lions would constitute a barrier in the way of men of ordinary courage and enterprise.

lion fell dead almost *on* the buffalo; he had merely time to turn toward us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off immediately; and the third raised his head, coolly looked round for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcass as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load, then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but a ball that he received *ought* to have stopped him, as it went clean through his shoulder-blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. It is not often that one *bags* a brace of lions and a bull-buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it.'

"Such, my dear Livingstone, is the plain, unvarnished account. The buffalo had, of course, gone close to where the lions were lying down for the day; and they, seeing him lame and bleeding, thought the opportunity too good a one to be lost. Ever yours, FRANK VARDON."

"The same feeling which has induced the modern painter to caricature the lion, has led the sentimentalist to consider the lion's roar the most terrific of all earthly sounds. We hear of the 'majestic roar of the king of beasts.' It is, indeed, well calculated to inspire fear if you hear it in combination with the tremendously loud thunder of that country, on a night so pitchy dark that every flash of the intensely vivid lightning leaves you with the impression of stone-blindness, while the rain pours down so fast that your fire goes out, leaving you without the protection of even a tree, or the chance of your gun going off. But when you are in a comfortable house or wagon, the case is very different, and you hear the roar of the lion without any awe or alarm. The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud; yet he never was feared by man. To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle. On my mentioning this fact some years ago, the assertion was doubted, so I have been careful ever since to inquire the opinions of Europeans, who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich; the invariable answer was, that they could not, when the animal was at any distance. The natives assert that they can detect a variation between the commencement of the noise of each. There is, it must be admitted, considerable difference between the singing noise of a lion when full, and his deep, gruff growl when hungry. In general, the lion's voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of the ostrich; but to this day, I can distinguish between them with certainty only by

knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night.

"The African lion is of a tawny color, like that of some mastiffs. The mane in the male is large, and gives the idea of great power. In some lions, the ends of the hair of the mane are black; these go by the name of black-maned lions, though, as a whole, all look of the yellow tawny color. At the time of the discovery of the lake, Messrs. Oswell and Wilson shot two specimens of another variety. One was an old lion, whose teeth were mere stumps, and his claws worn quite blunt; the other was full grown, in the prime of life, with white, perfect teeth: both were entirely destitute of mane. The lions in the country near the lake give tongue less than those farther south. We scarcely ever heard them roar at all.

"The lion has other checks on inordinate increase besides man. He seldom attacks full-grown animals; but frequently, when a buffalo-calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him. One we found was killed thus; and on the Leeambye another, which died near Sesheke, had all the appearance of having received his death-blow from a buffalo. It is questionable if a single lion ever attacks a full-grown buffalo. The amount of roaring heard at night, on occasions when a buffalo is killed, seems to indicate there are always more than one lion engaged in the onslaught.

"On the plain, south of Sebituane's ford, a herd of buffaloes kept a number of lions from their young by the males turning their heads to the enemy. The young and the cows were in the rear. One toss from

a bull would kill the strongest lion that ever breathed. I have been informed that in one part of India even the tame buffaloes feel their superiority to some wild animals, for they have been seen to chase a tiger up the hills, bellowing as if they enjoyed the sport. Lions never go near any elephants except the calves, which, when young, are sometimes torn by them; every living thing retires before the lordly elephant, yet a full-grown one would be an easier prey than the rhinoceros; the lion rushes off at the mere sight of this latter beast."

Dr. Livingstone afterwards says, however, that he saw lions above Libonta, which roared more and louder than those of more Southern Africa; and he makes special mention of seeing two which were as large as donkeys.

CHAPTER IV.

LIVINGSTONE'S FIRST AND SECOND JOURNEYS INTO THE INTERIOR.

Departure for the Central Portion of South Africa—Discovery of Lake Ngami—Elephants—Journey to the Country of the Makololo—Their Sovereign, Sebituane—A Remarkable Career—Discovery of the River Zambesi—The Slave Trade—Return to Cape Town—The Tsetse Fly.

During all these years of missionary labor, first at Shokuane, and, upon the abandonment of that village, at Kolobeng, Dr. Livingstone had made explorations of the country round about, and had become familiar with the language, manners, and customs of those dark-colored people who were in most respects so different from those among whom he had been born, reared, and educated. It might appear that the traveler, like the poet, is born, not made by education. *Viator nascitur, non fit*, is as amply demonstrated by the examples of Columbus, Gama, Park, Marco Polo, Sir John Franklin, Dr. Livingstone, and very many others, as the original quotation is by Homer, or its author, or Shakespeare, or Milton or any of the rest of the grand old masters,

"———————— the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time."

Dr. Livingstone's genius for exploration was again gratified on the 1st of June, 1849, when, in company with two noted travelers, Messrs. Oswell and Mur-

ray, who had joined him for the purpose, he set out from Kolobeng in search of Lake Ngami. The existence of this lake, according to the reports of natives, had long been known, but its exact locality had not been ascertained, nor had it ever been seen by the eye of any white man. The fact of the existence of the lake was not better known than that to approach it must be a task of great difficulty and a thousand perils.

The difficulties and perils of the journey chiefly lay in the nature of the country lying between the explored portions of South Africa and the lake. To the northward of the country of the Bechuanas is a vast sterile, dry, and most uninviting territory, known as the Kalahari Desert. It is not destitute of vegetation or inhabitants. Indeed, the quantity of grass growing on these trackless plains is said to be astonishing even to those who are familiar with India, of whom Mr. Oswell, accompanying Dr. Livingstone on this journey, was one. There are also large patches of bushes and even trees. Great herds of certain kinds of antelopes, which require little or no water, roam over the flat expanse. It is inhabited by Bushmen and Bakalahari, who subsist on game. The former are said to be the aborigines of the southern portion of the continent, the latter the remnants of the first emigration of Bechuanas. Both possess an intense love of liberty, but in other respects are greatly different the one tribe from the other. For whereas the Bushmen are exceptions to Africans generally in language, race, habits, and appearance, being the only real nomads in the country, never cultivating the

soil, nor rearing any domestic animals save wretched dogs, and subsisting almost entirely upon game, the Bakalahari retain the Bechuana love for agriculture and domestic animals. They regularly hoe their gardens, which produce melons and pumpkins, and carefully rear small herds of goats, though Dr. Livingstone has seen them lift water for these animals out of little wells with a bit of ostrich egg-shell or by spoonfuls. They carry the skins of animals which they kill to the tribes on the border of the desert, and exchange them for their simple implements of agriculture, spears, knives, tobacco, and dogs. Some of these skins and furs are much valued.

The inhospitality of the Desert, its terror to travelers, is in the want of water. There are several beds of rivers in the vast plain, but they are perfectly dry, and it is sometimes three and even four days' journey between places where a supply of water for animals can be had. The inhabitants of the country are forced to use the greatest ingenuity and watchfulness that they may not succumb to thirst. At one time on his journey through the Desert Dr. Livingstone's cattle were three days without water. At length, upon reaching a pool, they dashed in until the the water was deep enough to be nearly level with their throats, where they stood drawing slowly in the long, refreshing mouthfuls, until their formerly collapsed sides distended as if they would burst. "So much do they imbibe," says the narrative, "that a sudden jerk, when they come out on the bank, makes some of the water run out again from their mouths." It will readily be supposed that a journey through

this dry desert, with the sun broiling hot by day, was accompanied by much suffering on the part of the explorers, their servants, horses, and cattle.

On the 4th of July, the party reached the Zouga river at a point opposite a village inhabited by negroes who seemed to be closely allied to the Hottentots. Informed that the river came out of Lake Ngami, the travelers were greatly rejoiced, and proceeded on their journey near the river's bank with high courage and hearty enthusiasm. Having traveled thus nearly one hundred miles, all the oxen and wagons of the expedition, except Mr. Oswell's, were left at the village of Ngabisane, and the party pushed on for the lake. Twelve days afterwards they came to the north east end of Lake Ngami, and on August 1st the whole party "went down to the broad part, and for the first time, this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans." The lake is thus described by Dr. Livingstone:

"The direction of the lake seemed to be N. N. E. and S. S. W. by compass. The southern portion is said to bend round to the west, and to receive the Teoughe from the north at its northwest extremity. We could detect no horizon where we stood looking S. S. W., nor could we form any idea of the extent of the lake, except from the reports of the inhabitants of the district; and as they professed to go round it in three days, allowing twenty-five miles a day would make it seventy-five, or less than seventy geographical miles in circumference. Other guesses have been made since as to its circumference, ranging between seventy and one hundred miles. It is shallow, for I

subsequently saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of the northeast end; it can never, therefore, be of much value as a commercial highway. In fact, during the months preceding the annual supply of water from the north, the lake is so shallow that it is with difficulty cattle can approach the water through the boggy, reedy banks. These are low on all sides, but on the west there is a space devoid of trees, showing that the waters have retired thence at no very ancient date. This is another of the proofs of dessication met with so abundantly throughout the whole country. A number of dead trees lie on this space, some of them embedded in mud, right in the water. We were informed by the Bayeiye, who live on the lake, that when the annual inundation begins, not only trees of great size, but antelopes, as the springbuck and tsessebe (*Acronotus lunata*), are swept down by its rushing waters; the trees are gradually driven by the winds to the opposite side, and become embedded in the mud.

"The water of the lake is perfectly fresh when full, but brackish when low; and that coming down the Tamunak'le we found to be so clear, cold and soft, the higher we ascended, that the idea of melting snow was suggested to our minds. We found this reigon, with regard to that from which we had come, to be clearly a hollow, the lowest point being Lake Kumadau; the point of the ebullition of water, as shown by one of Newman's barometric thermometers, was only between 207¼° and 206°, giving an elevation of not much more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had descended above two

thousand feet in coming to it from Kolobeng. It is the southern and lowest part of the great river system beyond, in which large tracts of country are inundated annually by tropical rains."

The chief object of Dr. Livingstone in going to Lake Ngami was to visit Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, who was said to live some two hundred miles beyond. Nothwithstanding great exertions, however, and the most earnest appeals to Lechulatebe, the young chief of a half-tribe of the Bamangwato, called Batuana, who inhabit this part of Africa, he was unable to procure guides, and was reluctantly compelled to return to Kolobeng.

On their return, Livingstone and party passed down the Zouga river. He pronounces its banks very beautiful, closely resembling those of the Clyde above Glasgow. They are perpendicular on the side to which the water swings, and sloping and grassy on the other. The trees which adorn the banks are magnificent. There are two enormous baobabs, or mowanas, near the confluence of the lake and river, the larger of which measures 76 feet in girth. The palmyra also appears here and there. The mock-uchong is quite plentiful. It bears an edible fruit of indifferent quality, but the tree itself is said to be very beautiful. It is so large that the trunk is often used for constructing canoes. The motsouri is a species of plum, and in its dark evergreen foliage resembles the orange-tree and the cypress in its form.

The sloping banks of the Zouga are selected by the natives for pit-falls designed to entrap wild animals as they come to drink. These pits are from

seven to eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, gradually decreasing until they are only about a foot wide at the bottom. The mouth is an oblong square, and the long diameter at the surface is about equal to the depth. The decreasing width in the earth is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in by his weight and struggles. The pit-falls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick between the two. Thus if the animal, feeling his four legs descending, should undertake to leap forward, he would only jump into the second pit with such force as to insure his capture. They are covered with the greatest care, and the earth removed so that no suspicion may be aroused in the instinct of the animals. They are, in fact, so skilfully made that several of the exploring party's men fell into them while actually in their search to prevent the cattle from falling in.

There are vast numbers of wild animals in this region. Among them was discovered a new species of antelope, called leche or lechwi. It is a beautiful water-antelope of a light brownish-yellow color, with horns rising from the head with a slight bend backward, then curving forward toward the points. It is never found a mile from water, and is unknown except in the central humid basin of Africa. Having a good deal of curiosity, it presents a noble appearance as it stands gazing, with head erect, at the approaching stranger. When beginning to escape, it lowers its head, lays its horns down to a level with its withers, and first starting on a waddling trot, soon begins to gallop and spring, leaping bushes like the pallahs. It invariably runs to the water and crosses

Buffalo Cow Defending her Calf.

it by a succession of bounds, each of which appears to be from the bottom. The party soon tired of its flesh. Countless numbers of other animals were seen, and the river was found to be well stocked with fish of different kinds, while alligators were plenty.

The number of elephants in this region was astonishing even to Dr. Livingstone, who had often before seen them in herds of incredible extent. They came from the southern side of the river to drink in prodigious numbers. They are smaller than the elephants farther south, being only eleven feet high, whereas at the Limpopo they are twelve feet in height. Still farther north Dr. Livingstone afterwards found them to be only nine feet high. The difference of three feet in height between animals of such immense size would probably give to the larger beast a quantity of flesh equal in weight to that of an ordinary yoke of oxen. The elephants are very sagacious as to the pit-falls of the country. Old elephants precede the troops, and whisk off the coverings with their trunks all the way to the river's edge. Instances have been known in which the old animals have actually lifted the young out of the trap. They come to drink by night, and after slaking their thirst—in doing which they throw large quantities of water over themselves, screaming all the time with delight—they evince their horror of pit-falls by setting off in a straight line to the desert, never diverging till they are eight or ten miles distant.

The journey from the Zouga to Kolobeng was performed without incident requiring particular mention.

In April, 1850, Dr. Livingstone made a second attempt to visit Sebituane, chief of the Makololo. He was accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone, the three children, and Sechele, chief of the Bakwains. Taking a route somewhat farther eastward than the one pursued before, the party in due time though not without great difficulties in traveling along the northern bank of the Zouga, reached Lake Ngami. After a great deal of diplomacy with Lechulatebe, of which chief mention has already been made, Dr. Livingstone made arrangements for guides to show him the way, by journey on ox-back, to the country of Sebituane. Just as he was ready to depart, however, his wife and children all fell sick with the African fever, and he was compelled to remain. For their benefit he returned to the Desert, and actually again reached Kolobeng before the sick ones had become well enough to make the journey. During their convalescence at home, Dr. Livingstone made a trip to Kuruman and return. Upon the return, on that journey which was successful in bringing them to Sebituane's country, the whole family came near perishing of thirst. From the village of Nchokotsa on the Zouga, their present route was northward, so that Lake Ngami was left far westward. There are here many extensive "salt pans," one of which, called Ntwetwe, is fifteen miles broad and one hundred long. After passing this singular country, the route lay by the river Mahabe, the Sonta, and the Chobe. When Dr. Livingstone reached Sesheke, the capital town so to speak, at the time, of the Makololo, he and his companions had traversed deserts, forests, salt-pans,

and swamps, through regions abounding in ferocious wild animals, venomous reptiles, and poisonous insects, and had traveled a distance of more than a thousand miles.

Sebituane, however, hearing of the white men's coming—an event which he had long desired and tried to bring about—magnanimously proceeded a long distance to welcome his visitors. There is scarcely a native chief of Africa, perhaps, who has had a more remarkable career than that of Sebituane. It will be most proper to give the account of his meeting with the first and only white persons he ever saw, and the graphic sketch of his life in the words of Dr. Livingstone:

"The Makololo whom we met on the Chobe were delighted to see us; and as their chief, Sebituane, was about twenty miles down the river, Mr. Oswell and I proceeded in canoes to his temporary residence. He had come from the Barotse town of Naliele down to Sesheke as soon as he heard of white men being in search of him, and now came one hundred miles more to bid us welcome into his country. He was upon an island with all his principal men around him, and engaged in singing when we arrived. It was more like church music than the sing-song e e e, æ æ æ of the Bechuans of the south, and they continued the tune for some time after we approached. We informed him of the difficulties we had encountered, and how glad we were that they were all at an end by at last reaching his presence. He signified his own joy, and added, 'Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind, I have

oxen, and will give you as many as you need.' We, in our ignorance, then thought that as so few tsetse had bitten them, no great mischief would follow. He then presented us with an ox and a jar of honey as food, and handed us over to the care of Mahale, who had headed the party to Kolobeng, and would now fain appropriate to himself the whole credit of our coming. Prepared skins of oxen, as soft as cloth, were given to cover us through the night; and as nothing could be returned to this chief, Mahale became the owner of them. Long before it was day Sebituane came, and, sitting down by the fire, which was lighted for our benefit behind the hedge where we lay, he narrated the difficulties he had himself experienced when a young man, in crossing that same desert which we had mastered long afterwards. As he has been most remarkable in his career and was unquestionably the greatest man in all that country, a short sketch of his life may prove interesting to the reader.

"Sebituane was about forty-five years of age; of a tall wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk color, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony; for, unlike Mosilikatse, Dingaan, and others, he had led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said 'Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge.' So fleet of foot was he, all his people knew there was no escape for the cowards, as any such would be cut down without mercy.

In some instances of skulking he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say, 'Ah! you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire?' This was the signal for his immediate execution.

"He came from the country near the sources of the Litwa and Namagari rivers, in the south, so we met him eight hundred or nine hundred miles from his birth-place. He was not the son of a chief, though related closely to the reigning family of the Basutu; and, when in an attack by Sikouyele, the tribe was driven out of one part, Sebituane was one in that immense horde of savages driven back by the Griquas from Kuruman in 1824. He then fled northward with an insignificant party of men and cattle. At Melita the Bangwaketse collected the Bakwains, Bakatla, and Bahurutse, to 'eat them up.' Placing his men in front, and the women behind the cattle, he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Having thus conquered Makabe, the chief of the Bangwaketse, he took immediate possession of his town and all his goods.

"Sebituane subsequently settled at the place called Litubaruba, where Sechele now dwells, and his people suffered severely in one of those unrecorded attacks by white men, in which murder is committed and materials laid up in the conscience for a future judgment.

"A great variety of fortune followed him in the northern part of the Bechuana country; twice he lost all his cattle by the attacks of the Matabelle, but always kept his people together and retook more than

he lost. He then crossed the Desert by nearly the same path that we did. He had captured a guide, and, as it was necessary to travel by night in order to reach water, the guide took advantage of this and gave him the slip. After marching till morning, and going as they thought right, they found themselves on the trail of the day before. Many of his cattle burst away from him in the phrensy of thirst, and rushed back to Serotli, then a large piece of water, and to Mashue and Lopepe, the habitations of their original owners. He stocked himself again among the Batletli, on Lake Kamadau, whose herds were all of the long horned species of cattle. Conquering all around the lake, he heard of white men living at the west coast; and, haunted by what seems to have been the dream of his whole life, a desire to have intercourse with the white man, he passed away to the southwest into the parts opened up lately by Messrs. Galton and Anderson. There suffering intensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should drink it, the former being of most value, as they could fight for more should these be lost, In the morning they found the cattle had escaped to the Damaras.

"Returning to the north poorer than he started, he ascended the Teoughe to the hill Sorila, and crossed over a swampy country to the eastward. Pursuing his course onward to the low-lying basin of the Leeambye, he saw that it presented no attractions to a pastoral tribe like his, so he moved down that river among the Bashubia and Batoka, who were then living in all their glory. His narrative resem-

bles closely the 'Commentaries of Cæsar,' and the history of the British in India. He was always forced to attack the different tribes, and to this day his men justify every step he took as perfectly just and right. The Batoka lived on large islands in the Leeambye or Zambesi, and, feeling perfectly secure in their fastness, often allured fugitive or wandering tribes on to uninhabited islets on pretense of ferrying them across and then left them to perish for the sake of their goods. Sekomi, the chief of the Bamangwatse, was, when a child, in danger of meeting this fate; but a man still living had compassion on him, and enabled his mother to escape with him by night. The river is so large that the sharpest eye cannot tell the difference between an island and a bend of the opposite bank; but Sebituane, with his usual foresight, requested the island chief who ferried him across to take his seat in the canoe with him, and detained him by his side till all his people and cattle were safely landed. The whole Batoka country was then densely populated, and they had a curious taste for ornamenting their villages with the skulls of strangers. When Sebituane appeared near the Great falls, an immense army collected to make trophies of the Makololo skulls; but instead of succeeding in this, they gave him a good excuse for conquering them, and capturing so many cattle that his people were quite incapable of taking any note of the sheep and goats. He overran all the high lands toward the Kafue, and settled in what is called a pastoral country, of gentle undulating plains, covered with short

grass and but little forest. The Makololo have never lost their love for this fine, healthy region.

"But the Matebele, a Caffræ or Zulu tribe, under Mosilikatse, crossed the Zambesi, and, attacking Sebituane in this choice spot, captured his cattle and women. Rallying his men, he followed and recaptured the whole. A fresh attack was also repulsed, and Sebituane thought of going farther down the Zambesi, to the country of the white men. He had an idea, whence imbibed I never could learn, that if he had a cannon he might live in peace. He had led a life of war, yet no one apparently desired peace more than he did.

"Sebituane had now not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country but had made himself dreaded even by the terrible Mosilikatse. He never could trust this ferocious chief, however, and, as the Batoka on the islands had been guilty of ferrying his enemies across the Zambesi, he made a rapid descent upon them, and swept them all out of their island fastnesses. He thus unwittingly performed a good service to the country by completely breaking down the old system which prevented trade from penetrating into the great central valley. Of the chiefs who escaped, he said, 'They loved Mosilikatse, let them live with him; the Zambesi is my line of defense;' and men were placed all along it as sentinels. When he heard of our wish to visit him, he did all he could to assist our approach. Sechele, Sekomi, and Lechulatebe owed their lives to his clemency; and the latter might have paid dearly for his obstructiveness. Sebituane knew

everything that had happened in the country, for he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and that of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo gentlemen around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and, mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm toward him and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart! he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him.

"He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children, and promised to take us to see his country, so that we might choose a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was, that I should remain in the pursuit of my objects as a missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after realizing what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound got at Melita. I saw

his danger, but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said, 'Your fear is prudent and wise: this people would blame you.' He had been cured of this complaint, during the year before, by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in the chest. The Makololo doctors, on the other hand, now scarcely cut the skin. On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man. I am done.' He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease; so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. 'Why do you speak of death?' said one of a relay of fresh doctors; 'Sebituane will never die.' If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Maunku, (one of his wives,) and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane.

"We were not informed of his death until the next day. The burial of a Bechuana chief takes place in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle are driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it may be quite obliterated. We went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support

the heir. They took this kindly; and in turn told us not to be alarmed, for they would not think of ascribing the death of their chief to us; that Sebituane had just gone the way of his fathers; and, though the father had gone, he had left children, and they hoped that we would be as friendly to his children as we intended to have been to himself.

"He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the 'Judge of all the earth will do right.'"

Upon the death of this remarkable man, the government of the Makololo devolved upon a daughter named Ma-mochisane. The explorers now had to look to her for permission to traverse the country as they desired. She gave them perfect liberty to visit any part of the country they chose. In the exercise thereof, Mr. Oswell and Dr. Livingstone proceeded one hundred and thirty miles to the northeast, to Sesheke, and toward the end of June discovered the Zambesi river in the centre of the continent, where it had not been previously known to exist at all. It is a magnificent stream, navigable from the bars inside the delta to Victoria Falls, discovered by Dr. Livingstone, a distance of 940 miles, and above them for nearly 400 miles more. Victoria Falls are about forty

miles from the mouth of the Chobe. Here the river, about half a mile wide, rushes over a precipice 100 feet in height, and suddenly turning almost at a right angle, flows for some thirty miles between two walls of rock not more than twenty yards apart. Here the river sometimes rises perpendicularly more than sixty feet. The entire length of the river is, perhaps, about 1,500 miles.

The discovery of the Zambesi in central South Africa, and the acquaintance formed with Sebituane, and the consequent good will of the powerful and numerous Makololo were the great events of this expedition, making it one of the most important which had yet been made by African explorers.

As these were the first white men who had ever penetrated this country they were visited by great numbers of natives. Among the visitors were several who were clothed in stuff which had come from the Portuguese on the western coast. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that these goods had been purchased from a tribe called Mambari, far distant, in exchange for boys. The tribe of Makololo had begun the slave trade only in 1850, and then under the great temptation of procuring muskets in exchange for boys. These were always captives, and Dr. Livingstone testifies that he never knew an instance in Africa where a parent had sold his own offspring.

Unable at this time to procure a healthy location for the site of a missionary station in the Makololo country, Dr. Livingstone determined to send his family to England, and himself to undertake a new expedition in this behalf. He accordingly returned with

his family, reaching Cape Town in April, 1852, and for the first time in eleven years visiting the scenes of civilization. Having placed his family on board a homeward-bound ship, he at once began preparations for that journey across the continent in two directions, which has immortalized his name and added immensely to the world's stock of knowledge.

One of the greatest scourges to explorers in South Africa, often mentioned by Livingstone, makes an additional illustration of the contradictory character of that continent. Whilst it is summer pretty much everywhere else, inhabited by people who are civilized, it is winter there. The gradations of heat and cold appear to go the wrong way. One would naturally suppose that the immense troops of elephants might overrun the country. They are harmless. But a little insect, smaller than the honey bee, is so great an enemy to man that it must be utterly destroyed before the country can be cultivated by the agriculturist, or inhabited by people for whom the domestic animals are necessary. This is the Tsetse Fly, whose bite is certain death to horses, cattle, and other animals, though harmless to man and wild beasts. Dr. Livingstone thus describes this fearful pest:

"A few remarks on the Tsetse, or *Glossina morsitans*, may here be appropriate. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown color as the common honey-bee; the after-part of the body has three or four yellow bars across it; the wings project beyond this part considerably, and it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all

attempts to catch it with the hand at common temperatures; in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveler whose means of locomotion are domestic animals; for it is well known that the bite of this poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In this journey, though we were not aware of any great number having at any time lighted on our cattle, we lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite. We watched the animals carefully, and believe that not a score of flies were ever upon them.

"A most remarkable feature in the bite of the tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves, so long as they continue to suck the cow. We never experienced the slightest injury from them ourselves, personally, although we lived two months in their *habitat*, which was in this case as sharply defined as in many others, for the south bank of the Chobe was infested by them, and the northern bank, where our cattle were placed, only fifty yards distant, contained not a single specimen. This was the more remarkable as we often saw natives carrying over raw meat to the opposite bank with many tsetse settled upon it.

"The poison does not seem to be injected by a sting, or by ova placed beneath the skin; for, when one is allowed to feed freely on the hand, it is seen to insert the middle prong of three portions, into which the proboscis divides, somewhat deeply into the true skin; it then draws it out a little way, and it assumes a crimson color as the mandibles come into brisk

operation. The previously-shrunken belly swells out, and, if left undisturbed, the fly quietly departs when it is full. A slight itching irritation follows, but not more than in the bite of a mosquito. In the ox this same bite produces no more immediate effects than in man. It does not startle him as the gad-fly does; but a few days afterward the following symptoms supervene: the eye and nose begin to run, the coat stares as if the animal were cold, a swelling appears under the jaw and sometimes at the navel; and, though the animal continues to graze, emaciation commences, accompanied with a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles, and this proceeds unchecked until, perhaps months afterward, purging comes on, and the animal, no longer able to graze, perishes in a state of extreme exhaustion. Those which are in good condition often perish soon after the bite is inflicted, with staggering and blindness, as if the brain were affected by it. Sudden changes of temperature produced by falls of rain seem to hasten the progress of the complaint; but, in general, the emaciation goes on uninterruptedly for months, and, do what we will, the poor animals perish miserably.

"When opened, the cellular tissue on the surface of the body beneath the skin is seen to be injected with air, as if a quantity of soap-bubbles were scattered over it, or a dishonest, awkward butcher had been trying to make it look fat. The fat is of a greenish-yellow color and of an oily consistence. All the muscles are flabby, and the head often so soft that the fingers may be made to meet through it. The lungs and liver partake of the disease. The stomach

and bowels are pale and empty, and the gall-bladder is distended with bile.

"The mule, ass, and goat enjoy the same immunity from the tsetse as man and game. Many large tribes on the Zambesi can keep no domestic animals except the goat, in consequence of the scourge existing in their country. Our children were frequently bitten, yet suffered no harm; and we saw around us numbers of zebras, buffaloes, pigs, pallahs and other antelopes, feeding quietly in the very *habitat* of the tsetse, yet as undisturbed by its bite as oxen are when they first receive the fatal poison."

This insect has been classed by different naturalists as the same as the *zimb* of Bruce, and the *zebub* in Hebrew. The Marquis of Spineto identifies the zimb with the dog-fly of the Greeks, with the flies under different names of other countries, and with the *arob* of Scripture, the fly which caused the fourth of the plagues of Egypt. The Portuguese in Africa believe that the tsetse lives only in regions where there are elephants, and that upon the extermination of those animals the great scourge of the fly will cease."

NATIVE AFRICAN CHIEFS ASSEMBLING IN THEIR CANOES.

WAR DANCE OF ONE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBES.

CHAPTER V.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO LOANDA.

Dr. Livingstone Departs for the Country of Makololo—Life and Labors There—The Chief Sekeletu—Departs for the West Coast of Africa—Narrative of the Journey—Arrival Among the Portuguese Colonists—His Opinion of this Portion of Africa—Determines upon Another Great Expedition.

Dr. Livingstone had now been in Africa about twelve years. For eleven years he had been beyond the borders of civilization, so that when he appeared at Cape Town, taking his family thither for their departure to England, wearing a suit of the same fashion as that which he had worn away from London in 1840, he had to acknowledge that in this respect at any rate he had fallen behind the age, and was preposterously out of the mode. A far-away colony is not the best place in the world at which to procure intelligence of passing events. But with such means of intelligence as were at hand, Dr. Livingstone must have been astonished at the greatness and importance of events which had occurred while he had been preaching to the Bakwains, fighting lions, elephants, hyenas, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, exploring vast regions before unknown, by means of travel which had been in vogue since the time of Abraham, and amongst a people who had advanced but little if any from a barbarism hundreds of centuries old. During the brief period in which the great African explorer was conducting the expeditions of which an account has

been given in the preceding pages, more important events had occurred in the world than had occurred in Africa during many ages. And among these were great inventions and progress in vastly developing interprises with which his own name was destined to be intimately associated. While Dr. Livingstone had been inwalled, as it were, within the deserts and wilds of Africa, Europe had been convulsed by revolution and war. If the cause of popular freedom had not greatly gained, it had at least made way for liberty to gain victories in the future and this by many deeds of soul-stirring heroism on the field and acts of statesmanship during temporary control of governments by the people in revolution. The republic of the United States had waged a war with the republic of Mexico which terminated in success for the stronger party, and the addition of a vast extent of territory. It was during this period that the great empire of Brazil in South America became tranquil and firmly established in independence of the Portuguese Cortes. But far more important events than these, and sure to confer lasting benefits upon mankind, were taking place during the period of Dr. Livingstone's first series of explorations. It was while Livingstone was successful in the good old way of discovery, in Africa, that Morse was successful, in a new way, in America. In 1844 the electric telegraph became a practical success. With the practical success of this momentous invention, the newspaper press entered upon a career of enterprise and influence of which those of former times had no conception. And it is a noteworthy fact that it was one of the great-

est of these newspaper establishments—the New York "Herald"—whose enterprise at length discovered the great discoverer after he had been given up as lost, and that full particulars of the interesting event, by means of this same magnetic telegraph, now connecting continents together in instantaneous intercourse, were at once flashed all over Christendom. But, without anticipating, the facts as they existed when Dr. Livingstone visited Cape Town were enough to arouse his highest ambition and his best endeavors. Perhaps through him the old and the new might clasp hands. Columbus, in the good old way of voyaging, had discovered a new world, now beneficently aiding mankind. Why might not he, exploring in the old manner—the only one possible—prepare the way whereby a continent for so many ages in the gloom of barbarism would let in the light and the glorious good of these great trophies of civilization? It will only add one to the many remarkable anomalies of Africa if there the sun should rise in the west after all.

Early in the month of June, 1852, Dr. Livingstone left Cape Town for the country of the Makololo, with the object of establishing a missionary station there. He traveled in the usual conveyance of the country, a heavy Cape Town wagon, drawn by five yoke of oxen. Of course the journey was slow; nor need it be said to those who have read the pages which have gone before, that it was often accompanied by dangers and difficulties not mastered except by those who have brave natures. In addition to the slow mode of travel, there were several causes

of detention, and half the month of January, 1853, had passed before Dr. Livingstone left the scene of his long missionary labors among the Backwains, and again entered the Kalahari Desert. At this season of the year a hot wind frequently blows over the desert from north to south. It resembles in its effects the harmattan of North Africa, and when the missionaries first settled here, it came loaded with clouds of red-colored sand. This forms no part of the phenomenon of late years, but the wind blows hot as formerly, appearing to come from some vast oven in the north. It is so devoid of moisture, that everything made of wood, not manufactured in the country, greatly shrinks and warps. The atmosphere on such occasions is highly charged with electricity, so that even the movement of a native on his bed of skins will be accompanied by a luminous appearance and often by brilliant sparks. These winds do not appear to bear anything unhealthy on their heated wings. On the contrary, Dr. Livingstone expressly avows the opinion that the whole of the country adjacent to the Desert, and from Kuruman to the latitude of Lake Ngami, is extremely salubrious and especially healthy and restorative to those who are affected by pulmonary complaints.

The journey to the Makololo country did not pursue exactly the same route either to the region of Lake Ngami or farther on, as the explorations which have heretofore been described; but it did not differ from them so greatly as to require a detailed narration of its somewhat hum-drum incidents. On parts of the journey, the animals of the country were

uncommonly tame. Giraffes and koodoos came close up to the wagon and the "camp" by night, and on one occasion, a large lion came within thirty yards of the resting-place for the night, and went all around it, but so shrewdly that Dr. Livingstone was unable to get a shot at him.

Early in May the party reached the reed-walled banks of the Chobe, and after some time he was able, with a single companion, to get a small boat into the stream. The banks of this river are so densely covered with grass and reeds that it is almost impossible to reach the water except at places made by the natives or those huge beasts, the rhinoceroses or hippopotami. Going down the stream with the current, the explorer soon discovered a village of the Makololo chief Moremi on the north bank. With the assistance of these friendly natives, the whole party was soon able to move on, and reached Linyanti, then the capital town of Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo.

The Makololo were surprised, but greatly gratified by the sudden appearance of the missionary among them. When here before, the wagon had been left behind. It was now an object of the greatest curiosity, and the whole town, numbering between six and seven thousand souls, turned out *en masse* to see the vehicle. Dr. Livingstone was received with all the ceremonies of Makololo etiquette by Sekeletu and his under chiefs. A great number of pots of boyaloa, the beer of the country, were brought forth by women, each of whom takes a stout draught as she sets down the pot to show that there is no poison.

The court herald, an aged man, who had occupied that office during Sebituane's time, with many bodily antics, roared out a welcome: "Don't I see the white man?" "Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane?" And a great many other short sentences, the summary of whose meaning was that the white man, companion of the late chief, and good sound sleep were very welcome to the Makololo.

It will be recollected that Dr. Livingstone's journey to the Zambesi, or Leeambye, as it is here called, of which account is now being written, was with the object of establishing a missionary station. That at which he had so long labored at Kolobeng had been destroyed by the enemies of Sechele and his people the Bechuanas, and it was at the time of this journey, it will be remembered, when Sechele wrote his touching letter to Mr. Moffat, and shortly afterwards, when on his way to see the Queen of England, as he vainly hoped, met Livingstone in the Desert. Two considerations were regarded by the explorer-missionary as essential—healthfulness of locality, which should also not be liable to attack and destruction by enemies of the people where it should be determined to locate the station. In search of such place, Dr. Livingstone spent about six months at this time among the Makololo. During this time he explored a large extent of territory and also continued his missionary labors. He held public religious services in the kotla at Linyanti, that is, the place of public meetings and general amusements. He says that the Makololo women behaved with decorum, from the first, except at the conclusion of the prayer. When all knelt down, many

of those who had children bent over them so that there was a simultaneous scream in all parts of the kotla, which turned into an universal laugh on the part of the women when "Amen" was said. This peccadillo was at length overcome, and the missionary had respectful if not believing audiences. He says that among the Bechuanas, there never was first-rate decorum. If a woman should happen to sit on the dress of another, the latter would make a vigorous nudge with her elbow and a request, "Take the nasty thing away, will you?" Whereupon several women would go to scolding, and the men emphatically swear with the object of enforcing silence. There was a good deal of opposition to learning to read among the Makololo, chiefly arising, it would appear, from a feeling that knowledge would result in the abolition of polygamy, but it was at length overcome and some progress made, though not with Sekeletu, who was obdurate in this respect. He appears to have been uncommonly uxorious, even for an African chief. But before any considerable progress had been made in this regard, Dr. Livingstone departed for the west coast. He found much of the country very beautiful, and quite goes into heroics in his descriptions of the valley of the Leeambye inhabited by that branch of the Makololo known as the Barotse. It is nearly a hundred miles in length, and in some places twenty or thirty miles wide. It is covered with small villages which are built on artificial mounds so that during the period of inundation it has the appearance of a large lake dotted with islands, thus greatly resembling the valley of the Nile

when the waters of that river overflow their banks. The current of the Leeambye in this region is very rapid. On returning from the upper Barotse country to Linyanti, Dr. Livingstone floated with the stream sixty miles a day, and saw any number of alligators, hippopotami, and other of the huge beasts and reptiles of the torrid zone.

Having returned from a considerable journey among the tribes on the Leeambye and its confluents, the missionary thus records his conclusions upon heathenism and the efforts of religious societies to eradicate it:

"I had been, during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all), yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than any thing I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly-elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer, lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labor that have been expended to produce them."

Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo, seems to have impressed Dr. Livingstone as a man of considerable natural ability, courage, and generosity. He desired especially to have his country opened to communication and commerce with white men, but exhibited little or no desire to adopt the Christian faith. It would appear also that Sekeletu's practical ideas had much weight with his distinguished visitor; for we find Dr. Livingstone asserting the belief that commerce must accompany Christianity before it can be greatly successful in its conflicts with heathenism and barbarism. Perhaps this opinion had something to do with hastening forward the explorer's next great journey—that to the west coast of Africa. It is true that other considerations helped to make up the decision. Linyanti is on the river Chobe, and in the midst of a marshy, swampy country. The most of the region round about is periodically inundated The African fever prevails; and here it was that Dr. Livingstone was first attacked by this dread disease. But against the attacks of the enemies of the Makololo, Linyanti offered the greatest advantages, and the people could not well be asked to risk great dangers of spoliation and sack, even for the rich valley of the Barotse. And hence, at length, the Makololo chief and Dr. Livingstone came heartily to agree upon the explorer undertaking a journey to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese colony of Angola, in Lower Guinea.

On November 11, 1853, the explorer and party, accompanied by Sekeletu and train and a considerable number of guides, embarked in their canoes on

the Chobe, and proceeded down that tortuous stream to its juncture with the Leeambye. The route determined upon lay up this magnificent river to the confines of the Makololo country and beyond. The journey against the rapid current was as slow as the late journey down stream had been agreeable, on account of speed. The country every day became more beautiful, however, and many fruit and other trees lent a charm to the scenery, which was not decreased by the sight and voices of innumerable birds, many of which were entirely new to the European. At times the canoes had to be carried around rapids and cataracts. The Falls of Gonye are near the southern extremity of the Barotse Valley. These falls have not been made by wearing back, like Niagara, but are of a fissure form. For many miles below the river is confined in a narrow space through which the water boils and tumbles, making all navigation and even swimming impracticable. There are numbers of islands above the falls, covered with rich foliage, and making a scene, as viewed from the rocks near the cataract, of surpassing beauty.

Before Dr. Livingstone's departure from Linyanti, Sekeletu had sent forward couriers, informing the various head-men and tribes of the explorer's intended journey, and commanding that he be received with all due state and hospitality. Accordingly all the wants of the party were kindly provided for. They had enough to eat and to spare, the use of the best huts, plenty of skilled boatmen, and everything that could be procured in the country for their accommodation. Indeed, the commands of Sekeletu were

sometimes so generously construed as to put Dr Livingstone to inconvenience by reason of excessive hospitality. Thus he was forced, as it were, to wait on one occasion till a certain great personage should pay him respect, and then go off on a journey to a considerable distance accompanied and guided by a vigorous Amazon, a chieftainess of the region and noted for great powers of tongue and pedestrianism. The Doctor had no little difficulty in keeping up with either, but cheerfully submitted to many good-natured inflictions because of the evident kindness and liberality of the people.

On December 17th, the party reached Libonta. This village, near the upper part of the now narrowed Barotse valley, is built upon a mound and belongs to two women who were wives to Sebituane. They liberally supplied the expedition with food. This is the last town of the Makololo. In front were a few hamlets and cattle stations and a vast expanse of border country. Ten days afterwards the party reached the confluence of the Leeambye and the Leeba, the former here flowing westward, the latter from the north. The journey was pursued up the Leeba. Near the confluence of these rivers, game was exceedingly abundant, but Dr. Livingstone's expectations in this regard were not sustained as he pursued his expedition. The region to the north of the Makololo country is called Londa, and its inhabitants Balonda. They worship idols. and are extremely superstitious. They are thus described:

"The Balonda are real negroes, having much more wool on their heads and bodies than any of the Bech-

uana or Caffre tribes, They are generally very dark in color, but several are to be seen of a lighter hue; many of the slaves who have been exported to Brazil have gone from this region; but while they have a general similarity to the typical negro, I never could, from my own observation, think that our ideal negro, as seen in tobacconists' shops, is the true type. A large proportion of the Balonda, indeed, have heads somewhat elongated backward and upward, thick lips, flat noses, elongated *ossa calces*, &c. &c.; but there are also many good- looking, well shaped heads and persons among them."

Shinte, the chief of the Balonda, while exhibiting much kindness to Dr. Livingstone, and receiving him with great state, must have been much of a "night-hawk." He sent for the missionary at most unseasonable hours, till at length, on account of his fever, he had to decline going. If the Makololo ate like vultures, the Balonda slept on the wing. They are great pedestrians, even the women walking long journeys through the dense forests of these regions, which have scattered throughout numbers of the ugly idols of the gross superstition of the people. The Balonda are given to much speaking in their Kotla and are a quite musical people, their instruments being drums and the marimba, a rude species of piano. The dress of the Balonda men consists of the softened skins of small animals, as the jackal or wild cat, hung before and behind from a girdle round the loins. The women were dressed in nature's toilet; but were not immodest.

After leaving Shinte, the same flat, forest country

was met with, and any quantity of rain. The rivers and gullies were full and the plains drenched. In crossing the Lokalueje, which flows into the Leeba, the whole party got thoroughly wet through, but a few articles were kept dry by being held up by the guides and natives. On such occasions, Dr. Livingstone carried his watch in his arm-pit, where it was preserved from rains above and waters below. With this superabundance of water, game became scarce and the party often went hungry to bed. Here it was observed that all the streams of a vast extent of central South Africa have their origin in oozy bogs and not in fountains. Such is the case with the Chobe, the Loeti, Kaisi, and other rivers. About this time, the party heard of the death of Metiamvo, who had been a powerful chief, having life and death at his absolute control. He used to go about in person beheading his subjects as he would meet them, because, as he said, they were becoming too numerous. The farther north Dr. Livingstone proceeded the more savage and superstitious did the people become. But the people under the chief Katema are exceptionally amiable, and have a great love of singing birds, of which they have large numbers similar to our canaries. They are kept in cages.

On the 30th of March, 1854, after one of the most remarkable of journeys through savage lands, the party passed out of the confines of barbarism into a land inhabited by those who, if not civilized themselves, were the subjects of a civilized people. This was when the explorer entered the magnificent valley of the Quango, which forms the eastern limit of

Portuguese authority in this part of Africa. The Basinje tribe is on the east bank of the Quango, and they treated the expedition with more inhospitality and threatened cruelty than it had received during thousands of miles of travel. On the west bank, and between the river and Lower Guinea proper, is the territory of the Bangala, or Cassanges, subjects of the Portuguese. The following from Livingstone's description of this great valley will give the reader a fine conception of a beautiful country within ten degrees of the equator:

"On the 30th we came to a sudden descent from the high land, indented by deep, narrow valleys, over which we had lately been traveling. It is generally so steep that it can only be descended at particular points. Below us lay the valley of the Quango. If you sit on the spot where Mary Queen of Scots viewed the battle of Langside, and look down on the vale of Clyde, you may see in miniature the glorious sight which a much greater and richer valley presented to our view. It is about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light green grass covers meadow lands on the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from a thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids. A cloud was passing across the middle of the valley, from

which rolling thunder pealed, while above all was glorious sunlight; and when we went down to the part where we saw it passing we found that a very heavy thunder-shower had fallen under the path of the cloud, and the bottom of the valley, which from above seemed quite smooth, we discovered to be intersected by great numbers of deep-cut streams. Looking back from below, the descent appears as the edge of a table-land, with numerous indented dells and spurs jutting out all along, giving it a serrated appearance. Both the top and sides of the sierra are covered with trees; but large patches of the more perpendicular parts are bare, and exhibit the red soil which is general over the region we have now entered."

Detained some days on the Quango by rains and scientific observations, it was not until near the middle of April that Dr. Livingstone reached Cassange, the farthest inland town of the Portuguese, and about three hundred miles from the Atlantic coast at St. Paul de Loanda.

Thenceforward until his arrival at Loanda, Dr. Livingstone met with unbounded hospitality and the distinguished consideration due to his discoveries, his sufferings, and his labors in behalf of humanity and science. The commandants at the various Portuguese towns and trading-posts through which he and his unique Makololo companions passed, showed him every attention and honor, whereby, it is plain, he was most highly gratified. His opinion of the Portuguese colonists as high-toned gentlemen is evidently very exalted. Nor can he find words of too

high praise in which to speak of the entire freedom of caste in social and business intercourse between the Europeans and the Africans. He contrasts the customs herein in Angola, with those of Cape Colony and greatly to the disadvantage of the English. He also has much to say in praise of the former labors of Jesuit missionaries, whose good results are still plainly observable among the natives, but regrets that they did not translate and leave the Bible for their instruction and guidance. He laments the visible want of internal improvements. There are no roads in the country; merely paths from place to place, with canoe ferries across the rivers and deep streams. He also laments the fact that the Portuguese do not bring wives to the colonies with them, and become permanent citizens. It is true, they raise families by native women, and treat their children with great kindness, but the want of the family as an institution founded in affection and sustained by law must, so long as it exists, keep the colonists in the situation of mere traders, and repress intellectual and moral development.

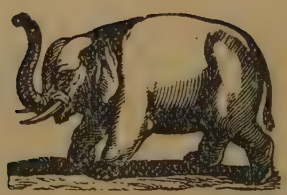
When Livingstone reached Loanda he was still greatly suffering from the effects of the fever, by which he had been several times attacked. There was but a single Englishman in the town and the missionary worried himself in his illness, wondering whether this sojourner were possessed of good nature, "or was one of those crusty mortals one would rather not meet at all." "This gentleman," the sick traveler goes on to say, "Mr. Gabriel, our commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, had

THE TRAVELING PROCESSION INTERRUPTED.

kindly forwarded an invitation to meet me on the way from Cassange, but, unfortunately, it crossed me on the road. When we entered his porch, I was delighted to see a number of flowers cultivated carefully, and inferred from this circumstance that he was, what I soon discovered him to be, a real whole-hearted Englishman. Seeing me ill, he benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

Under the hospitable roof of Mr. Gabriel Dr. Livingstone remained much longer than he had anticipated, for he continued for some time to grow more and more reduced under the effects of the disease from which he had long suffered. This was, doubtless, owing to the fact that he was now "out of command," and the feeling of grave responsibility did not give that strength and elasticity to the mind which have so powerful an effect in counteracting bodily ailments. He was visited by a number of prominent Portuguese gentlemen, and the acting governor of the province sent his secretary to offer the services of the government physician. Some British vessels also came into port and offered to convey him to St. Helena, or homeward, as he might choose. But there were his Makololo friends, who had accompanied him a vast distance, and would be unable, without his assistance, to pass through the country of the unfriendly negroes near the borders of the Portuguese colony. The explorer would not abandon his trusty

friends to such a fate. He therefore declined the tempting offers of his naval friends, and came to the determination to return to the Makololo chief, with the object of proceeding from his country to the east coast of Africa by way of the Leeambye or Zambesi river, hoping thus to discover a route by which a wagon road to central South Africa might be opened up. This involved a journey across the continent, through an unknown country, filled with wild animals, hostile tribes, and noxious malaria. That Dr. Livingstone reached this determination while on a bed of sickness, and importuned by kind friends to take his ease for a season, is conclusive demonstration of his sublime conscientiousness and his indomitable spirit.



CHAPTER VI.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Expedition Across the Continent from Loanda to Kilimane—Account of the Journey—The Water-Shed of Central Africa—Lake Dilolo, and a River Flowing in Two Directions—The Great Falls of Victoria on the Zambesi—The Journey from Linyanti Eastward—The People of this Portion of Africa—The Country—Animals and Vegetation—Arrival at Kilimane—Departure for England—Resume of Events Connected with More Than 9,000 Miles of Travel, and Many Discoveries.

Dr. Livingstone's journey through Angola on his return to Linyanti was exceedingly slow. He was detained at different times by different causes. Illness at times kept him laid up. Then again he would depart from his direct route to the right or left, with the object of examining the country. At other times he was detained by the excessive hospitality of Portuguese friends. His descriptions of the country on his return are not so rose-colored as those accompanying his journey to the coast; and though he loses none of his kind feelings for the colonists, he is compelled to admit that they have not done so much for the natives and the country as they ought to have done, and that, under English control, the country would have been far more prosperous and wealthy. It is in speaking of some of the native tribes who have here preserved their identity against most untoward circumstances that he asseverates that no African tribe has ever yet been destroyed.

He remained sometime at Cassange, and then pro-

ceeded for a very considerable distance by the same route upon which he had traveled on the previous journey. On account of the fever he made very slow progress. When he approached the vicinity of Lake Dilolo, he took a different course, with the object of more particular examinations into this portion of the country than he had before been able to make, the result being some remarkable and interesting discoveries in respect to the geography and geology of this portion of the globe.

In that extensive, undefined border country between the territory of the Makololo and that of the Balonda, there are vast level plains, which during the rainy season may be described, not inaccurately, as lakes of immense superficial area but of no great depth of water. In the midst of all is Lake Dilolo, from which flows the Lotembwa river, a small body of water which appears to form the water-shed of the African continent; certainly that vast portion known as South Africa. It seems to be established that this river on the one side of Lake Dilolo flows northward into the Kasai, a confluent of the Congo, emptying into the Atlantic ocean, and on the other side flows southward to the Leeambye which, under the name of Zambesi, discharges its waters into the Indian ocean. A statement so singular should be related in the words of the explorer himself. On June 8th, 1855, he forded the Lotembwa a short distance to the northwest of Lake Dilolo. He then goes on to say:

"The Lotembwa here is about a mile wide, about three feet deep, and full of the lotus, papyrus, arum,

mat-rushes, and other aquatic plants. I did not observe the course in which the water flowed while crossing; but having noticed before that the Lotembwa on the other side of the Lake Dilolo flowed in a southerly direction, I supposed that this was simply a prolongation of the same river beyond Dilolo, and that it rose in this large marsh, which we had not seen in our progress to the northwest. But when we came to the Southern Lotembwa, we were informed by Shakatwala that the river we had crossed flowed in an opposite direction—not into Dilolo but into the Kasai. This phenomenon of a river running in opposite directions struck even his mind as strange; and, though I did not observe the current simply from taking it for granted that it was toward the lake, I have no doubt that his assertion corroborated as it was by others, is correct, and that the Dilolo is actually the water-shed between the river systems that flow to the east and west.

"I would have returned in order to examine more carefully this most interesting point, but, having had my lower extremities chilled in crossing the Northern Lotembwa, I was seized with vomiting of blood, and, besides, saw no reason to doubt the native testimony. The distance between Dilolo and the valleys leading to that of the Kasai is not more than fifteen miles, and the plains between are perfectly level; and had I returned, I should only have found that this little Lake Dilolo, by giving a portion to the Kasai and another to the Zambesi, distributes its waters to the Atlantic and Indian oceans. I state the fact exactly as it opened to my own mind, for it was only

now that I apprehended the true form of the river system and continent. I had seen the various rivers of this country on the western side flowing from the subtending ridges into the center, and had received information from natives and Arabs that most of the rivers on the eastern side of the same great region took a somewhat similar course from an elevated ridge there, and that all united in two main drains, the one flowing to the north and the other to the south, and that the northern drain found its way out by the Congo to the west, and the southern by the Zambesi to the east. I was thus on the water-shed, or highest point of these two great systems, but still not more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and one thousand feet lower than the top of the western ridge we had already crossed; yet instead of lofty snow-clad mountains appearing to verify the conjectures of the speculative, we had extensive plains over which one may travel a month without seeing anything higher than an ant-hill or a tree. I was not then aware that any one else had discovered the elevated trough-form of the centre of Africa."

Lake Dilolo is described as a fine sheet of water, somewhat of a triangular shape, six or eight miles long and from one to two broad. Moene Dilolo, the "Lord of the Lake," was found to be a fat, jolly fellow, who lamented the paradox that when there were no strangers at the lake there was plenty of beer, and when strangers were there the beverage was always gone. He gave his guests plenty of manioc meal, however, and a generous supply of putrid buffalo-meat. Flesh is never too far gone for

these rather lazy natives whose chief food is the tasteless manioc. Here the idolater of central Africa and the epicure of fashionable civilization clasp hands over a common luxury; for tainted game and sauces in whose ingredients are the fluids of far-gone meats are greatly affected at our most stylish restaurants.

On his way from Lake Dilolo to the south, the explorer met again his old friends, Katema, Shinte, and Manenko. They treated him with cordial hospitality, and Manenko walked, if she did not talk, less than on the former visit. On July 27th, the expedition reached Libonta, and the traveler's Makololo companions—who had been constantly faithful and most valuable to their friend—were once more "home again." The party was welcomed, says Dr. Livingstone, "with demonstrations of joy such as I had never witnessed before. The women came forth to meet us, making their curious dancing gestures and loud lulliloos. Some carried a mat and stick, in imitation of a spear and shield. Others rushed forward and kissed the hands and cheeks of the different persons of their acquaintance among us, raising such a dust that it was quite a relief to get to the men assembled and sitting with proper African decorum in the kotla. We were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for the most skilful of their diviners had pronounced us to have perished long ago. After many expressions of joy at meeting, I arose, and, thanking them, explained the causes of our long delay, but left the report to be made by their own countrymen. Formerly I had been the chief speaker; now I would leave the task of speaking to them. Pit-

sane (a Makololo who had been with Livingstone) then delivered a speech of upward of an hour in length, giving a highly-flattering picture of the whole journey, of the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. He concluded by saying that I had done more for them than they expected; that I had not only opened up a path for them to the other white men, but conciliated all the chiefs along the route. The oldest man present rose and answered this speech, and, among other things, alluded to the disgust I felt at the Makololo for engaging in marauding-expeditions against Lechulatebe and Sebolamakwaia, of which we had heard from the first persons we met, and which my companions most energetically denounced as 'mashue hela,' entirely bad. He entreated me not to lose heart, but to reprove Sekeletu as my child. Another old man followed with the same entreaties. The following day we observed as our thanksgiving to God for his goodness in bringing us all back in safety to our friends. My men decked themselves out in their best, and I found that, although their goods were finished, they had managed to save suits of European clothing, which, being white, with their red caps, gave them rather a dashing appearance. They tried to walk like the soldiers they had seen in Loanda, and called themselves my 'braves' (batlabani). During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders, and excited the unbounded admiration of the women and children. I addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease. We had a

similar service in the afternoon. The men gave us two fine oxen for slaughter, and the women supplied us abundantly with milk, meal, and butter. It was all quite gratuitous, and I felt ashamed that I could make no return. My men explained the total expenditure of our means, and the Libontese answered, gracefully, 'It does not matter: you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep.' Strangers came flocking from a distance, and seldom empty-handed. Their presents I distributed among my men."

The progress down the Barotse valley was a constant ovation; a perpetual succession of barbecues, and the number of oxen brought forth to the welcoming slaughter was great enough to make a respectable herd. But on reaching Naliele, a number of Dr. Livingstone's Makololo fellow-travelers found an unexpected source of sorrow in the fact that their wives had taken to themselves other husbands. Most of them having more wives than one they were not altogether without consolation; but it was plain that they did not at all relish the fact that while they had been toiling for two years others had eaten their corn. The men who had married the only wives of the traveling Makololo were compelled to restore them. From which we may infer that ideas of the marriage relation in central Africa, even at the best, are still far from orthodox. On the canoe voyage hence to Linyanti the craft, though moving near shore was assailed by an immense hippopotamus, which shoved against the boat, using its head for the purpose, with such strength that it was almost lifted out of the water. Fortunately, no harm was done to life

or limb. At Linyanti, where Dr. Livingstone arrived early in September, he was received with great joy by the chief Sekeletu and his people.

Having remained at the Makololo capital about two months, Dr. Livingstone departed hence for the east coast of Africa on the 3d of November. He was accompanied by Sekeletu with about two hundred followers, and wherever they stopped in the Makololo country, every arrangement for their hospitable entertainment was found to be provided for. It was now, in his voyage down the Zambesi that Dr. Livingstone visited the great falls of that river and named them after the reigning sovereign of England, Victoria. These being among the most remarkable of the many noteworthy scenes of Africa can only be adequately described in the graphic words of the explorer, who here goes into more heroics, as it were, than in almost any other portion of his great work:

"After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai we came in sight for the first time, of the columns of vapor appropriately called 'smoke,' rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful. The banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of color and form. At the period of our visit several

trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, besides groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean 'far from home,' for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono—which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon—stands in pleasing contrast with the dark color of the motsouri, whose cypress form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak; others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges three hundred or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who by passing down the center of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept

down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went: it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. If one imagines the Thames filled with low, tree-covered hills immediately beyond the tunnel, extending as far as Gravesend, the bed of black basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a fissure made therein from one end of the tunnel to the other down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills, the pathway being one hundred feet down from the bed of the river instead of what it is, with the lips of the fissure from eighty to one hundred feet apart, then fancy the Thames leaping boldly into the gulf, and forced there to change its direction and flow from the right to the left bank and then rush

boiling and roaring through the hills, he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot had two bright rainbows on it. (The sun was on the meridian, and the declination about equal to the latitude of the place.) From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two hundred or three hundred feet high; there, condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure and a few yards back from the lip there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf; but, as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapor, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

"On the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls is

worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in color, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discolored by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burned in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus-rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock and but slowly breaking up into spray.

"I have mentioned that we saw five columns of vapor ascending from this strange abyss. They are evidently formed by the compression suffered by the force of the water's own fall into an unyielding wedge-shaped space. Of the five columns, two on the right and one on the left of the island were the largest,

and the streams which formed them seemed each to exceed in size the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres when that river is in flood. This was the period of low-water in the Leeambye; but, as far as I could guess, there was a flow of five or six hundred yards of water, which, at the edge of the fall, seemed at least three feet deep."

From the falls, the explorer returned up the river to Kalai, where, on November 20th, he bade adieu to Sekeletu and the Makololo, and, with a company of 114 men furnished by the generous chief as escort and to carry tusks to the east coast, struck out on his long journey, first going northward, and for several hundred miles leaving the Zambesi far to his right. The journey for a long distance lay through the country of the Batoka. All the tribes of this people have the custom of knocking out their front upper teeth when the individuals arrive at the age of puberty. This is true of both males and females. The under teeth in consequence grow long and project outwards, giving the people a hideous appearance especially when they laugh. Sebituane with all his power was unable to eradicate this practice. The women are very scantily clothed, but the men go about *in puris naturalibus* and without the smallest sense of shame. Their mode of salutation is emphatic but singular. They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and rolling from side to side slap the outside of their thighs as expressive of thankfulness and welcome, and uttering "kina bomba." The chief of the Batoka was Monze, who came one Sunday, wrapped in an extemporized shawl, and saluted

the travelers, by rolling, clapping, and singing out "kina bomba" like all the rest of them. These people, though having many barbarous and repulsive customs, were friendly and in their savage way quite hospitable. While passing through the country of the Batoka the travelers were visited by a number of Bashukulompo, a tribe who live to the northward. They wear their hair in immense cones, most of which are constructed straight up from the head, but some obliquely. To keep these ornaments in order must require as much attention as a modern belle gives to head-dress, chignon, braid, waterfall, and all. But it may be claimed as a general truth, applying to all races of mankind, that much attention is given to the external portions of the head.

The country through which the expedition was now passing, was one of great beauty. The grass was green, trees were abundant, and instead of the vast plains of the Londa territory there were high ridges and hills, making the country such as is often called rolling. It was not long after leaving Kalai that the Lekene river was crossed, and soon afterwards the Unguesi. These both flow to the west, emptying into the Leeambye above the Falls of Victoria. In the vicinity of the Mozuma or River of Dila there were many ruins of large towns showing that the country had in former times been inhabited by large numbers of people. The depopulation had been caused by war, for the principal ruins were worn mill-stones and the round balls of quartz with which the grinding was effected. Had the people removed in peace, they would have taken these balls with

SAYID BERGASH, SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

them. Here Sebituane had formerly lived, and in this beautiful pastoral region had formerly roamed vast herds of cattle. The country was now well inhabited, for large numbers came daily to see the white men, but they were not the same who had formerly lived here.

There was no diminution in the number of wild animals. With the exception of ostriches, and giraffes, "game" was even more abundant than Dr. Livingstone had ever found it in Africa. Elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and antelopes were thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa. All these beasts were exceedingly tame, and two or three elephants were sometimes slain in a single day. There were many birds of song, too, whose notes were very pleasant, but appeared to the Scotchman to have "a foreign accent." Their plumage, unlike that of most of the birds of the tropics in the western hemisphere, is not brilliant. There are some birds whose plumage is very gay and beautiful, and specimens of these are found in museums; but as a rule the feathers of the birds of central South Africa are as plain as those of the birds of England. The animals generally are smaller than those of the southern part of the continent, a singular fact, seeing that they have more food and a greater variety. Farther along this journey Dr. Livingstone found that the people built their huts in gardens on stages, as a protection against the spotted hyena, a cowardly animal, but which will attack persons when asleep. He has amazing powers of jaw, and will crunch the bones of an ox into powder for his food.

The travelers did not want for food. Not only were the animals plenty, but many fruit trees grow in these parts, and Dr. Livingstone's companions and escort were constantly eating as they journeyed. The grass is shorter and richer than in most of the country which had heretofore been traversed and therefore better for the cattle. Flowers abounded also, so that on all accounts, the explorer-missionary appears to have been fully justified in claiming that years of experience in traveling had taught him how to make things comfortable. In addition, he was persuaded of the healthiness of the country, and observing many evidences of the existence of coal, confidence in the establishment of a missionary station in this region became strongly fixed in his mind. And the more he saw of the people and their many savage customs, the more was he convinced of the desirability of commerce and missionary work among them.

On January 14th, 1856, the explorers reached the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi. Here are the ruins of Zumbo, once quite a missionary station of the Jesuits and a trading-post of the Portuguese. "I walked about some ruins I discovered," says Dr. Livingstone, "built of stone, and found the ruins of a church, and on one side lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross, but no date. There were no inscriptions on stone, and the people could not tell what the Bazunga called their place." These ruins were in reality all that was left of Zumbo. There were ruins of eight or ten stone houses, which had evidently been surrounded by capacious grounds, a church, and, on the opposite side of the Zambesi, a

fort. The situation for a commercial site was excellent, and the locality itself beautiful, but it seems that the slave trade had demoralized both Jesuits and merchants, in consequence of which the place fell into decay and the melancholy spectacle of ruin which it now presents.

The Portuguese and the African tribes through whose country Dr. Livingstone was now about to pass, had recently been at war, and though peace had been declared the effect of late hostilities appeared in suspicion, the rigid enforcement of "game laws," and a desire to compel strangers to pay toll or tribute. Hence for a long distance the party traveled so as to avoid the villages and to see as little of the people as possible. In short, to avoid trouble, dispute, and, perhaps, conflict, the travelers "took to the bush," first negotiating with persons familiar with the country to guide them out of sight of the towns, and whither they desired to go. By thus avoiding the Africans, the party met more animals. This resulted in some singular incidents. One is thus related: "The bush being very dense and high, we were going along among the trees, when three buffaloes, which we had unconsciously passed above the wind, thought that they were surrounded by men, and dashed through our line. My ox set off at a gallop, and when I could manage to glance back I saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow, I found that he had lighted on his face, and, though he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about

twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced, nor was a bone broken. When the beasts appeared, he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and, before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We shampooed him well, and then went on, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again."

Nevertheless, the great beauty of the country; the richness and variety of the vegetation, from trees in whose hollow trunks twenty men might easily have reposed, to the most delicate flowers, some of which came up in the morning, budded, bloomed, and passed away before the day was done; the frequent rains; the comparative coolness of the atmosphere; the hills and the swiftly-flowing rivers rendering constant change to the scenery,—all these things together, especially as contrasted with the long, fatiguing wadings through the vast watery plains of Londa and the dull, level views of Kolobeng, gave great cheerfulness to the traveler, and it may well be doubted whether he would at this time have regarded his own tossing by a buffalo, provided no limbs had been broken, as anything more than a good joke. Moreover, though the party for a considerable period avoided head-men and villages, as we have seen, its treatment during the journey, upon the whole, was excessively generous and kind. "In few other countries," remarks Dr. Livingstone, "would one hundred and fourteen sturdy vagabonds be supported by the generosity of the head-men and villagers, and whatever they gave be presented with politeness."

On February 1st of this year (1856) the party met a number of native traders, and as some of his escort were in the scant toilet of the Batoka, being that of the garden of Eden with the exception of the fig leaves, some American calico was bought for them. It was manufactured at "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," Massachusetts, and the price paid for the quantity here bought in "the kingdom of Chicova," as it has been called, though erroneously, was two small tusks of ivory. The explorer made careful examinations in the district of Chicova for evidences of silver mines reported to have been formerly worked there, but could learn nothing tending to persuade him that such had ever been the case. On the contrary, the people knew not the difference between tin and silver.

For a great distance now the expedition had been through the country of the Banyai. The Government of this people is peculiar, being a sort of feudal republicanism. The chief is elected, and they choose the son of a deceased chief's sister in preference to his own offspring. When dissatisfied with one candidate, they even go to a distant tribe for a successor, who is usually of the family of the late chief, a brother's or sister's son, but never his own son or daughter. The children of the chiefs have fewer privileges than the free men generally; but they can never be sold into slavery. The Banyai are a fine race. A great many of them are of a light coffee-and-milk color. As they draw out their hair into small cords a foot in length, and entwine the inner bark of a certain tree round each separate cord, and

dye this substance of a reddish color, they put the explorer in mind of the ancient Egyptians. When traveling, the Banyai draw this hair up into a bunch and tie it on top of the head. They are very cleanly in their habits.

On March 3d, the party reached Tete, a place on the Zambesi, in possession of the Portuguese. The commandant, Major Sicard, received Dr. Livingstone with most generous welcome. He also presented his men with abundance of provisions, and one of his own houses in which to live, free from the bite of the tampans, till they could construct their own huts. The bite of this insect sometimes causes fatal fever. "It may please our homœopathic friends," says Dr. Livingstone, "to hear that in curing the bite of the tampan, the natives administer one of the insects bruised in the medicine employed."

Formerly a place of very considerable importance, Tete had now become comparatively a ruin, with but two or three thousand inhabitants and insignificant trade. The cause of decadence of Portuguese power here is very clearly stated by Dr. Livingstone. At first, considerable quantities of wheat, millet, maize, coffee, sugar, indigo, besides gold and ivory, were exported. The agricultural resources of the country round about are very great. Gold dust was procured at various washings north, south, and west of Tete. The interior swarmed with elephants, and ivory could be bought for a song. Slaves were used in agriculture, gold-washing, and elephant hunting. A market for these was opened, and they were sold for transportation. Thus the goose which laid the golden eggs

was slain. Tete declined, and is now of less importance than a great majority of the county towns of the United States. There is a wall about the old town, within which are a few European houses. Most of the people (natives) live outside the walls and engage in agricultural pursuits, At the time of Livingstone's visit there were less than a score of Portuguese in the place, with the exception of a few soldiers temporarily stationed there on account of sickness at a post lower down the Zambesi. All the country round about available for agricultural purposes, is under cultivation. The value of goods now required for the trade of Tete is only about $45,000 annually. Plantations of coffee, formerly profitable, and exporting considerable quantities, are now entirely deserted, and hardly a single tree can be found. The indigo is found growing everywhere and large quantities of the senna plant grow in and about Tete but neither is collected. There are no less than three gold-washings near Tete, formerly quite productive, now but little worked. Dr. Livingstone himself was the discoverer of coal deposits not far distant.

On the 22d of April, Dr. Livingstone left Tete, and, a fine boat having been presented to him by Major Sicard, the commandant, he proceeded by the Zambesi to Senna, where he arrived on the 27th. The voyage down the broad, deep, rapid river, crowded with cultivated islands, and most of the way bounded by shores of picturesque beauty, was like a pleasure trip. The great traveler thought the state of Tete quite lamentable, but found that of Senna ten times worse. Every thing was in a state of stag-

nation and ruin. There was but a single exception, and this not among the Portugese or half-castes. Some Africans were building boats after the European model. They are very well made and sell at prices ranging from $100 to $500.

On the 11th of May, the whole population of Senna turned out to witness Dr. Livingstone's departure. His party was now small, a number having been left at Tete and others here, hired to transport government goods in canoes to the former place. The commandant had liberally supplied provisions, and the sail down the Zambesi to Mazaro, the beginning of the great river's delta was very pleasant. At Mazaro, the party took the way by the Kilimane river, being that portion of the Zambesi known by this name, and arrived at the town of Kilimane on the 20th of May. This is a most disconsolate place, in a marshy, unhealthful situation, several miles distant from the ocean. Here the Missionary remained until July 12th, when, accompanied by his faithful Makololo companion, Sekwebu, he embarked on Her Majesty's brig "Frolic" for Mauritius. The voyage was made in precisely one month. Sekwebu was a general favorite on shipboard, and rapidly picked up a knowledge of English. At Mauritius a steamer came out to tow the vessel into the harbor. Sekwebu, the strain on whose mind by new and constantly changing scenes had been severe, and had given evidences of aberration, now became insane, and on the following day cast himself into the sea, and pulling himself down by the chain cable, was drowned. Poor fellow! This was the last that was

ever seen of this fine Makololo gentleman. A long and careful search for his body was unsucessful.

—And here it will be proper to take a retrospective view of the missionary labors, explorations, scientific researches of Dr. Livingstone thus far made in the continent which had so long sat in darkness.

It will be recollected that he arrived at Cape Town, in the extreme southern portion of Africa in 1840. When, therefore, he sailed from Kilimane in July, 1856, he had been sixteen years engaged in laboring, in that part of the world about which the least had been known, for the advancement of the cause of Christian civilization and the progress of knowledge and science. If the preceding pages and extracts have not been prepared in vain, those who have read them have correctly concluded that Dr. Livingstone is no ordinary "missionary of the Gospel." It is much, very much, to be that. He is that, and more. We find in him, for instance, many of the elements of a successful statesman. If he cannot get all he thinks desirable, he will take all the good that he can accomplish, trusting to time, reflection, and God's good providence to bring about the remainder. This admirable characteristic was most happily illustrated, so far as individuals are concerned, in the notable case of Sechele, chief of the Bechuanas. Had it been undertaken to bring him into the church "with a rush," there might indeed have been a temporary success, but he probably would have gone out with a rush before long, and accomplished great and long-continued harm instead of good. Long established institutions—or habits and

customs, if you please, of tribes of men whose existence has continued for many centuries—are not to be hastily overthrown, even though they may have been established in error, or, if you please again, human depravity. A child with a hammer in its hand, or a lunatic, can undermine St. Peters and bring down the majestic pile in ruins. Genius, patience, long years of labor would be required even to rebuild it. The faculty of tearing down is oftentimes admirable, but when one can destroy evil by replacing it with good he has the true inspiration of heaven and the magnificent genius of progress. If Dr. Livingstone did not leave Kolobeng with so many professing believers in the religion which he espoused as might have been encouraging to the sanguine, he at any rate succeeded in eradicating some of the most lamentable notions of barbarism from the minds of the Bakwains, and implanting instead of them some of the most beneficent teachings of the Christian system. Thus were several wars prevented among the tribes of South Africa by the power of the self-same truths which have guided to illustrious triumphs of peace the international polity of Mr. Gladstone and John Bright, and this long before the Joint High Commission between Great Britain and the United States had been dreamed of. If the Bakwains were not taken at once from the gloom of barbarism and placed on a plane of civilization, they were placed fairly in the road leading thither, and year by year they have been going on in the right direction. They are no longer barbarians. A thousand degrading habits and customs and lamentable errors have

been abandoned. They are growing into civilized beings; and their civilization will be Christian.

A similar fact is true of Dr. Livingstone's influence among the Makololo. Sebituane, who established this singular people in permanent power and rude prosperity throughout a large proportion of central South Africa, though a man of war, possessed, indeed, by nature, with a military genius of most remarkable scope and versatility, was undoubtedly greatly the superior in moral attributes of his successor, Sekeletu, as he certainly was among the foremost of all modern Africans of whom we have any knowledge in practical statesmanship. He was in reality a much greater man than many a hero of classical story and song, and may with no little appropriateness be called the Robert Bruce of central Africa. Had Sebituane lived a few years longer, it cannot be doubted that, with Livingstone's practical assistance, the condition of the Makololo would have been vastly improved. But, though Sekeletu is much inferior in ability and ambition to Sechele, not to mention Sebituane, yet is he, through Livingstone's influence, a much wiser and abler ruler than, according to all probability, he could otherwise have been, and his people are more ambitious, more prosperous, more happy. They too are on the way to a better and higher stage of existence. Their huts are better than they were; they are improving their breeds of cattle; their system of agriculture has progressed; many savage punishments and customs have been abolished; their growth in moral and intellectual

strength is evident. Sekeletu, though greatly inferior to Sebituane, rules over a superior people.

Now it is certain that in acquiring his prodigious influence over either the Bakwains or the Makololo, Dr. Livingstone preached and prayed on all proper occasions; and no one has a higher appreciation of the efficacy of preaching and praying. He did more. He taught the people how to build houses; how to mend wagons; how to do a thousand little things whereby they would be made more comfortable. Thus by degrees their minds were opened to receive the truth that the ways of civilization are good; and one by one old prejudices were eradicated, old errors were abandoned, and the power of truth and justice more and more acknowledged. It is probable that since the advent of Dr. Livingstone among them, the Bakwains and Makololo have progressed as much in government, trade, agriculture, as the Saxons of England did during several generations after the battle of Hastings. Had he devoted himself strictly to religious teaching, no such result could have taken place. The genius of common sense gave him a notable triumph; and let it never be forgotten that common sense ought ever to be regarded as one of the best of the Christian graces. To go without this to a heathen land is simply to cast pearls before swine.

Another fact that ought to be considered in any candid review of this explorer-missionary's labors in South Africa is his evident comprehension of the whole situation. He not only considered Africa from the Christian point of view—speaking here in somewhat of a technical sense—but he looked upon it as

a field also for humanitarian efforts; for scientific researches; for investigations of all kinds whereby the sum of knowledge might be increased; for the spread of commercial relations with other peoples; for advance in a knowledge of political economy. Hence he had no qualms of conscience upon leaving his Bakwain friends to look out for themselves for a season while he should undertake a journey to the interior. Thus he discovered Lake Ngami, whereby his power as a missionary preacher was in no degree increased, but his influence with the world of letters and science was. So, too, his discovery of the Zambesi river in the central portion of South Africa greatly aided in making his character respected by many leading minds of the world, who by this means were led, first, to have a respect for missionaries, and then for the cause which missionaries represented. Many a fine mind in christendom which had thought of the Africans about as Cuvier might have thought of a rhinoceros, Agassiz of a megatherium, or Colonel Foster of a mound-builder, through these discoveries was led to reflect at least upon the importance if not the duty of preventing such vast masses of humanity as lived round the lakes and along the magnificent rivers of Africa from going to waste. Thus Christianity received a valuable reinforcement of allies if not of devotees.

Patience, in great degree, is, perhaps, possessed only by extraordinary minds. It enabled Dr. Livingstone, having opened the way for civilization in Africa to continue his explorations in other portions of the continent, with sublime confidence that the present and

the future would take all practicable advantages of the past. It thus happened, as a consequence of his comprehensive views and his sublime patience, not only that men of letters and scientific savants everywhere became interested in Africa, in addition to the various organized Christian societies for the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, but the spirit of commercial enterprise was aroused in that behalf. The Christian church, the literati, including herein the newspaper press, the devotees of science, have vast influence in the world; but when these are reinforced by what we call the commercial world, they are sure not only to carry the war for civilization, progress, and profit, into Africa but through it, and bring to development all the resources of the people and the country. We know nothing that can stand against a cause, sustained by the prayers of the Christian church and supported by the power of the men on 'Change.

This three-fold character of Dr. Livingstone's labors and explorations in Africa is a demonstration of his remarkable genius. Had he been only a missionary, his work might have demonstrated his personal piety and been long remembered by religious societies. Had he been only a missionary and scientific explorer, he might have been long highly esteemed by both religious and learned bodies. Being a missionary, a scientific explorer, and a man thoroughly acquainted with the necessities, the wants, and the enterprising spirit of the commercial world, he drew to the field of his labors the hearty interest of those mighty powers which, when allied together, never have known, and never will know,

such word as fail. America would perhaps be hardly better known than Africa to-day, had the conversion of the aborigines been the ONLY motive impelling to the exploration of the country. Now that the natural agricultural, manufacturing, and mineral resources of the country of the black man have become known, and the spirits of Christian propagandism, of intellectual progress, and of commercial enterprise have been aroused in behalf of that continent, there can be no reasonable doubt that its progress during the coming few years will be greater than that of the past hundreds of generations.

Such, it cannot be questioned, is but a fair outline of the general character of this great explorer-missionary's work in Africa and a justifiable prophecy of its probable results.

Those whose labors are purely intellectual—and these in all ages have been, upon the whole, the greatest benefactors of mankind—are apt to under-estimate the genius of those whom we generally call "men of action." Dr. Livingstone is a man of action not only but one whose whole life has been that of exceeding hard work. Bodily and intellectually he has ever been a working man. His labors in Africa, extending over a period of sixteen years, included moral instruction, medical attention, mechanical pursuits, scientific researches, astronomical observations, and a series of explorations in an unknown country and among savage, barbarous tribes, without a parallel, perhaps, all things considered, in all authentic history of personal adventure. When he went to South Africa, in 1840, the vast interior was wholly unknown. In the north-

ern part of South Africa on the west coast, there were a number of Portuguese settlements. Along the coast for several hundred miles and inland some two or three hundred, the natives were semi-subject to this foreign people. The trade of the country was principally in slaves and ivory. Below this expanse, known on the maps as Lower Guinea, the coast appeared to be a vast extent of bleak and barren desert. South of the Orange river and extending here across the continent and on the east side still farther north was a collection of English and Dutch Colonies, and provinces under somewhat civilized native government, all being more or less under the influence of the British of Cape Colony, the largest of all. Stretching northward along the east coast were Mozambique and Zanzibar under Portuguese and Mohammedan rule, but inhabited by tribes who were discontented and warlike. These portions of the east coast had long been in a state of decadence, a melancholy fact, which was in large measure owing, as shown by Dr. Livingstone himself, when speaking of the ruins of Zumbo, Tete, and Senna on the eastern Zambesi, to the prevalence of the slave trade. As to the vast interior of this continental rim all was unknown or conjecture, except here and there a spot where a missionary had established a station, and whence had irradiated some rays of knowledge to the outside world. Such was the situation of South Africa when Dr. Livingstone, in the full vigor of young manhood, appeared upon the scene, a recently-graduated physician and an humble missionary. He soon proceeded about a thousand miles into the in-

SAYID SULIMAN, GRAND VIZER OF ZANZIBAR.

terior, and, learning the language of a people who inhabit a wide expanse of country, established a missionary station. By a genuinely philosophical and liberal, comprehensive plan of education, he gradually brought this people to adopt many of the most beneficent rules and practices of civilization. Before he left Africa, it could not with truth be said that they were a barbarous people. Meantime, he had crossed the great desert of Kalahari and discovered Lake Ngami and the Zambesi river in the centre of South Africa. The contributions thus made to the geographical knowledge of the world have been universally and generously recognized, as have been also by the scientific his contributions in botany, geology, and natural history. This journey, by different routes, was made several times ; and it is not improbable that his suggestion of obtaining water—the only want of this "desert," wonderfully prolific in grasses and animals which require little water—by means of artesian wells may result in reclaiming a vast expanse to cultivation and wealth.

The journey from Cape Town to St. Paul de Loanda, particularly that portion of it between the region of Lake Ngami and the Portuguese colony must be regarded as a momentous undertaking, with results, at the the time and to come, of the greatest importance. By this journey, he traversed some thirty-one degrees of latitude and about fifteen degrees of longitude. The route, in general, was in the shape of the arc of an immense circle, and the journey could not have been much less than three thousand miles in length. Remaining a consider-

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able period among the Makololo, a great people, numbering many tribes inhabiting the central portion of South Africa, from Lake Ngami on the south nearly to the confluence of the Leeba, and the Leeambye on the north and a corresponding distance east and west—a district about as large as France—he became greatly influential among them, and was the means of greatly benefiting their condition. It was in the country of the Makololo that Dr. Livingstone discovered the Zambesi, with the great falls of Gonye and the wonderful cataract of Victoria. Between here and the limits of the Portuguese power he discovered vast plains for many weeks of the year covered with water, and then with beautiful flowers thick as grass. Here too he found a river part of whose waters sought outlet in the Indian ocean, and part in the Atlantic. He discovered that Lake Dilolo was the water-shed between the two oceans, and yet that for vast distances on either side the general elevation of the country, beyond the immense flat plains in the midst of which is Dilolo, is thousands of feet higher than that at the water-shed. Hence he practically discovered that the general form of this great portion of Africa was that of an immense basin, with crevices here and there for the escape of the water through the rims to the sea.* This practical discovery was not made, however, until Dr. Living-

*When Dr. Livingstone arrived in England in 1856, he discovered that Sir Roderick Murchison, the distinguished geologist, in his discourse before the Royal Geographical Society in 1852, had enunciated, from Bain's geological map of Cape Colony and a few other data, a hypothesis of the configuration of the African continent, here entirely confirmed by Dr. Livingstone. The latter's great work is dedicated to Sir Roderick, in fitting terms, with this fact happily mentioned.

stone had, through incredible difficulties, reached the sea shore on the east coast, and was returning again on his journey "across the continent."

This journey, of which we have just given a rapid sketch traversed twenty-five degrees of longitude. It was in distance traveled about two thousand miles, and as the one from Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, to Loanda, the capital of Portuguese Angola, demonstrated the practicability of a route to the ocean on the west, so did this in the opposite direction. When, therefore, Dr. Livingstone reached the delta of the Zambesi, he had shown by his own explorations that journeys could be made to central South Africa from the east, the west, and the south. He had become acquainted with large numbers of tribes, about all of whom were addicted to polygamy, some to repulsive customs and superstitions, idolatrous rites and degrading beliefs. He found many of these people who had large herds of cattle and who in a rude way gave considerable attention to agriculture. Many were little inclined either to superstition or true religion. Few had any notion of trade until he himself taught them by precept and example what it was. He had discovered several lakes and beautiful rivers, immense level plains of great fertility, many lovely valleys capable of producing heavy crops of grain. He had discovered several deposits of coal, and had visited gold washings which might again be made profitable. Portions of the country are without forest, others are covered with trees, some of which are the largest and most majestic in the world.

Thus in his travels of more than nine thousand miles, this great explorer had taught scholars how to make geographical and geological maps of a very large portion of the globe. He had interested in its people and in its growth and development the efforts of the Christian, the learned, and the commercial public. Those efforts, in the nature of things, will not cease until the continent shall everywhere become the abode of the friends of civilization and progress and the scene of many of their permanent and beneficent triumphs. Surely if man ever deserved rest from his labors, Dr. Livingstone now did.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN ENGLAND.

His Reception by His Countrymen—The Preparation of His Work Entitled "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa"—Favorably Received by Christendom.

We left Dr. Livingstone on shipboard in the island of Mauritius, lamenting the untimely death of his long-time Makololo companion, Sekwebu. He remained here enjoying the good climate and English comfort, and getting well of an enlargement of the spleen—caused by some thirty different attacks of the African fever—for several months, and then departed for England. Taking the route by the Red Sea, and happily avoiding a threatened shipwreck, he reached home on the 12th of December as happy and grateful a man, no doubt, as there was in the three kingdoms.

One remarkable effect of Dr. Livingstone's long sojourn and travels among the tribes of Africa was that, so far as his native language was concerned, it almost untongued him. He had so long almost exclusively spoken in one or another foreign language or dialect, and for nearly five years had only met with an Englishmen now and then, that when he went aboard the "Frolic" off Kilimane, he found himself almost tongue-tied. "I seemed to know the language perfectly," says he, "but the words I wanted would not come at my call." By the time he reached Eng-

land, however, this cause of embarrassment among Englishman had greatly diminished, and he could respond to the hearty receptions with which he was everywhere greeted in good vigorous Saxon. Soon there was no halt in his speech at all.

It is probably true that no returned missionary ever met with a more cordial reception by his countrymen than did Dr. Livingstone. He was welcomed by all classes of people, while religious bodies, missionary societies, and select circles of learned men hastened to express their appreciation of his great labors and discoveries. Medals, fellowships, and memberships of various associations for the cultivation and spread of knowledge and science were conferred upon him. Nor were these recognitions confined to associations in his own country, but came also from France, the United States, and other lands. During the period of his absence the public press of his native land and the United States had been so wonderfully enlarged in scope by the magnetic telegraph, and its influence had been so greatly increased in consequence thereof and of the enterprising spirit of certain journalists whose names have since become celebrated throughout the world, that it might well be said a new power had grown up in the state and society. Reports of meetings in honor of Dr. Livingstone were carried by ten thousand of the swiftest wings all over the kingdom, and very soon afterwards all over the United States. Thus, in all that vast portion of the world where the English is the language of the people, more was known in a few days of his explorations in Africa than would have

been known to the learned few in many weeks or months had those explorations ended about the time at which they commenced.

It was impossible that the world should be satisfied with the mere outlines of a career which had been so adventurous and so useful as that of this great explorer in Africa. The more the press published in regard to it, the more the public perceived that a full account could not but contain a vast quantity of interesting and valuable reading matter. Accordingly, Dr. Livingstone was induced to prepare that volume—"Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa"—upon which his literary fame with the world at large thus far rests, and which unfolded to the reading public a series of strange pictures upon which the public has ever since looked with deep and growing interest.

The preparation of this volume, which, it is believed, may with justice be pronounced a work which the world will not willingly let die, was, perhaps, the most difficult of all Dr. Livingstone's great undertakings. "The preparation of this narrative," he says in his preface, "has taken much longer time than, from my inexperience in authorship, I had anticipated." And he goes on to say that "those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors and authoresses a thousand-fold." The work was really commenced upon the invitation of Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, which had given Dr. Livingstone a special meet-

ing of welcome upon his return from Africa. The design came near being frustrated, however, by the explorer's inability to provide for his Makololo escort and companions, whom he had left at Tete, Senna, and Kilimane (often spelled Quilimane). This difficulty was overcome, however, by His Majesty Don Pedro V., of Portugal, who sent out orders for the support of these men until Dr. Livingstone should return. Thus freed from care on this account, he proceeded with his work of authorship, and gave to it, as must be evident to every one who has carefully examined it, the greatest study and pains. As a work of literary art, it is surely one of the most complete successes among books of the kind which have ever been published. Perhaps it may truthfully be called among books of its general kind the greatest success.

The work was completed and went to press in the year 1857, and at once met with the most generous reception by the reading public and the favorable judgment of critics. It was speedily republished in the United States, where very large editions were rapidly sold. No inexperienced author of a work of a serious nature ever found his way more rapidly to the general reading public than David Livingstone. His book was a faithful dauguerreotype of his labors in Africa, and these, as we have already seen, were of a three-fold nature; such, namely, as to be of special interest and value to all Christian denominations interested in the work of missionaries; to all men devoted to the acquisition and spread of scientific knowledge; and also to that large, influential, and

practical class of men who conduct the trade and commerce of the world. For all these, he was inspired by his remarkable genius to construct a work which was at once instructive, interesting, and valuable. And hence the fact that his work was favorably received throughout Christendom was but natural, and one of the logical results of the liberal spirit with which he did everything that he was called upon to do.

And here, perhaps, it might be well enough to close the account of the literary labors and results connected with Dr. Livingstone's first sojourn in Africa. It may be well to remark, however, that even before the appearance of his great work, several attempts were made in England to impose upon the public, as his, spurious narratives of his travels. The journals of London, however, were quick to expose them, and the booksellers utterly refused to have anything to do with them, greatly to the credit and honor of the trade. Some two years after his work was published, a volume appeared in America, the title-page of which was almost identical with that of the original work, and upon which copyright was published as secured according to law. It is simply the work of Livingstone, greatly and most injuriously abridged, with an addendum giving an outline of a few discoveries in Africa, familiar to every school boy. So far as it goes, it is Livingstone, word for word, but very many pages to which he evidently gave the greatest study and in which he took the greatest pride, are entirely omitted. Thus, for example, the whole of his interesting account of the discovery of Lake Dilolo

as the water-shed of central South Africa, with that singular river sending part of its waters to the Atlantic, part to the Indian Ocean, is expunged. Other equally interesting portions of the work are wanting. And this book is duly "entered according to the act of Congress." It is like authorizing some one to take out a copyright on the play of Hamlet, whose authorship in the business had consisted in removing Hamlet altogether from the drama. Such murder of genius in accordance with the forms of law is hardly less than atrocious. Perhaps that wretched travesty of Mr. Dickens's most brilliant and powerful novel, which travesty goes by the name of "Newman Noggs" and is often represented on the American stage, is copyrighted. These things being so, do we have any copyrights which white men, or any other men, are bound to respect?*

And here the great explorer might have rested upon his laurels. None of his cotemporaries had done more, all things considered, for religion, science, and mankind. Had ambition only guided him he would have been content; but genius and duty impelled him to again forsake those "English comforts,"

* There is a patent medicine originally compounded in the United States—and it is understood to be good enough in its way—known as "Perry Davis's Pain Killer." Merit and reservoirs of printer's ink made it famous. It was proceeding in a perfect march of triumph against the combined pains—particularly those of the stomach—of America and Europe, when a noted manufacturer of Mustang liniment got up a "pain killer" and labeled his vials with an exact *fac simile*—Perry Davis's jolly head and all—of the other. The fact becoming known, he was compelled to peremptorily stop this spurious business. It is something that the great republic protects the regular workings of men's stomachs. After a while it may give some proper protection to the labors of men's brains.

which are, in fact, perhaps, the most comfortable in the world,* and proceed for the second time to that continent about which he had himself thrown a peculiar charm and interest which, it would appear, can only increase with time, and as modern enterprise and civilization extend their triumphs and their beneficent influences over the land on so large part of which he was long the solitary and intrepid explorer.

* I so conclude from a lecture which I happened once to hear in a Western town, entitled "English Hearts and Homes," by Mrs. Celia Logan—the most instructive and interesting essay I ever heard a lady read on the platform.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND (AND PRESENT) EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

Again Sails for Africa—Painful Reports of His Death—The Long Suspense in Regard Thereto—Conflicting Reports.

Among great men who have had much to do in directing the destinies of nations or any considerable number of mankind, there have been two kinds—one class, who supposed they controlled events and by imperial will and power mastered circumstances and the course of Providence; the other, composed of those who have modestly imagined they were but instruments in the hands of a Superior Power through whom some of his beneficent designs were to be accomplished. Among the former was Napoleon Bonaparte, who probably thought that in many particulars God was entitled to high respect, but that in the general conduct of military campaigns, He could not be compared with the French Emperor. It is historically true that the men of this class have generally inflicted great evils upon mankind. Of the other class of great men, David Livingstone is a conspicuous example; and the one thing of which he is the most unaffectedly ignorant is his own genius. "If the reader remembers," he modestly remarks near the close of his work, "the way in which I was led, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence." And he goes on to show how, previously to this, Se-

bituane had gone north and from a country larger than France expelled hordes of bloody savages, and occupied their country with a people speaking the language of the Bakwains. Then again he was singularly turned toward the west instead of the east coast of Africa, it thus happening that when he returned upon his great expedition across the continent, the country was at peace and his life saved. Meantime, Sechele himself at Kolobeng had become a missionary to his own people and they were becoming civilized. "I think," he concludes, "that I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa."

But this explorer was withal eminently practical. He wanted British merchants as well as English missionaries to go to Africa, and thinking that philanthropy and profit were equally interested, he believed that the explorations he had already made fully justified the opinion that still further discoveries might completely demonstrate the fact that Africa was not only a great missionary field but might become of the greatest value in the commercial world through the production especially of cotton and sugar. "I propose," he says, "to spend some more years of labor, and shall be thankful if I see the system fairly begun in an open pathway which will eventually benefit both Africa and England."

From all which it is clear that the second expedition of Dr. Livingstone to Africa, and which has not yet (in 1872) been concluded, was the result of a deliberate opinion that, with the blessing of heaven,

he might be able to accomplish that which should result in great good to Africa and at the same time help to increase the trade and commerce of his own country. Impelled by such worthy and unselfish motives, he again left England in March, 1858, and sailed for Kilimane. He had resigned his position as missionary for the London Society, but the British government had appointed him consul at Kilimane, with the understanding that he was not on this account to give up his character of explorer. On the contrary, he was supplied with a small vessel, and accompanied by a number of scientific associates, made a number of exploring expeditions by which his ideas in respect to the production of cotton and sugar and the overthrow of the slave traffic were greatly encouraged, and the conclusion reached that it would not be long before the opening of commercial intercourse between European nations and the tribes of South Africa. It was afterwards discovered by Mr. Young, in charge of an English expedition of search, which proceeded far up the Zambesi river, that the memory of Dr. Livingstone was highly revered, and his influence manifested in the moral improvement of the people and the advancement of their material interests. Subsequently, Dr. Livingstone made an expedition in a large region of country drained by the river Rovuma, which, along the east coast of Africa is a sort of boundary between Mohammedan and Portuguese authority. For this expedition a steamer was provided, but it was found to be of too great draft of water to be of much service. Dr. Livingstone, therefore, with the object of accomplishing the

great design of his second voyage to Africa, returned to England, having re-explored a large portion of country along the Zambesi and visited for the first time the tribes of a large extent of country several hundred miles north of the Zambesi in its eastward course. This return to England was, however, but a part of the expedition upon which he had started in 1858, or rather an episode in it, without which the original object—the discovery of the principal watershed of the African continent, including the sources of the Nile—would not have been accomplished. Whilst, therefore, Dr. Livingstone has made three voyages from England to Africa, it will be more convenient to group his series of explorations under the general heading of two great expeditions—the first, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the second under those of the Royal Geographical Society, with special assistance from the British government.

For the completion of the series of explorations of this expedition, upon which the explorer is, in 1872, still engaged, he left England, August 14th, 1865, accompanied by his daughter as far as Paris. Thence he proceeded to Bombay, and provided himself with *materiel* and men for the work before him. From Bombay he proceeded to Zanzibar, and on March 28th, 1866, left that island accompanied by two boys —Chanma and Wakotasie—a number of Sepoys, several men from Johanna Island, and some Suahili from a school at Bombay, and having reached the main land proceeded to the interior by the river Rovuma. As he proceeded he from time to time sent

back accounts of his progress and the interesting incidents of his explorations. But late in this year the leader of the Johanna men arrived at Zanzibar with a story that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered on the shores of Lake Nyassa by a band of Mazitus. The tale had such an air of truth that no one doubted it. Moosa's story being fully credited, the world quite generally gave up Dr. Livingstone as lost. Dr. G. Edward Seward, resident agent of the English government at Zanzibar, condensed Moosa's information into a dispatch to Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, of which the following is the principal portion:

"ZANZIBAR, Dec. 10, 1866.

"MY LORD—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch from Ngomano, informed your Lordship that he stood 'on the threshold of the unexplored.' Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow he added:—'It is but to say little of the future.'

"My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has 'crossed the threshold of the unexplored'—he has confronted the future and will never return. He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says in his despatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him and had 'swept away the food from above and in the ground.' With an escort reduced to twenty by desertion, death and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loende and Rovuma rivers, at Nyomano,

Drilling Nasik Boys at Zanzibar.

and the eastern or northeastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kompoonda or Mapoonda, on its western, probably its northwestern, shore, and was pushing west or northwest, into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Mukliosowe a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mafilte and Nyassa folk. The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the traditional shield, broad bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear.

"The Mafilte instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush, with war cries and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment. Livingstone fired and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired too but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading when three Mafilte leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance—there could be none—and one cruel axe cut from behind him put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell his terror stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mafilte. One at least of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

"The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kompoonda, on the lake's borders (they left the havildar of Sepoys

there dying of dysentery; Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay Twenty-first at Mataka), and had rested at Marenga, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Mahlivoóra; they were traversing a flat country, broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded.

"Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consumated would appear to have been an open forest glade. Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Ma-zitus were coming. The boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there between the trees.

"He had just gained the party and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire when his leader fell. Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come. Meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads and in a body really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his party verges on the marvelous. However, at sunset, they, in great fear, left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then, with increasing dread they crept to where the slain traveler lay.

"Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay scattered some four dead fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright, he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have

gone, from their description, through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ever ready.

"They found him stripped of his upper clothing, the Ma-zitus had respected him when dead. They dug with some stakes a shallow grave and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labors made known to us, and which now, baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as 'Lake Livingstone.'"

Dr. Seward added the following postscript to his despatch to the foreign office:

"The date of Dr. Livingstone's death is left as much to conjecture as the place of his grave. All that we certainly know is that he was at Nyomano on the 18th of May last; that he proceeded to Mataka, whence he sent a despatch to this Consulate. From Mataka he is said to have made for and struck Nyassa, which he crossed; but where, or where Mataka is, cannot be ascertained. The runaway Reuben, with the Sepoys, states that Livingstone left Mataka a few days before they set out on their return journey to Zanzibar. They were one month and twenty days on the road to Keelwa, which they reached during the latter days of September. It may be inferred from this that Livingstone left Mataka about the middle of last July. The Johanna men named six weeks as the probable time of their return journey from Mapoonda to Keelwa with the slave cara-

van. The fight with the Zulus took place sixteen days before they set out. They reached Keelwa in November, Zanzibar the 6th of December. Roughly, then, we may conjecture the death of their leader to have happened during September. The statements of our informants as to time, distance, and direction are distressingly vague and untrustworthy."

The publication of this despatch at once created a profound sensation throughout the civilized world. There being no apparent reason to doubt the truthfulness of the story, it was quite universally accepted, and most men lamented the death of the great explorer with unfeigned sadness. The obituary notices which appeared in the public journals and proceedings of many learned bodies demonstrated the fame of Dr. Livingstone in a manner which will surely be exquisitely agreeable to him when he shall read the eulogiums, as, it is to be hoped, he may soon do. Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, who had, in former years, accompanied Dr. Livingstone in some of his explorations, gave the man Moosa a long and careful examination and cross-examination, and the longer he proceeded the more terrible the facts connected with Dr. Livingstone's death appeared. A letter from him, generally published and quoted by all journals, seemed to leave the painful reports fully and abundantly confirmed. The world's sorrow, therefore, expressed in every proper way, was, to all appearance, entirely reasonable.

Nevertheless, there were those who did not put their trust in Moosa's story. Among these was Sir Roderick Murchison, whose reputation for sagacity

in England was very high. So early as 1844, Sir Roderick had announced, from the examination of certain rocks brought to him for study, the existence of gold in Australia, and had vainly endeavored to enlist the aid of government in behalf of practically testing the question. We have seen that he correctly decyphered the general geological formation of central South Africa before the practical discovery of the fact by Livingstone. By these and other things of like nature, Sir Roderick had acquired the reputation of a prophet. He could give no special reason for his opinion, but he did not believe Moosa's story of Livingstone's death, and the fact of his want of faith in it made many suppose there might be ground for doubt after all. Sir Roderick was sustained in his doubts by Mr. E. D. Young, an African traveler of considerable experience who came forward and said that Ali Moosa belonged to a treacherous race. Suppose he had betrayed Dr. Livingstone, how else than by a cunningly-devised story of his death could he prevail upon the British consul to pay him. Here, at least, was a motive for the story, and it soon had many to believe in it. The consequence was a variety of conflicting reports and conflicting opinions, in the midst of which the Royal Geographical Society organized a search expedition and placed it under the charge of Mr. Young.

On the 8th of August, 1867, the little steel boat "Search," Mr. Young in command, was pointed up the Zambesi river, under the most explicit and comprehensive instructions from the Geographical Society. At Shupanga, the grave of Mrs. Livingstone

was visited, and such attention given it as was required. On the 4th of September, Mr. Young heard of a white man having been seen on Lake Pamalombi, which is far south of Lake Nyassa, the scene of the reported death. Young proceeded thither and became convinced that the white man was Livingstone. Continuing the search, he found that his views were from day to day confirmed by the reports of natives and articles which the explorer had left with them subsequent to the time of his reported murder. The search was continued till toward the close of the year, with the result that Dr. Livingstone had certainly been seen at a long distance from the Lake Nyassa, months after he had been reported killed. The expedition under Mr. Young did not find Dr. Livingstone, but discovered enough to demonstrate that Ali Moosa's story was an ably and cunningly devised romance. Then the Geographical Society received letters from Livingstone himself, which proved that he was alive and well in February, 1867, some six months after Moosa's heroic but vain defense near Lake Nyassa. Authentic reports of his presence on Lake Ujiji in October of the same year were received. But about this time Sir Roderick Murchison published a letter in the London "Times" newspaper, confidently predicting, on intelligence which he supposed to be reliable, Dr. Livingstone's return to England about the coming Christmas. It has since transpired that Sir Roderick was imposed upon by a round-about story from Trincomalee in the island of Ceylon, which had been based upon an entire misunderstanding of something that had been

said by Dr. Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar, and the report of which was first transmitted from Trincomalee.

Dr. Livingstone did not appear in accordance with his friend's prediction, and the consequence was a new variety of reports of misfortune and death. Conjecture was free; nothing had been lately heard from him; the suspense of the public in regard to the fate of one in whom there was so deep and universal interest was absolutely painful. And it was at this time of intense public anxiety that an expedition was set on foot, the like of which had not previously been known and the complete success of which has bestowed upon its projector and commander imperishable renown.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HERALD EXPEDITION OF SEARCH.

The Great Development of Modern Journalism—The Telegraph—James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond—The Magnitude of American Journalistic Enterprise—The Herald Special Search Expedition for Dr. Livingstone—Stanley as a Correspondent—The Expedition on its Way Toward Livingstone.

It has already been remarked that among the many important events which had occurred in Christendom during Dr. Livingstone's first great series of explorations in Africa there were none of greater importance to mankind than the invention of the magnetic telegraph, and the prodigious development, consequent thereon—at least in great part—of the newspaper press. There is not so much difference in means of travel, between the great, lumbering wagon of Cape Colony, drawn by a number of oxen which get over a few miles in a whole day and the means of travel by the best of America's great railways, as there is between the means of current daily intelligence in 1872 and the means of that current daily intelligence as they existed when Dr. Livingstone first placed foot in Africa. If a daily journal of the manner and style of one of that time were to be now established, it would be looked upon like a curious relic of the past or an old almanac.

Nor is it strictly just to attribute the wonderful

development of public journalism since about the year 1840 wholly to the success of Prof. Morse's invention of the magnetic telegraph. His success was largely due to the press, which at the time he sought aid of Congress in behalf of his discovery had already begun to be something more and something better than the mere organ of power or of party. At any rate it may with perfect safety be said that the practical success of Prof. Morse's invention was considerably hastened by the influence of a public press into which had recently been infused an independent spirit and a consequent influence before unknown. Up to about the time of which we speak the most widely circulated journals of the United States had been printed at the National Capital, a city which had never been representative of the country's trade, its literature, science, art, or labor. It was only the seat of government, the centre of the political power of a nation which claimed to lodge its political power in the people. Here flourished a number of journalists of the old school, whose skill in political manipulation, money making, and editorials without beginning and without end, can never be surpassed. There is at this time more intelligence of the current events of the day in the poorest daily journals of the "far West" than there used to be in the "national organs" of the respective political parties contending for the control of our national polity. That neither one nor the other could have justly claimed any great amount of practical wisdom may be asserted with confidence since the result of the rule of both—now one and now the other—for a long period of years was a civil

war of long duration and exhaustive effects, growing out of a question which both the great parties of the times had "finally" settled by act of Congress and solemn resolution on more than one memorable occasion.

It was while this not very admirable fooling was about at its height, that certain knights of the quill, no less adventurous in their enterprises than Dr. Livingstone was in his explorations through the wilds of Africa, established themselves in the commercial metropolis of America, and soon became the head of a power in the land scarcely second to that of the government. If not a new estate in government, this power became a new estate in society. There sprang up an entirely new literature; a literature which, as regularly as the sun, appeared every morning, and soon came to be, to all well informed persons, about as necessary as the sun is to the physical world. There was no subject too abstruse, none too sacred, none too high, and few too low for the essays of the brilliant, daring, dashing minds which about this time threw themselves into the arena of journalism. Not a few who had been distinguished in the literature of former days became journalists, and the most celebrated of American novelists, the illustrious author of the "Leatherstocking Tales," finding himself too "slow" for the times, became incurably disgusted with men who cared little for venerable antiquity, and spoke of thrones and principalities, and powers, not to mention the writers of books, with all the sarcasm, wit, and irreverence of Junius and with infinitely more popular power. Here was,

as we have said, a new literature. What difference was it that the individual essays were only for a day? Every day there were essays equally good, and they treated of political topics more fully and candidly than political topics had ever been discussed before by public journals, and they also treated of almost everything else under the sun. Every advance in science, every attempt at social or political reform, every humanitarian endeavor, every attack upon abuse and crime claimed to be hallowed by the lapse of time, every current event of importance of every kind, whether of fact or of idea, here in this wonderful kaleidescope could be seen, and then seen to give way to new spectacles of equal interest. Here the people were educated. There never has been discovered a means of education so powerful and so universal. It is, doubtless, owing to the fact that so many minds in America capable of creating a "permanent literature" devoted themselves to this potential means of influence, thereby losing their individuality but for the time being augmenting their power, that we have not yet produced an American Thackeray or even an American Dickens. In the formative era of what may well be called journalism proper, a very large proportion of existing genius has been called into such active use, in America, that it has not had leisure for books. And even in England, many of the most distinguished thinkers have served their regular terms as journalists.

Among the most celebrated of modern journalists was James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York "Herald" newspaper. A native of Scotland

and a Roman Catholic in religion, he was educated for the priesthood, but whether, like John Randolph of Roanoke, he perceived that he had "too much spice of 'old Nick'" in his composition for the sacred calling, or on other account, he did not take orders, but emigrated to America instead. After various fortune—generally misfortune—embracing teaching, translating, and associate-editorship, he embarked upon the "Herald" enterprise in 1835. It was not until some years afterwards, however, that this journal acquired any considerable reputation outside the city of New York, and inaugurated those news enterprises which made it so celebrated and a not unfaithful chronicler of the passing events of the whole world. During the era of "special correspondence" the "Herald" maintained an extensive corps of writers in Europe and other foreign countries, who ever gave to the paper great interest and value.

Meantime, other young men, since distinguished, had been educating themselves as journalists, and, like Bennett, through various fortune. Among them was Horace Greeley, who established the first penny daily paper ever published in the world, but its foundations soon gave way. In 1841 the "Tribune" was established, and Mr. Bennett discovered in the great and varied abilities of Mr. Greeley and Henry J. Raymond, assistant editor, rivals whom no assaults could repress, and whose influence soon began to be felt and acknowledged throughout the country. The warfare long waged between these journalistic giants was always sharp, often fierce. The intense rivalry greatly augmented the enterprise of the printing

offices which at length became vast establishments, employing thousands of men, from the greatest intellects of the age to the ragged urchins on the street, and receiving and disbursing vast sums of money.

The invention of the telegraph added immensely to the scope and power of the daily press. Greatly increasing its expenditures, it also greatly augmented its circulation and profits. Its demand for brain-labor became perfectly prodigious, and it almost monopolized the genius of the land. In the city of New York there were established within a very few years after Morse's invention had begun regularly to click the news of the day no less than four morning journals of acknowledged reputation throughout the world, and which upon certain memorable occasions of current intelligence have contained in their combined columns nearly as great an amount of reading matter as the whole of Bancroft's history of the United States.* The average quantity of these journals' reading matter, of interest to the general public, is equivalent, every day, to from three to five volumes of Bancroft's distinguished work.

Other cities of the republic have been little if any behind the commercial and financial metropolis, excepting only the city of Washington whose most successful journalism of the old school has given way at least till quite recently, to be a series of wretched failures.

*As I write this, I take a copy of the Chicago "Tribune" of the day, and find, by actual calculation, that it contains reading matter, exclusive of advertisements, equivalent to more than 350 pages of Bancroft. Among this matter is a profoundly thoughtful speech by Horace Greeley, delivered hundreds of miles distant the night before. At this writing, he is a candidate for the chief office in the American republic.

Editorials of a journal published in the largest city of our Lake country, which was a straggling hamlet when Dr. Livingstone first went to Africa, have been known to make the proudest speculators of Wall street tremble, and powerful corporations to abandon long-conceived schemes of injustice. In an exhaustive article on the United States census of 1860, the New York "Tribune" said of the public press:

"The very great increase in the circulation of newspapers and periodicals during the last ten years is an evidence at once of a high degree of popular intelligence and of a high standard of journalistic ability. There is no doubt that this country has the best, and the best sustained public press in the world —the best, we mean, for the people and not merely the learned few. Newspapers penetrate to every part of the country, reach even the most obscure hamlet, and find their way to almost every household. Printing offices go with the vanguard of civilization toward the west, and in the 'new country' are about as numerous as the mills. The dailies of the great cities cannot be carried by the government mails; they have created, during the decade, an entirely new line of business, supporting thousands of families; on issues fairly joined they have defeated many of the most maturely considered measures of Congressional Committees."

Having given the statistics in regard to the number and circulation of the periodicals and papers of the country at the time under examination, the article goes on to say:

"The total number of daily papers thrown from the

press during the year is about half that of all the other papers and periodicals combined. Supposing each one to weigh an ounce, the weight of the whole number of daily papers printed in the United States during the year of the census was 28,644,678 pounds avoirdupois—enough to load 14,322 wagons with a ton each, or to make a train of them seventy miles in length. Were all the papers and periodicals printed in 1860 placed in such a train, it would reach from New York to Richmond. Should they be pasted into one vast sheet, they would make a covering for the continent, and leave a remnant large enough to shut out the sun from the British Islands.

"But, not to dwell upon the mere material aspect of the Public Press of America, it will suffice to say that if its records shall be preserved the historian of two thousand years hence who shall narrate the events which are now taking place, will find upon their dingy pages his best authorities and his most trustworthy sources of philosophical generalization. Not all that is left of Grecian literature, not all the grand works of the fine old Romans, give so correct a picture of the great peoples of antiquity as the daily papers of America are now taking of a people far greater than that whose phalanges swept down the barbarians from the Hellespont to the Indus, or than that 'the tramp of whose legions echoed round the world.'"

To such magnificent proportions and such stupendous influence had the American press grown during Livingstone's first sojourn in Africa. When he left England, its chief business was to chronicle small

beer. When he returned its power was more than imperial, and all exercised through persuasion. As it had grown in America, so it had been immensely developed in other lands, but in respect of the publication of current intelligence at the time of the happening of events, the American press is not approached by that of any other country. There is more telegraphic news in almost any number of any Chicago daily, for example, than the average quantity of such intelligence in the London "Times."

An additional impetus to the enterprise of journalism was given by the success of the Atlantic cable during Dr. Livingstone's second great expedition to Africa. It is difficult to believe these great facts though they have occurred before our very eyes. This wonderful achievement of science, aided by the no less wonderful enterprise of the daily press of the United States, made the inhabitants of Christendom like next-door neighbors. A dispatch from Athens, in Greece, was once published by all the evening daily journals of the United States at an earlier hour than its date. The difference of time and the "girdle round about the earth" put the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, as they took their suppers, in a situation in which they might have criticised an oration by Demosthenes before he had gone to bed, had Demosthenes belonged to this day and generation.

Thus had the press become the great means of the dissemination of knowledge, and by reason of the wonderful enterprise of its most distinguished representative men, far more potential in the affairs of the world than any potentate or any government. It had

come to be acknowledged as of the greatest consequence in the dissemination of science, in popularizing literature, in aiding moral, social, and political reform. But the irrepressibility of its enterprising spirit, its superiority even to the most powerful government in respect of obtaining intelligence remained to be conclusively shown. And even this was done by the expedition of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in the employ of the New York "Herald," in search of Dr. Livingstone, long lost from Christendom in the wilds of central Africa.

So deep an interest did the government of Great Britain take in discovering the truth of the reports of the explorer's death, first given to the world through the story of Ali Moosa, as condensed by Dr. Seward, English Resident Agent at Zanzibar—the substance of which appears in the preceeding chapter—that an expedition in that behalf was organized, and after many hundred miles of journeyings by river and land found unmistakable evidences that Moosa's story was a cruel fabrication. So, too, when years had elapsed without definite information from Dr. Livingstone, and there arose a world of wild conjecture as to his fate, the British government again organized an expedition of search, which, as we have seen, was at last accounts from it at Zanzibar, well prepared for an expedition inland but waiting for a proper season at which to begin the journey.

Meantime the great discoverer is discovered in the heart of equatorial Africa by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in command of an expedition of search sent out under the auspices of an American newspaper, the New

York "Herald." Thus did newspaper enterprise accomplish that in which the combined efforts of wealthy religious societies, learned corporate bodies, and one of the most powerful governments of earth had failed. A brief account of this unique expedition will be of interest:

During the civil war in the United States—1861–65—among the many "war correspondents" of the "Herald" was Mr. Stanley, just mentioned. He was not so much distinguished as a writer as he was valuable to the journal on account of his fearless nature and his restless activity. In imitation of Tennyson's charge of the Light Brigade, he would pursue an item if the search should carry him "into the jaws of hell." Restrained by no danger, almost insensible to fatigue, he could ride all day and write all night almost, and keep up this hard work for an indefinite period. After the war he went abroad and from various countries, generally out of the way of ordinary lines of travel, corresponded with the "Herald.' When the proprietors of that journal—the elder Mr. Bennett was then living—determined to organize a "Herald Special Search Expedition," they naturally selected Mr. Stanley as its commander. This was in 1868. Mr. Stanley at once accepted the charge, and, after some hesitation as to whether he should proceed through Egypt up the Nile, or by way of Zanzibar and then westward overland, or by the line of the river Rovuma, the route taken by Livingstone, he at length resolved to go by way of Zanzibar. This is an island, and town also of the same name, off the coast of Zanguebar, and is toward the southern limit of

Mohammedan rule in Africa. Here Mr. Stanley arrived in due season, and hence wrote his first letter in this special service, under date of February 9, 1869. It chiefly had reference to Livingstone's previous explorations, the story of his death, and its refutation. But the report that he was only about a week's march inland from Zanzibar also received a quietus, and Mr. Stanley was well nigh persuaded to retrace his steps to Egypt and proceed by way of the Nile, in consequence of the following note from the United States Vice Consul:

"ISLAND OF ZANZIBAR, Dec. 26, 1868.

"DEAR SIR—I should be most happy to assist you in any way whatever; but, in reply to your note, I beg to assure you of my candid belief of his non-appearance. There is not the slightest probability of his ever coming again to this island. Dr. Kirk the British Vice Consul here, and who was with Dr. Livingstone for some years during his travels in Africa, thinks it more than probable that he will come out at the Nile, and has not the least expectation of having the pleasure of seeing him here. In September, 1868, Her Majesty's ship Octavia, Sir Leopold Heath, C. B., left here, and as I see by the Bombay papers, on her arrival at Trincomalee, which is in Ceylon, reported that when she left Zanzibar Dr. Livingstone was reported within a week's march of the coast. This, if you saw it, probably misled you also to believe he would come here, but it is hardly necessary to say that the statement was without the slightest foundation of truth, and was prob-

ably written from some entire misconception by the writer of some conversation which took place between him and Dr. Kirk. Trusting, however, you will succeed on the other side, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

"FRANCIS R. WEBB,
"United States Vice Consul."

Nevertheless, Mr. Stanley determined to go on and telegraphing to an acquaintance residing at Khartoum, Upper Nubia, to send him word, if anything should be heard from Livingstone, went forward with the preparations for his journey. He was doubtless cognizant of the fact also, that the "Herald" had another Search expedition on foot to which the Khedive of Egypt was rendering generous encouragement and assistance. It may well be imagined that the drafts upon the "Herald" at this time for necessary outlays in the purchase of horses, asses, and supplies and the employment of a sufficient escort—mainly consisting of a number of Arabs—were not light. The preparations, after months' delay, caused by war in the interior, were at length made, and the expedition left Zanzibar on the long-ago trail of the great explorer.

And here it will be proper, while we are awaiting intelligence of its difficulties and final great success, to speak of the previous life of him who was to make so many hearts glad by tidings of the safety of the most distinguished explorer of our times.

CHAPTER X.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Sketch of the Life of Mr. Stanley Before Beginning the Search for Livingstone —His Enthusiasm, Courage, and Endurance—Travels in Asia—Statement by the Hon. E. Joy Morris, Ex-United States Minister to Constantinople—Begins the Great Enterprise of His Life.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the leader of the "Herald" expedition of search, is a native of the State of Missouri where he spent his boyhood and youth. The system of popular education in Missouri was never successfully put in operation during the existence of slavery in that commonwealth. Like most of the boys of the State, Stanley grew up, having many more physical than intellectual exercises. He developed and strengthened sinew and muscle, however, and became accustomed to danger, and was therefore, all unconsciously to himself, being educated for the great work of his life. His parents died when he was about eighteen years of age, leaving him a small estate, but without a calling or profession by means of which to obtain a livelihood. This was during the late American civil war. Though the income from his patrimony would have gone a good way toward his support, he felt that it was his duty to earn his subsistence by his own exertions, herein manifesting a spirit of independence which is a quite general characteristic of Western people. He had already shown a literary

ambition, and some of his verses had appeared in rural journals, and, though regretting the want of a regular course of mental training, he resolved that he would become a writer for the press. Looking about for a field in which he might distinguish himself he sought employment as a "war correspondent" of the New York "Herald." "His chief recommendation at this time," says a great journal, "was his energy and industry and fearlessness in collecting facts, not the style in which he told them; for although he had previously shown some indications of literary ability, his pen was as yet neither practiced nor fluent." His energy, industry, and fearlessness were doubtless better appreciated in the "Herald" office than by the general public, but his reputation as a writer grew with time, and he constantly performed his correspondential duties to the satisfaction of his experienced employers.

Of an adventurous nature, he took a warm interest in the attempt of the Cretans, in 1866, to throw off the Turkish yoke and establish their independence. With the object of joining the Cretan army he sailed for Europe, first making arrangements for correspondence with the "Herald." He was not pleased with the leaders of the revolution, and declined to volunteer in the army of the famous little island.

It appears that he had a sort of roving commission from the "Herald," and now undertook a journey on foot with a few travelling companions of his own country, by which it was contemplated to pass through Asia Minor, the provinces of Russian Asia, the Khanates, Bokhara, and Kiva, Eastern Turk-

estan, and so through China to the coast. This project came, however, to a disastrous end. The little party had not penetrated more than about an hundred miles from Smyrna, when it was attacked by Turkish brigands, completely plundered, and compelled, in consequence, to return. Arriving at Constantinople in the most sorry plight, the members of the party were kindly received by the Hon. E. Joy Morris, then United States Minister to the Turkish Sultan, and their wants supplied by a check upon the generous Minister's private banker. An account of the affair, written by Mr. Stanley, had appeared in a public journal of the country, so that Mr. Morris had been apprised of the facts—afterwards fully substantiated in a court of justice—before the travellers appeared, in shabby attire attesting a needy situation.

Inasmuch as one of Mr. Stanley's companions—Noe by name—afterwards brought a charge of cruel treatment against the "Herald" representative during this journey so disastrously terminated, it will be well here to give a statement made by Mr. Morris. It is all the more in place here, because it relates certain facts in Mr. Stanley's life, and delineates certain prominent points of his character so faithfully that it may be regarded as almost strictly biographical. After the appearance of Mr. Noe's charge against Stanley, the "Herald" sent a reporter to Atlantic City, New Jersey, where Mr. Morris was temporarily residing, instructed to get such information from him as he might feel disposed to communicate. An account of the interview was published

in the "Herald" of September 7th, 1872. The substantial portions follow:

"*Mr. Morris*—I first met Mr. Stanley, or at least heard of him, in October, 1866. I was then at my country residence in Bujukdere, on the Bosphorus, and while there I received intelligence from Constantinople stating that three American travellers, named Stanley, Noe, and Cook, had been barbarously and cruelly treated and robbed of all their effects by a band of Turks in Asia Minor. In the advance of the arrival of the travellers at the Turkish capital, Stanley sent an account of the occurrence to the "Levant Herald," a paper published in English, in which the particulars of the attack were all fully narrated. I lost no time in taking the necessary steps, when the tidings reached me, for the protection and relief of my countrymen when they should arrive. Meantime the Turks, who were the perpetrators of the outrage, had been captured and conveyed, strongly guarded, to Broussa, a small town near the Sea of Marmora.

"*Reporter*—Did you see the Americans on their arrival?

"*Mr. Morris*—I did: the American Consul General and myself were both waiting to receive them when they arrived, and of course they immediately repaired to the Embassy when they got into the city.

"*Reporter*—What appearance did they present?

"*Mr. Morris*—A most miserable appearance, sir. If ever the condition of men presented the traces of cruel treatment theirs did. Mr. Stanley's own plight

fully corroborated his story. He had been stripped of all his clothing, and though he had been enabled to procure some outside covering by the generosity of Mr. L. E. Pelesa, agent of the Ottoman Bank at Aflund-Karahissar, he had neither shirt nor stockings on when he came to me, and he showed other evidences of great suffering. I relieved his more pressing necessities and advanced him a loan of money to procure an outfit for himself and his companions. I considered it to be my duty to do this, both as American Minister and as an American who was bound by the tie of nationality to stand by my countrymen in distress. I gave Mr. Stanley a check on my banker and he drew the money—£150. The first thing he did was to repay the agent of the Ottoman Bank the amount advanced by him, and then he took his companions to a clothing bazaar, and both he and they procured the clothing of which they were so much in need.

"*Reporter*—What security had you for your loan?

"*Mr. Morris*—I had no security, nor did I ask any. The money was advanced without condition of any kind. I see it has been stated by Noe that the amount was given in consequence of a draft which Stanley offered, payable by a person in New York. This is false; no draft was given to me at that time, nor was any promise of a repayment made until subsequently. I advanced the money as a loan, asked for no security, nor was there any offered. Some time after Mr. Stanley inconsiderately did give me a draft, but I looked upon this as altogether superflous, and did not attach much value to the act,

though it may have been well meant. The draft proved valueless, but it is unnecessary to enter into details of a transaction which has been long satisfactorily settled between Mr. Stanley and myself, and which does not, as I said before, concern any persons outside ourselves. I may state, however, that the action of Mr. Stanley was superfluous in another way, as Mr. Cook, Stanley's fellow traveller, came to me after the money had been sent and assumed all responsibility connected with the loan, stating that if the money was not recovered from the Turkish government he would personally indemnify me, giving me his American address.

"*Reporter*—What impression did you form about Mr. Stanley at the time?

"*Mr. Morris*—I regarded him as a young man of great courage and determination; his countenance showed this, it being stern, almost to severity but with nothing sinister about it.

"*Reporter*—Did Noe, at any time during the stay bring any charges of cruelty against Stanley?

"*Mr. Morris*—None that I recollect of, though he was at perfect liberty to do so. As stated before the Turkish outlaws were taken to Broussa, and after some time had elapsed they were placed upon trial. As there was no American Consul at the place, I obtained from Lord Lyons a promise that the British Consul, Mr. Sandison, should watch the trial and attend to the interests of my clients, Stanley, Cook, and Noe, who were all present as witnesses at Broussa. The Turks were placed upon trial and attempted to defend themselves, but the evidence against them was

overpowering. Some of the effects of Stanley and his party were found upon their persons, including $300 which the party carried, and they were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

"*Reporter*—Did Noe swear to all the facts?

"*Mr. Morris—He did; and his sworn statement will, if I mistake not, be found in the archives of the State Department. I never was more astonished in my life than I was when I heard that he now states that everything he related at Broussa while under oath, was entirely false.*

"*Reporter*—What steps did you institute to obtain restitution from the Turkish government.

"*Mr. Morris*—I had Stanley and the others draw up an inventory of the effects which had been lost and they attested to the losses upon oath as being in every instance correct. I then forwarded the claim to the Turkish Minister, including the money advanced by myself, which of course was included among the losses. The entire amount, as near as I can recollect, was about twelve hundred dollars, and the claim was prosecuted on our part with the greatest vigor and pertinacity.

"*Reporter*—Did Stanley and his friends remain in Constantinople after the trial?

"*Mr. Morris*—Not long. Stanley and Noe left for England, and Cook remained some time behind settling affairs. Before separating an agreement was entered into between them and me that if I recovered any money it was to be sent to Cook, as, I believe, it was he that bore the expenses of the journey to Smyrna. Soon after Cook left. I urged the claim

time after time upon the Turkish government, but did not meet with much success, and at length I was about to abandon the prosecution of the claim in despair, when the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Saferet Pacha, called upon me at my residence and offered to compromise the case by giving a smaller amount. I had some conversation with the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, about the same time and I accepted the proposition in the amicable spirit in which it was offered. The money was paid, and I first took out of it the £150 which I had lent. The balance of the money I sent to Cook.

"*Reporter*—Did any of the money go to Stanley?

"*Mr. Morris*—Not a cent. I received a letter from Noe, in which he desired to have a part, but as I did not wish to be dealing with too many parties I sent the money as I said, to Cook; but Stanley did not finger any of it, and if Noe was treated with any injustice Cook was the person he had got to look to, not to Stanley or me. This closed the transaction at the time, and I heard nothing more of the parties for some years.

"*Reporter*—When did you see Mr. Stanley again?

"*Mr. Morris*—During the last year of my official residence in Turkey. In that year a distinguished American clergyman called upon me at the Embassy and asked me did I remember anything about a person named Stanley. I answered in the affirmative, and he then stated that Mr. Stanley had desired him to call relative to a long-standing debt of £150, which he believed was owing to me, which had never been settled and which he was desirous to pay. I told the

clergyman that the matter had been long settled and that I had been paid. The gentleman further stated that Mr. Stanley desired to call upon me, and I replied that he was at perfect liberty to do so. The same evening Mr. Stanley and the clergyman called and by invitation remained to dinner. The two gentlemen had come on from Egypt together, and the clergyman had an admiration which almost amounted to veneration for the character of the 'Herald' correspondent.

"*Reporter*—Was Mr. Stanley much changed in his appearance and manner?

"*Mr. Morris*—Wonderfully. The uncouth young man whom I first knew had grown into a perfect man of the world, possessing the appearance, the manners and the attributes of a perfect gentleman. The story of the adventures which he had gone through and the dangers he had passed during his absence were perfectly marvellous, and he became the lion of our little circle. Scarcely a day passed but he was a guest at my table, and no one was more welcome, for I insensibly grew to have a strong admiration and felt an attachment for him myself. Instead of thinking he was a young man who had barely seen twenty-six summers you would imagine that he was thirty-five or forty years of age, so cultured and learned was he in all the ways of life. He possessed a thorough acquaintance with most of the eastern countries, and, as I took an interest in all that related to Oriental life, we had many a talk about what he had seen and what I longed to see. He stated to me that he had a sort of roving commission for the

Herald, but that he had exhausted all known countries and was at a loss to understand where he should go next. I said to him, 'Stanley, what do you think of trying Persia? That is an unexplored country, and would well repay a visit if you could get back with your life.' Stanley thought over the proposal, and rapidly came to the conclusion he would go. I busied myself in procuring him letters of introduction to the Russian authorities in the Caucasus, in Georgia and in other countries through which he would have to pass. He saw the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople in person, who was so well impressed with him that he made extra exertions to facilitate his progress to the mysterious home of the Grand Llama. I had some time previous to this had a Henry rifle sent me from a friend in New York, as a specimen of American art, and this I presented to Stanley, with my best wishes for the success of his undertaking. He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise I mean it, for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country; and, in consequence of its weak government and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey to Zanzibar or Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. How Mr. Stanley accomplished the task he undertook the columns of the Herald will tell. I received a letter from him, while on the way, narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been entertained by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the

performances of his Henry rifle. His journey through the Caucasus and Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East. The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zigzag way to Thibet, and he must have a charmed life to have come through so much peril in complete safety. After this affair I returned home, and I did not hear of Mr. Stanley again until I heard of him as the discoverer of Livingstone.

"*Reporter*—Were you astonished at hearing of the latter fact?

"*Mr. Morris*—Not in the slightest. I would be astonished at no feat in the line of travel that he would accomplish. He is a born traveller. He has all the qualities which the great explorers possessed—Mungo Park, Humboldt, and Livingstone himself—a hardy frame, unflinching courage, and inflexible perseverance. If such a thing were possible that I were forced to become a member of a band to undertake some forlorn hope, some desperate enterprise, I know of no one whom I would so readily select as the leader of such an undertaking as Henry Stanley. I receive his narrative of the discovery of Livingstone with implicit faith, and from my knowledge of him and his character I am lost in wonder that his story should be for an instant doubted. That he has found Livingstone is, in my opinion, as great a certainty as that you are now in Atlantic City. The perils of a journey into the interior of Africa would have no terrors for him."

A considerable portion of the year 1868 was spent

by Mr Stanley in Abyssinia, where he accompanied the British expedition against King Theodore. He accompanied the English army as far as Magadla, and on several occasions was enabled to transmit accounts of the expedition, embracing most important news, to the "Herald" in advance of intelligence sent to the British government. The people of America were thus supplied with intelligence of this singular British foray in northeastern Africa before the people of England, and it may well be suspected that they know more of the Anglo-Abyssinian war to-day than the people of England generally know. Mr. Stanley's remarkable successes in Abyssinia were highly appreciated by the "Herald," and the quest for Dr. Livingstone being now fully determined upon, there was no hesitation in placing him in charge of the expedition.

Mr. Stanley is now about twenty-nine years of age. He is a thick-set, powerful man, though short of stature, being only about five feet seven inches in height. He is a sure shot, an expert swimmer, a fine horseman, a trained athlete. But few men living have had more experience in "roughing it." A better selection for the command of its singular undertaking the "Herald" could not possibly have made. And this the result, so astonishing to the world, proves.

And thus it was that the discoverer of the discover was prepared for his great work, which, as we saw at the close of the preceding chapter, he had entered upon, strongly feeling that while he should be in search of Livingstone from the east coast of

HENRY M. STANLEY, CHIEF OF THE "HERALD" EXPEDITION OF SEARCH.

Africa, the explorer would be on his journey out of the country by way of the Nile. For he concludes his Zanzibar letter of February 9, 1869, to which we have referred, as follows:

"Now, the readers of this letter know really as much of the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone as I do, but probably from conversations heard from different persons I have greater reasons for judging of the case, and I believe it will be a very long time yet before Dr. Livingstone arrives, and that his return will be by the River Nile."

With this opinion, but with a good stock of supplies for Livingstone's journey down the Nile, should he be found proceeding in that way, and with the best escort attainable, Stanley, in charge of the unique newspaper expedition, but not till after long delay, on account of wars, plunged into the wilderness, to be heard from no more until after many long months of suspense and conjecture.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. STANLEY IN AFRICA.

The Search for Dr. Livingstone Energetically Begun—Progress Delayed by Wars—The Successful Journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji in 1871—The "Herald" Cable Telegram Announcing the Safety of Livingstone—The Battles and Incidents of this Newspaper Campaign—Receipt of the Great News—The Honor Bestowed on American Journalism.

Mr. Stanley found it much more difficult to get into Africa than to that singular land. It was understood, according to the best intelligence to be had that Dr. Livingstone would probably be found, if found at all, not far from Ujiji. From Bagamoyo, on the mainland of Africa, opposite the island of Zanzibar, there is a caravan route to Unyanyembe. The journey generally takes some four months. At the time Mr. Stanley undertook to proceed inland, he found the country disturbed by wars, and though starting now and again, he was delayed many weary months on this account. "Forward and back" was the necessary call of the situation. At length the country became so far quiet between Bagamoyo and Unyanyembe that the expedition, which terminated in success, set forth very early in April, 1871, and, after an unusually rapid journey, the caravan reached Unyanyembe on the 23d of June. Hence letters were dispatched home, but from this time for more than a year, the world remained in ignorance of the fate of the expedition.

Upon the morning of the 2d of July, 1872, however, in the midst of the great Peace Jubilee at the city of Boston, appeared a cable telegram from London to the New York "Herald," announcing the discovery of Livingstone and the consequent complete success of the great American journal's enterprise. This telegram, perhaps the most expensive ever sent by a private party, was one of the most remarkable instances of modern newspaper enterprise. It eclipsed the Jubilee. It is worthy of preservation, just as it was printed in the "Herald" on the memorable Tuesday morning. Nor will it be out of place, as picturing forth a certain newspaperial idiosyncrasy, for preservation also in book form, to quote the headings of this famous telegram, with the "sub-headings" in the despatch, thus giving as faithful an imitation of it as can be done by types. It need hardly be said that the telegram occupied the most conspicuous place in the "Herald" of the day, and was double leaded throughout. And thus it appeared:

LIVINGSTONE.

HERALD SPECIAL FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

Finding The Great Explorer.

Exciting History of the Successful Herald Expedition.

PERILS AND LOSSES BY SICKNESS, HOSTILE TRIBES AND JUNGLE DISASTER.

Arrival at Unyanyembe—A Reign of Terror.

MIRAMBO, KING OF UJOWA.

THE HERALD CARRIES THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

ALLIANCE WITH THE ARABS.

Two Villages Captured—The Natives Killed—The Herald Commander Fever Stricken.

An Ambuscade by Mirambo—Slaughter and Flight of the Arabs.

RALLYING UNDER THE HERALD LEADER AND THE AMERICAN FLAG.

FORWARD TO UJIJI.

A Further Journey of Four Hundred Miles.

IN SIGHT OF TANGANYIKA LAKE.

A Triumphal Entry Into Ujiji—Drums Beating and Colors Flying.

THE MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

A Picture for History—The Grasp of the Two Explorers.

EXPLORATIONS BY DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The Chambesi the True Source of the Nile.

IT IS NOT SUPPLIED FROM TANGANYIKA.

The Great Doctor to Remain Two Years Longer.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The following special despatch has been received from the HERALD correspondent in London:—

LONDON, July 1, 1872.

THE GLORIOUS NEWS.

It is with the deepest emotions of pride and pleasure that I announce the arrival this day of letters from Mr. Stanley, Chief of the HERALD Exploring Expedition to Central Africa. I have forwarded the letters by mail. Knowing, however, the importance of the subject and the impatience with which

RELIABLE NEWS

is awaited, I hasten to telegraph a summary of the HERALD explorer's letters, which are full of the most romantic interest, while affirming, emphatically,

THE SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE,

and confirming the meagre reports already sent on here by telegraph from Bombay and duly forwarded to the HERALD. To bring up the thread of

THE THRILLING NARRATIVE

where the last communication from him ended he proceeds with his account of the journey. It will be recalled that when last heard from he had arrived in the country of Unyanyembe, after a perilous march of eighty-two days from Bagamoyo, on the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar. The road up to this

point had been in

THE REGULAR CARAVAN TRACK,

and the journey was performed in a much shorter time than the same distance had been traversed by previous explorers. The expedition

ARRIVED AT UNYANYEMBE

on the 23d of June, 1871, where he sent forward his communication. The caravan had need of rest, and it was necessary to refit while an opportunity was at hand through the medium of the Arab caravans then on their way to various points on the coast with ivory and slaves. The expedition had suffered terribly, but the heart of the HERALD explorer never gave out.

THE TERRIBLE CLIMATE

of the countries through which it had passed told on it even more than the difficulties of the tribes at war among themselves and upon everything that came in their way and which they were in sufficient force to attack. The caravans met at the various halting places threw every discouragement in the way, which tended to destroy the *morale* of the expedition.

SEEDY BOMBAY,

however, the captain of the expedition, proved invaluable in controlling the disaffected, whether with tact or a wholesome display of force when necessary.

THE INCESSANT RAINS,

alternated with a fierce African sun, made the atmosphere heavy, charged with moisture, and producing a rank, rotten vegetation. In the mountainous regions which we traversed the climate was, of course, much better, and the result was that the expedition

much improved in health. The miasmatic vapors and other hardships of the journey had played sad havoc with its number and force.

THE TOTAL LOSS

up to this point by sickness had been one white man, two of the armed escort, and eight of the pagazis or native porters. The two horses had also succumbed, and twenty-seven of the asses had either fallen by the wayside and had to be abandoned or else the rascally native donkey leaders had allowed them to stray from the kraal at night. As a consequence, a considerable quantity of the stores were either lost or wasted, but the rolls of Merikani (American cloth)—for shukkah and doti—the beads and wire—had been as far as possible preserved, they being the only money in Central Africa. In July

ALL WAS PREPARED TO MOVE

through Unyanyembe; but before long it was found that almost insuperable difficulties were interposed. The country there is composed of thick jungle, with large clearings for the cultivation of holcus. The utmost alarm and excitement were spread through the native villages at

THE EXPECTATION OF A WAR.

The inhabitants were shy of intercourse, and it was with great difficulty that supplies could be obtained. A little further on the villages on either side of the track were found to be filled with Arab

CARAVANS AFRAID TO ADVANCE.

and gathering together for security. The cause of all this alarm was soon discovered. The ku honga

or blackmail levied by the head men of the tribes as a sort of toll for passage through their territories, had been inordinately raised in the Ujowa country by

MIRAMBO,

King of the Wagowa. Obstinate fights had already occurred in which small bands of his soldiers had been beaten, several being killed. He had, therefore, declared to the traders that no caravan should pass to Ujiji except over his body. The Arabs hereupon held a council, and, finding themselves strong in fighting men,

DECLARED WAR ON MIRAMBO.

The HERALD commander took part in this. The Arabs appeared to anticipate a speedy victory, and preparations for a jungle fight were accordingly made. The ammunition was looked to, muskets inspected and matchlocks cleaned. The superior armament of the HERALD expedition made their assistance a matter of great importance to the Arabs.

THE HERALD GOES TO WAR.

An address was delivered to the members of the expedition through Selim, the interpreter, and the forces, with the American flag flying, were marshalled by Captain Seedy Bombay.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

At daybreak on the day following, according to previous arrangement, the armed men were divided into three parties. The vanguard for attack, the rear guard as immediate reserve, and the remainder, consisting of the less active, were stationed with the *impedimenta* and slaves in the kraals. The advance was ordered and responded to with alacrity, and the first

village where the soldiers of Mirambo were lying was at once attacked and speedily captured. The inhabitants were

EITHER KILLED OR DRIVEN AWAY.

Another village followed the fate of the first, and both were left in ashes before nightfall. The troops were wearied with the hot day's work, but all were elate at their success thus far. The commander of the HERALD expedition, on his return to camp, passed a sleepless night, and morning found him

IN A HIGH FEVER.

He was therefore obliged to remain in camp, and his forces refused to fight except under his lead. This weakened the Arab force considerably, and, although the dreaded Mirambo and his followers, thirsting for vengeance, were known to be in the vicinity, the day was passed in fatal inactivity.

THE AMBUSH OF MIRAMBO.

The third day seemed as if about to pass like the preceding, the HERALD commander still suffering from the fever, when shots were heard in the direction of the Arab kraals, and it soon became evident that the wily Mirambo had ambushed the Arabs. This, in effect, was the case. A superior body of natives, armed with muskets, assegais (spears) and poisoned arrows, had suddenly burst upon the Arabs.

A TERRIFIC SLAUGHTER ENSUED,

which ended in the rout with the Arabs, who took refuge in the jungle. The fourth day brought with it the fruit of the disaster. The Arabs could not be prevailed upon to renew the fight, and desertion and flight became the order of the day. Even the

MEN OF THE HERALD EXPEDITION DESERTED,

leaving but six with the commander. Mirambo now threatened the town of Unyanyembe. By stupendous exertion the commander collected one hundred and fifty of the fugitives; these being convinced by their numbers, when collected together, that resistance was still possible, resolved to obey the commander.

FORTIFYING FOR A SIEGE.

With five days provisions on hand the houses were loopholed and barricades erected, videttes stationed and the defenders told off as well as their numbers, armament and *morale* could be individually depended on.

THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS HOISTED

and the trembling inhabitants awaited the expected attack. This, however, was destined not to come off, for, to the general delight, a Wanyamwezi scout brought in the joyful intelligence that Mirambo, with all his forces, had retired, not caring to risk an engagement, except in the jungle. Mustering what force was possible, the intrepid HERALD commander then

STARTED FOR UJIJI,

on the Tanganyika Lake, or Sea of Ujiji. The Arabs endeavored in vain to dissuade him from this. Death, they said, was certain to the muzanyu (white man) and his followers. This frightened the already demoralized pagazis and caused a serious loss to the expedition in the person of Shaw, the English sailor. Undaunted by the forebodings of ill and the losses by desertion, the caravan once more was on the march and pushed forward

BY ANOTHER ROAD,

to the one where Mirambo and his Africans were awaiting the first caravan. This road lay through an untrodden desert, and caused

A GREAT DETOUR

in order to come again upon the caravan road in the rear of the Wajowa. No great mishaps were met with, and when the villages and cultivated fields of sorghum, and holcus were reached everything progressed favorably.

AFTER A FOUR HUNDRED MILE JOURNEY

the outlying portions of the province of Ujiji were reached. Word had reached the expedition of the presence of Dr. Livingstone in the province within a recent period, and accordingly preparations were made for

A TRIUMPHIAL ENTRY INTO UJIJI.

The pagazis who chanced to be unladen proceeded, beating drums and blowing upon Kudu horns. The armed escort fired salutes every moment, keeping up a regular *feu de joie*, and the American flag floated proudly over all. In the distance lay the silver bosom of Tanganyika Lake, at the foot of the stately mountains in the background, and fringed with tall trees and lovely verdure. It was a wonderful relief to the pilgrims of progress. Before them lay the settlement or town of Ujiji, with its huts and houses looking dreamily like a land of rest.

THE ASTONISHED NATIVES

turned out at the unwonted display, and flocked in crowds to meet them with deafening shouts and beating of drums. Among the advancing throng was no-

ticed a muscular group of turbaned Arabs. As they advanced still nearer

ONE OF THE GROUP

who walked in the centre was noticed to be differently attired from the others. The group halted, and the word was passed back that a muzangu was among them. Spurring forward the HERALD commander indeed saw that, strongly contrasting with the dusky, sunburnt Arab faces, was

A HALE-LOOKING, GRAY-BEARDED WHITE MAN,

wearing a navy cap, with a faded gold band and a red woolen jacket. It was a trying moment, wherein every emotion of hope and fear flashed through the brain. The fatigues faded in the intensity of the situation. The questions, was this he who had so long been sought, or could it be a delusion of the mind, or was the white man some unknown waif of humanity? crowded the mind. bringing their changing feelings with them. A few feet in front of the group the HERALD commander halted, dismounted and advanced on foot.

A HISTORIC MEETING.

Preserving a calmness of exterior before the Arabs which was hard to simulate as he reached the group, Mr. Stanley said:—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

A smile lit up the features of the hale white man as he answered:

"YES, THAT IS MY NAME."

The meeting was most cordial, and the wearied caravan, joyous at the triumph of the expedition, were escorted by the multitude to the town. After

a rest and a meal, in which milk, honey and fish from Tanganyika were new features,

LIVINGSTONE TOLD HIS STORY,

which is briefly as follows :—

In March, 1866, he informed the HERALD explorer that he started with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men and seven liberated slaves. He travelled

UP THE ROVUMA RIVER.

Before they had been gone very long the men became frightened at the nature of the journey, and the reports of hostile tribes up the country they were to pass through. At length they deserted him, and, as a cover to their cowardice in doing so, circulated

THE REPORT OF HIS DEATH.

Livingstone proceeded on his journey in spite of the isolation, and after some difficult marching reached the Chambezi River, which he crossed. He found that this was not the Portuguese Zambezi River, as had been conjectured, but, on the contrary, wholly separate. He traced its course, and found it called further on

THE LUALABA.

He continued his explorations along its banks for 700 miles, and has become convinced in consequence that the Chambezi is

DOUBTLESS THE SOURCE OF THE NILE,

and that this will make a total length for the mystic river of Africa of 2,600 miles. His explorations also establish that the Nile is not supplied by Lake Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the source and explored the surrounding ground, when,

FINDING HIMSELF WITHOUT SUPPLIES,

he was obliged to return to Ujiji and was in a state of destitution there when met by the commander of the "Herald" expedition. On the 16th of October, 1871,

THE TWO EXPLORERS LEFT UJIJI

and arrived at Unyanyembe toward the end of November, where they passed twenty-eight days together exploring the district. They then returned and

SPENT CHRISTMAS TOGETHER

at Ujiji. The HERALD explorer arrived at the point of sending this important intelligence on the 14th o March, 1872, leaving Livingstone at Unyanyembe.

LIVINGSTONE'S FURTHER PLANS.

He will explore the north shore of Tanganyika Lake and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba River.

This herculean task he expects will occupy the next two years.

There have been but few "sensations" more profound than the sensation created by this despatch. As has been said, it threw the great Peace Jubilee into the shade. Sporting men who had just won on the race-horse "Longfellow" or lost on "Harry Bassett," paused for a while to think of the strange intelligence. The report of the trial of him who had been charged with the murder of the noted James Fisk, Jr. attracted but comparatively little attention. All through the section of the great city known as "Five Points" the news was discussed by the tatter-

demalions of the metropolis; all up and down Fifth Avenue, thousands of the best representatives of wealth and of culture canvassed the double-leaded telegram; and Wall street gave it as much attention as it gave to stocks and government securities. The substance of the telegram was sent to the evening papers all over the country and to Europe, and before sunset of July 2d a vast majority of intelligent people of Christendom knew that Livingstone had been found, and through the means of American private enterprise. It was a triumph in which the "Herald" might have been excused, had it indulged in no little self-glorification. Its article upon the subject, however, was greatly national in spirit, and awarded the credit of the success to American journalism, rather than claimed it for itself.*

*The leading article of the "Herald" upon this subject is worthy of quotation here as a part of the journalistic history of this remarkable expedition:

The triumph of the HERALD exploring expedition to search in the heart of Equatorial Africa for the long-lost Doctor David Livingstone is one which belongs to the entire press of America as well as to the journal whose fortune it was to originate and carry it out. It marks the era in which the press, already beyond the control of even the most exalted among men, who may hold states and empires in their grasp, strikes out boldly into new fields and treads daringly on *terra incognita*, whether of mind or matter. This is distinctively the work of the American press, whose aspirations and ambitions have grown with the majesty of the land, and whose enterprise has been moulded on the national character. In even recent times the work of progress lay in government hands, or else was wholly neglected. Sir John Franklin started out amid Polar snows to work out the Northern passage only to leave his bones among the eternal ice Hand or foot was not stirred to learn his fate until Lady Franklin, with woman's devotion, fitted out the expeditions to search for him or his remains. When the gentleman entrusted with the command of the HERALD expedition had arrived at Unyanyembe, half way on his journey to Ujiji, he wrote:—"Until I hear more of him, or see the long-absent old man face to face, I bid you farewell; but wherever he is, be sure I shall not give up the chase. If alive, you shall hear what he has to say; if dead, I will find and bring his bones to you." To those

who neither understood the man nor the *esprit de corps* which gives the representative of an American journal his stamp of vitality the words may have sounded like bombast. For answer it is sufficient to point to the columns of the HERALD of to-day. It may have seemed to those who reasoned from a foreign standpoint that no man could so wrap himself up in his work as to give utterance to such words with an earnestness of purpose, backed by a life at hazard from day to day, They simply mistake the spirit of the American journal. If it were in any other quarter of the globe, by land or sea, the same enthusiasm, the same dash, enterprise and pluck would be exhibited, because of the race which he runs for his journal against equally keen-witted rivals, and not alone for the work itself. Enterprise, then, is the characteristic of the American press. It is confined to no one paper, to no one locality. Whatever the HERALD may have done in advancing the national reputation in this respect it is proud to claim, as the victor in the Olympic games of old was proud of his laurel crown above all gifts of gold or gems. But there is not a paper published between the Narrows and the Golden Gate which has not its own laurels in the line of enterprise to glory in, and there is not one leaf of the wreath that has not been snatched at and wrestled for by a hundred sinewy journalistic minds. Thus no one journal on the Continent looks up to a permanent head of the profession. To-day one paper may be "ahead on the news;" to-morrow another will snatch the chaplet from its brows. The enterprise of a contemporary in the late Franco-Prussian war was celebrated all over the land, as we have no doubt the success of the HERALD will be when the HERALD'S special columns are perused to-day.

In England the London *Times* is looked up to all over as a Triton among the minnows. It is the great paper. The *Daily Telegraph* is the cheapest, spiciest paper published there; the *Standard* is a careful, able Tory organ; the *Post* is a quiet, aristocratic sheet, but the Thunderer overshadows them all. Instinct with the democratic spirit of our institutions, the press of America looks up to no lord among them. As each man born on the soil may be President of the United States, so each paper—no matter what its origin or where its birthplace—feels within itself the possibility of precedence in point of worth, brains and news over all others. We, therefore, reassert that the triumph of the HERALD Livingstone expedition is the triumph of American journalism in its broadest sense.

To point this something more, we may say that an American war correspondent has achieved what one of the most powerful governments in the world failed to accomplish. How it was done is easily told. It is probable that an English journal might have succeeded, if it had undertaken the task; but, like Columbus with the egg, the enterprise which knocked in the end of the oval difficulty and made the expedition stand for itself is not a British article.

The story of the meeting of the greatest explorer of any time with the HERALD correspondent, by the shores of Lake Tanganyika, with one thousand miles of desert, jungle, jagged mountain path and sodden valley trail, peopled with brutal, ignorant savages, behind him, is one which will long be remembered;

THE DISCOVERY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA, SHOWING THE ROUTE EXPLORED.

The HERALD correspondent has kept his word. Happily for civilization there was no necessity to carry back to distant civilization the relics of her hero. He is alive and well and hopes to carry himself home when he has attained the object of his stay. In March, 1866, he started up the Rovuma, but was deserted, and the false Moosa spread the lying story of his death to cover his own poltroonery, as was hoped against hope when the baleful tidings first came to hand. The undaunted Livingstone then set forward and reached the Chambezi River, which he discovered has no connection with the Portuguese Zambesi River, which disembogues into the Mozambique Channel opposite Madagascar. But the gem of his discovery lies in the fact that the Chambezi is the true source of the Nile. He followed its course for seven hundred miles towards its source, but was obliged to turn back in want, with one hundred and eighty miles unexplored. The Chambezi towards its source is called the Lualaba, and is not supplied from Lake Tanganyika, and the latter lake has no effluence to the Nile. To solve the problem of the Lualaba and pass round the northern shore of Lake Tanganyika, Livingstone purposes spending two years more in Central Africa. Truly this is great news, and we congratulate the world that neither the life nor the toil of so great a man is lost to the world, as the fates seemed so grimly to threaten. The story of his solitary land-finding will now be read by joyful millions, who, if they cannot all appreciate fully his labors, will not grudge him the tribute of lasting admiration.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

The "Land of the Moon"—Description of the Country and People—Horrid Savage Rites—Journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji—A Wonderful Country—A Mighty River Spanned by a Bridge of Grass—Outwitting the Spoilers—Stanley's Entry Into Ujiji and Meeting with Livingstone—The Great Triumph of an American Newspaper.

With the object of presenting to the curious a *fac simile* of the famous cable telegram announcing to an anxious world the discovery of the great discoverer and of undertaking to preserve it in book form, as vividly illustrative of the important part borne by journalistic enterprise in opening up Africa to progress and civilization, that despatch has been literally copied in the preceding chapter. But the full particulars of the journey of the "Herald" special search expedition, after leaving the main caravan track at Unyanyembe, are of thrilling interest. Instead of going directly from the last named place to Ujiji, Mr. Stanley was compelled, by reason of hostile tribes, to make an extensive detour to the southwest, and then march up in a northwesterly direction, not very far distant from the east shore of Lake Tanganyika. But first let us have quotations from the letter written just before the fourth and finally successful journey written from Kwihara in the district of Unyanyembe, on the 21st of September, 1871:

"In the storeroom where the cumbersome moneys

of the NEW YORK HERALD Expedition lie piled up bale upon bale, sack after sack, coil after coil, and the two boats, are this year's supplies sent by Dr. Kirk to Dr. Livingstone—seventeen bales of cloth, twelve boxes of wine, provisions, and little luxuries such as tea and coffee. When I came up with my last caravan to Unyanyembe I found Livingstone's had arrived but four weeks before, or about May 23 last, and had put itself under charge of a half-caste called Thani Kati-Kati, or Thani 'in the middle,' or 'between.' Before he could get carriers he died of dysentry. He was succeeded in charge by a man from Johanna, who, in something like a week, died of smallpox; then Mirambo's war broke out, and here we all are, September 21, both expeditions halted. But not for long, let us hope, for the third time I will make a start the day after to-morrow.

"Unyamwezi is a romantic name. It is 'Land of the Moon' rendered into English—as romantic and sweet in Kinyamwezi as any that Stamboul or Ispahan can boast is to a Turk or a Persian. The attraction, however, to a European lies only in the name. There is nothing of the mystic, nothing of the poetical, nothing of the romantic, in the country of Unyamwezi. If I look abroad over the country I see the most inane and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine. It is the most unlikely country to a European for settlement; it is so repulsive owing to the notoriety it has gained for its fevers. A white missionary would shrink back with horror at the thought of settling in it. An agriculturist might be tempted; but then there are so many better

countries where he could do so much better he would be a madman if he ignored those to settle in this. To know the general outline and physical features of Unyamwezi you must take a look around from one of the noble coigns of vantage offered by any of those hills of syenite, in the debatable ground of Mgunda Makali, in Uyanzi. From the summit of one of those natural fortresses, if you look west, you will see Unyamwezi recede into the far, blue, mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue waters of an ocean. Such a view of Unyamwezi is inspiring; and, were it possible for you to wing yourself westward on to another vantage coign, again and again the land undulates after the same fashion, and still afar off is the same azure, mystic horizon. As you approach Unyanyembe the scene is slightly changed. Hills of syenite are seen dotting the vast prospect, like islands in a sea, presenting in their external appearance, to an imaginative eye, rude imitations of castellated fortresses and embattled towers. A nearer view of these hills discloses the denuded rock, disintegrated masses standing on end, boulder resting upon boulder, or an immense towering rock, tinted with the sombre color age paints in these lands. Around these rocky hills stretch the cultivated fields of the Wanyamwezi—fields of tall maize, of holcus sorghum, of millet, of vetches, &c.—among which you may discern the patches devoted to the cultivation of sweet potatoes and manioc, and pasture lands where browse the hump-shouldered cattle of Africa, flocks of goats and sheep. This is the scene which attracts

the eye, and is accepted as promising relief after the wearisome marching through the thorny jungle plains of Ugogo, the primeval forests of Uyanzi, the dim plains of Tura and Rubuga, and when we have emerged from the twilight shades of Kigwa. No caravan or expedition views it unwelcomed by song and tumultuous chorus, for rest is at hand. It is only after a long halt that one begins to weary of Unyanyembe, the principal district of Unyamwezi. It is only when one has been stricken down almost to the grave by the fatal chilly winds which blow from the heights of the mountains of Usagara, that one begins to criticize the beauty which at first captivated. It is found, then, that though the land is fair to look upon; that though we rejoiced at the sight of its grand plains, at its fertile and glowing fields, at sight of the roving herds, which promised us abundance of milk and cream—that it is one of the most deadly countries in Africa; that its fevers, remittent and intermittent, are unequalled in their severity.

"Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon—from U (country) nya (of the) mwezi (moon)—extends over three degrees of latitude in length and about two and a half degrees of longitude in breadth. Its principal districts are Unyanyembe, Ugunda, Ugara, Tura, Rubuga, Kigwa, Usagazi and Uyoweh. Each district has its own chief prince, king, or *mtemt*, as he is called in Kinyamwezi. Unyanyembe, however is the principal district, and its king, Mkasiwa, is generally considered to be the most important person in Unyamwezi. The other kings often go to war against him, and Mkasiwa often gets the worst of it;

as, for instance, in the present war between the King of Uyoweh (Mirambo) and Mkasiwa.

"All this vast country is drained by two rivers—the Northern and Southern Gombe, which empty into the Malagarazi River, and thence into Lake Tanganyika. On the east Unyamwezi is bounded by the wilderness of Mgunda Makali and Ukmibu, on the south by Urori and Ukonongo, on the west by Ukawendi and Uvniza, on the north by several small countries and the Ukereweh Lake. Were one to ascend by a balloon and scan the whole of Unyamwezi he would have a view of one great forest, broken here and there by the little clearings around the villages, especially in and around Unyanyembe."

On account of troubles in the country, the Search Expedition was detained some three months in Kwihara. Mr. Stanley lived in quite a large, strong house for that country, consisting of a main room and bath-room, built of mud about three feet thick. He thus describes "the daily round":

"In the early morning, generally about half-past five or six o'clock, I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo, for you know they are such hard sleepers they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him, and Feragji, the cook, who, long ago warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring 'chai' (tea), for I am like an old woman, I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kalulu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of

life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by sheer diligence and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kalulu—young antelope—is frisky. I have but to express a wish and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kalulu clears the dishes and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea cup licking up the sugar that was left in it and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained. If I have any calls to make this is generally the hour; if there are none to make I go on the piazza and subside quietly on my bearskin to dream, may be, of that far off land I call my own, or to gaze towards Tabora, the Kaze of Burton and Speke, though why they should have called it Kaze as yet I have not been able to find out; or to look towards lofty Zimbili and wonder why the Arabs, at such a crisis as the present, do not remove their goods and chattels to the summit of that natural fortress. But dreaming and wondering and thinking and marvelling are too hard for me; so I make some ethnological notes and polish up a little my geographical knowledge of Central Africa.

"I have to greet about four hundred and ninety-nine people of all sorts with the salutation 'Yambo,' This 'Yambo' is a great word. It may mean 'How do you do?' 'How are you?' 'Thy health?' The answer to it is 'Yambo!' or 'Yambo Sana!' (How are you; quite well?) The Kinyamwezi—the lan-

guage of the Wanyamwezi—of it is 'Moholo,' and the answer is 'Moholo.' The Arabs, when they call, if they do not give the Arabic 'Spal-kher,' give you the greeting 'Yambo;' and I have to say 'Yambo.' And, in order to show my gratitude to them, I emphasize it with 'Yambo Sana! Sana! Sana?' (Are you well? Quite well, quite, quite well?) And if they repeat the words I am more than doubly grateful, and invite them to a seat on the bearskin. This bearskin of mine is the evidence of my respectability, and if we are short of common-place topics we invariably refer to the bearskin, where there is room for much discussion.

"Having disposed of my usual number of 'Yambos' for the morning I begin to feel 'peckish,' as the sea skipper says, and Feragji, the cook, and youthful Kalulu, the chief butler, are again called and told to bring 'chukula'—food. This is the breakfast put down on the table at the hour of ten punctually every morning:—Tea (ugali) a native porridge made out of the flour of dourra, holcus sorghum, or matama, as it is called here; a dish of rice and curry. Unyanyembe is famous for its rice, fried goat's meat, stewed goat's meat, roast goat's meat, a dish of sweet potatoes, a few 'slapjacks' or specimens of the abortive efforts of Feragji to make dampers or pancakes, to be eaten with honey. But neither Feragji's culinary skill nor Kalulu's readiness to wait on me can tempt me to eat. I have long ago eschewed food, and only drink tea, milk and yaourt—Turkish word for 'clabber' or clotted milk.

"After breakfast the soldiers are called, and to-

gether we begin to pack the bales of cloth, string beads and apportion the several loads which the escort must carry to Ujiji some way or another. Carriers come to test the weight of the loads and to inquire about the inducements offered by the 'Muzungu.' The inducements are in the shape of so many pieces of cloth, four yards long, and I offered double what any Arab ever offered. Some are engaged at once, others say they will call again, but they never do, and it is of no use to expect them when there is war, for they are the cowardliest people under the sun.

"Since we are going to make forced marches I must not overload my armed escort, or we shall be in a pretty mess two or three days after we start; so I am obliged to reduce all loads by twenty pounds, to examine my kit and personal baggage carefully, and put aside anything that is not actually and pressingly needed; all the amunition is to be left behind except one hundred rounds to each man. No one must fire a shot without permission, or waste his ammunition in any way, under penalty of a heavy fine for every charge of powder wasted. These things require time and thought, for the HERALD Expedition has a long and far journey to make. It intends to take a new road—a road with which few Arabs are acquainted—despite all that Skeikh, the son of Nasib, can say against the project.

"It is now the dinner hour, seven P. M. Ferrajji has spread himself out, as they say. He has all sorts of little fixings ready, such as indigestible dampers, the everlasting ngali, or porridge, the sweet potatoes,

chicken, and roast quarter of a goat; and lastly, a custard, or something just as good, made out of plantains. At eight P. M. the table is cleared, the candles are lit, pipes are brought out, and Shaw, my white man is invited to talk. But poor Shaw is sick and has not a grain or spirit of energy left in him. All I can do or say does not cheer him up in the least. He hangs down his head, and with many a sigh declares his inability to proceed with me to Ujiji."

On the 15th of July, war was declared between Mirambo and the Arabs. In this war, it will be recollected, Mr. Stanley with his men took part. The result was disaster, ensuing from Mirambo's stratagem, as so graphically related in the cable telegram. The continuation of this war is thus described:

"Mirambo, with one thousand guns, and one thousand five hundred Watuda's, his allies, invaded Unyanyembe, and pitched their camp insolently within view of the Arab capital of Tabora. Tabora is a large collection of Arab settlements, or tembes, as they are called here. Each Arab house is isolated by the fence which surrounds it. Not one is more than two hundred yards off from the other, and each has its own name, known, however, to but few outsiders. South by west from Tabora, at the distance of a mile and a half, and in view of Tarbora is Kwihara, where the HERALD expedition has its quarters. Kwihara is a Kinyamwezi word, meaning the middle of the cultivation. There is quite a large settlement of Arabs here—second only to Tabora. But it was Tabora aad not Kwihara that Mirambo, his forest

thieves and the Watula came to attack. Khamis bin Abdallah, the bravest Trojan of them all—of all the Arabs—went out to meet Mirambo with eighty armed slaves and five Arabs, one of whom was his little son, Khamis. As Khamis bin Abdallah's party came in sight of Mirambo's people Khamis' slaves deserted him, and Mirambo then gave the order to surround the Arabs and press on them. This little group in this manner became the targets for about one thousand guns, and of course in a second or so were all dead—not, however, without having exhibited remarkable traits of character.

"They had barely died before the medicine men came up, and with their scalpels had skinned their faces and their abdominal portions, and had extracted what they call 'mafuta,' or fat, and their genital organs. With this matter which they had extracted from the dead bodies the native doctors or waganga made a powerful medicine, by boiling it in large earthen pots for many hours, with many incantations and shakings of the wonderful gourd that was only filled with pebbles. This medicine was drunk that evening with great ceremony, with dances, drum beating and general fervor of heart.

"Khamis bin Abdallah dead, Mirambo gave his orders to plunder, kill, burn, and destroy, and they went at it with a will. When I saw the fugitives from Tabora coming by the hundred to our quiet valley of Kwihara, I began to think the matter serious and began my operations for defence. First of all, however, a lofty bamboo pole was procured and planted on the roof of our fortlet, and the American flag was

run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters.

"All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed, and the fine house of Abid bin Sulemian had been ransacked and then committed to the flames, and Mirambo boasted that 'to-morrow' Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumor that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed with the ivory and cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer.

"And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man, or I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal afar off which expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Goodby; I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji; then, perhaps, the Congo River."

After this followed a number of telegrams to the "Herald" from the expedition, but their substance has been given in what has preceded, to show the general outline of explorations up to the time of the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley at Ujiji. There are, however, but few accounts of travel more interesting and valuable than the letter to the "Herald" narrating the events of the journey from Unyan-

yembe to Ujiji, and the meeting with Livingstone. The greater portion of this remarkable narrative is appended:

"BUNDER, UJIJI, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA,
"CENTRAL AFRICA, November 23, 1871.

"Only two months gone, and what a change in my feelings! But two months ago, what a peevish, fretful soul was mine! What a hopeless prospect presented itself before your correspondent! Arabs vowing that I would never behold the Tanganyika; Sheikh, the son of Nasib, declaring me a madman to his fellows because I would not heed his words. My men deserting, my servants whining day by day, and my white man endeavoring to impress me with the belief that we were all doomed men! And the only answer to it all is, Livingstone, the hero traveller, is alongside of me, writing as hard as he can to his friends in England, India, and America, and I am quite safe and sound in health and limb.

"September 23 I left Unyanyembe, driving before me fifty well-armed black men, loaded with the goods of the expedition, and dragging after me one white man. Once away from the hateful valley of Kwihara, my enthusiasm for my work rose as newborn as when I left the coast. But my enthusiasm was shortlived, for before reaching camp I was almost delirious with fever. When I had arrived, burning with fever, my pulse bounding many degrees too fast and my temper made more acrimonious by my sufferings, I found the camp almost deserted. The men as soon as they had arrived at Mkwenkwe, the village agreed upon, had hurried back to Kwihara. Livingstone's letter-carrier

had not made his appearance—it was an abandoned camp. I instantly dispatched six of the best of those who had refused to return to ask Sheikh, the son of Nasib, to lend or sell me the longest slave chain he had, then to hunt up the runaways and bring them back to camp bound, and promised them that for every head captured they should have a bran new cloth.

"Next morning fourteen out of twenty of those who had deserted back to their wives and huts (as is generally the custom) had reappeared, and, as the fever had left me, I only lectured them, and they gave me their promise not to desert me again under any circumstances. Livingstone's messenger had passed the night in bonds, because he had resolutely refused to come. I unloosed him and gave him a paternal lecture, painting in glowing colors the benefits he would receive if he came along quietly and the horrible punishment of being chained up until I reached Ujiji if he was still resolved not to come. 'Kaif Halleck' Arabic for 'How do you do?' melted, and readily gave me his promise to come and obey me as he would his own master—Livingstone—until we should see him, 'which Inshallah we shall! Please God, please God, we shall,' I replied, 'and you will be no loser.' During the day my soldiers had captured the others, and as they all promised obedience and fidelity in future, they escaped punishment.

"It is possible for any of your readers so disposed to construct a map of the road on which the 'Herald' expedition was now journeying, if they draw a line 150 miles long south by west from Unyanyembe,

then 150 miles west northwest, then ninety miles north, half east, then seventy miles west by north, and that will take them to Ujiji.

"We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy undulating waves the land stretches before us—the new land which no European knew, the unknown, mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another is one of the most disheartening that can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, wave the lengthy rectilinear ridges, clad in the same garb of color. Woods, woods, woods, forests, leafy branches, green and sere, yellow and dark red and purple, then an indefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all around shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest higher than their neighbors, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest and the same horizon day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove from wandering over a world without a halting place, return wearied with the search.

"It takes seven hours to traverse the forest between Kigandu and Ugunda, when we come to the capital of the new district, wherein one may laugh at Mirambo and his forest thieves. At least the Sultan, or Lord of Ugunda, feels in a laughing mood while in his strong stockade, should one but hint to him

that Mirambo might come to settle up the long debt that Chieftain owes him, for defeating him the last time—a year ago—he attempted to storm his place. And well may the Sultan laugh at him, and all others which the hospitable Chief may permit to reside within. for it is the strongest place—except Simba-Moeni and Kwikuru, in Unyanyembe—I have as yet seen in Africa. Having arrived safely at Ugunda we may now proceed on our journey fearless of Mirambo, though he has attacked places four days south of this; but as he has already at a former time felt the power of the Wanyamwezi of Ugunda, he will not venture again in a hurry. On the sixth day of our departure from Unyanyembe we continued our journey south. Three long marches, under a hot sun, through jungly plains, heat-cracked expanses of prairie land, through young forests, haunted by the tsetse and sword flies, considered fatal to cattle, brought us to the gates of a village called Manyara, whose chief was determined not to let us in nor sell us a grain of corn, because he had never seen a white man before, and he must know all about this wonderful specimen of humanity before he would allow us to pass through his country. Having arrived at the khambi, or camp, I despatched Bombay with a propitiating gift of cloth to the Chief—a gift at once so handsome and so munificent, consisting of no less than two royal cloths and three common dotis, that the Chief surrendered at once, declaring that the white man was a superior being to any he had ever seen. 'Surely,' said he, 'he must have a friend; otherwise how came he to send me such fine cloths?

MR. STANLEY, HIS BOY KALULU, AND THE INTERPRETER, SELIM.

Tell the white man that I shall come and see him.' Permission was at once given to his people to sell us as much corn as we needed. We had barely finished distributing five days' rations to each man when the Chief was announced.

"Gunbearers, twenty in number, preceded him, and thirty spearmen followed him, and behind these came eight or ten men loaded with gifts of honey, native beer, holcus sorghum, beans, and maize. I at once advanced and invited the Chief to my tent, which had undergone some alterations, that I might honor him as much as lay in my power. Ma-manyara was a tall, stalwart man, with a very pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati around his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifles were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his men were would task my powers. My medicine chest was opened next, and I uncorked a small phial of medicinal brandy and gave each a teaspoonful. Suffice it that I made myself so popular with Ma-manyara and his people that they will not forget me in a hurry.

"Leaving kind and hospitable Ma-manyara, after a four hours' march we came to the banks of the Gombe Nullah, not the one which Burton, Speke, and Grant have described, for the Gombe which I mean is about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Northern Gombe. The glorious park land spreading out north and south of the Southern Gombe is a

hunter's paradise. It is full of game of all kinds—herds of buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pallah, water buck, springbok, gemsbok, blackbuck, and kudu, besides several eland, warthog, or wild boar, and hundreds of the smaller antelope. We saw all these in one day, and at night heard the lions roar and the low of the hippopotamus. I halted here three days to shoot, and there is no occasion to boast of what I shot, considering the myriads of game I saw at every step I took. Not half the animals shot here by myself and men were made use of. Two buffaloes and one kudu were brought to camp the first day, besides a wild boar, which my mess finished up in one night. My boy gun-bearers sat up the whole night eating boar meat, and until I went to sleep I could hear the buffalo meat sizzing over the fires as the Islamized soldiers prepared it for the road.

"From Manyara to Marefu, in Ukonongo, are five days' marches. It is an uninhabited forest now, and is about eighty miles in length. Clumps of forest and dense islets of jungle dot plains which separate the forests proper. It is monotonous owing to the sameness of the scenes. And throughout this length of eighty miles there is nothing to catch a man's eye in search of the picturesque or novel save the Gombe's pools, with their amphibious inhabitants, and the variety of noble game which inhabit the forests and plain. A travelling band of Wakonongo, bound to Ukonongo from Manyara, prayed to have our escort, which was readily granted. They were famous foresters, who knew the various fruits fit to eat; who knew the cry of the honey-bird, and could follow it to

the treasure of honey which it wished to show its human friends. It is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren, and, 'tweet-tweet,' it immediately cries when it sees a human being. It becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips, and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird, hopping about, and hears its sweet call—'tweet-tweet-tweet.' If he is a Makonongo he follows it. Away flies the bird on to another tree, springs to another branch nearer to the lagging man as if to say, 'Shall I, must I come and fetch you?' but assured by his advance, away again to another tree, coquets about, and tweets his call rapidly; sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding him for being so slow; then off again, until at last the treasure is found and secured. And as he is a very busy little bird, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he plumes himself, ready for another flight and to discover another treasure. Every evening the Makonongo brought us stores of beautiful red and white honey, which is only to be secured in the dry season. Over pancakes and fritters the honey is very excellent; but it is apt to disturb the stomach. I seldom rejoiced in its sweetness without suffering some indisposition afterwards.

"Arriving at Marefu, we overtook an embassy from the Arabs at Unyanyembe to the Chief of the ferocious Watuta, who live a month's march southwest of this frontier village of Ukonongo. Old Hassan, the Mseguhha, was the person who held the honorable post of Chief of the embassy, who had volunteered to conduct the negotiations which were to se-

cure the Watuta's services against Mirambo, the dreaded Chief of Uyoweh. Assured by the Arabs that there was no danger, and having received the sum of forty dollars for his services, he had gone on, sanguine of success, and had arrived at Marefu, where we overtook him.

"We left old Hassan the next day, for the prosecution of the work of the expedition, feeling much happier than we had felt for many a day. Desertions had now ceased, and there remained in chains but one incorrigible, whom I had apprehended twice after twice deserting. Bombay and his sympathizers were now beginning to perceive that after all there was not much danger—at least not as much as the Arabs desired us to believe—and he was heard expressing his belief in his broken English that I would 'catch the Tanganyika after all,' and the standing joke was now that we could smell the fish of the Tanganyika Lake, and that we could not be far from it. New scenes also met the eye. Here and there were upheaved above the tree tops sugar-loaf hills, and, darkly blue, west of us loomed up a noble ridge of hills which formed the boundary between Kamirambo's territory and that of Utende. Elephant tracks became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mwaru, with its lengthy slope slowly descending westward, the vegetation became more varied and the outlines of the land before us became more picturesque. We became sated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on trees. There was the mbembu, with the taste of an over

ripe peach; the tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in its flavor. The matonga, or *nux vomica*, was welcome, and the lucious singwe, the plum of Africa, was the most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked long past their season, and beyond eating. Guinea fowls, the moorhen, ptarmigans and ducks supplied our table; and often the lump of a buffalo or an extravagant piece of venison filled our camp kettles. My health was firmly established. The faster we prosecuted our journey the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water of the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mrera. But judicious attendance and Dover's powders brought the boy round again.

"Mrera, in Ukonongo, nine days southwest of the Gombe Mellah, brought to our minds the jungle habitats of the Wawkwere on the coast, and an ominous sight to travellers were the bleached skulls of men which adorned the tops of tall poles before the gates of the village. The Sultan of Mrera and myself became fast friends after he had tasted of my liberality.

"After a halt of three days at this village, for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly, with the understanding that we should behold the waters

of the Tanganyika within ten days. Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with scores of ant hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to such inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight after so many months spent by brackish pools and nauseous swamps. Crossing the stream, which ran northwest, we immediately ascended a steep and lofty ridge, whence we obtained a view of grand and imposing mountains, of isolated hills, rising sheer to great heights from a plain stretching far into the heart of Ufipa, cut up by numerous streams flowing into the Rungwa River, which during the rainy season overflows this plain and forms the lagoon set down by Speke as the Rikwa. We continued still westward, crossing many a broad stretch of marsh and oozy bed of mellahs, whence rose the streams that formed the Rungwa some forty miles south.

"At a camping place beyond Mrera we heard enough from some natives who visited us to assure us that we were rushing to our destruction if we still kept westward. After receiving hints of how to evade the war-stricken country in our front, we took a road leading north-northwest. While continuing on this course we crossed streams running to the Rungwa south and others running directly north to the Malagarazi, from either side of a lengthy ridge

which served to separate the country of Unyamwezi from Ukawendi. We were also attracted for the first time by the lofty and tapering moule tree, used on the Tanganyika Lake for the canoes of the natives, who dwell on its shores. The banks of the numerous streams are lined with dense growths of these shapely trees, as well as of sycamore, and gigantic tamarinds, which rivalled the largest sycamore in their breadth of shade. The undergrowth of bushes and tall grass, dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard and lion and wild boar were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys while being driven to water along a narrow path, hedged by the awesome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, which fastened its fangs in the poor animal's neck, and it would have made short work of it had not its companions set up such a braying chorus as might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contiguous to that limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath and prowled about the well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamor without intermission until morning.

"Our camps by these thick belts of timber, peopled as they were with wild beasts, my men never fancied. But Southern Ukawendi, with its fair, lovely valleys and pellucid streams nourishing vegetation to extravagant growth, density and height, is infested with troubles of this kind. And it is probable, from the spread of this report among the natives, that this

is the cause of the scant population of one of the loveliest countries Africa can boast. The fairest of California scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests, now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the rivers, and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque and pretty—all within the scope of vision whichever way one may turn. And to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

"What wild and ambitious projects fill a man's brain as he looks over the forgotten and unpeopled country, containing in its bosom such store of wealth, and with such an expanse of fertile soil, capable of sustaining millions! What a settlement one could have in this valley! See, it is broad enough to support a large population! Fancy a church spire rising where that tamarind rears its dark crown of foliage, and think how well a score or so of pretty cottages would look instead of those thorn clumps and gum trees! Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle and fields of corn, spreading to the right and left of this stream! How much better would such a state become this valley, rather than its present deserted and wild aspect! But be hopeful. The

day will come and a future year will see it, when happier lands have become crowded and nations have become so overgrown that they have no room to turn about. It only needs an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila to lead their hosts to this land, which, perhaps, has been wisely reserved for such a time.

"After the warning so kindly given by the natives soon after leaving Mrera, in Ukonongo, five days' marches brought us to Mrera, in the district of Rusawa, in Ukawendi. Arriving here, we questioned the natives as to the best course to pursue—should we make direct for the Tanganyika or go north to the Malagarazi River? They advised us to the latter course, though no Arab had ever taken it. Two days through the forest, they said, would enable us to reach the Malagarazi. The guide, who had by this forgotten our disagreement, endorsed this opinion, as beyond the Malagarazi he was sufficiently qualified to show the way. We laid in a stock of four days' provisions against contingencies, and bidding farewell to the hospitable people of Rusawa, continued our journey northward.

"The scenery was getting more sublime every day as we advanced northward, even approaching the terrible. We seemed to have left the monotony of a desert for the wild, picturesque scenery of Abyssinia and the terrible mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. I named one tabular mountain, which recalled memories of the Abyssinian campaign, Magdala, and as I gave it a place on my chart it became of great use to me, as it rose so prominently into view that I

was enabled to lay down our route pretty accurately. The four days' provisions we had taken with us were soon consumed, and still we were far from the Malagarazi River. Though we eked out my own stores with great care, as shipwrecked men at sea, these also gave out on the sixth day, and still the Malagarazi was not in sight. The country was getting more difficult for travel, owing to the numerous ascents and descents we had to make in the course of a day's march. Bleached and bare, it was cut up by a thousand deep ravines and intersected by a thousand dry water courses whose beds were filled with immense sandstone rocks and boulders washed away from the great heights which rose above us on every side. We were not protected now by the shades of the forest, and the heat became excessive and water became scarce. But we still held on our way, hoping that each day's march would bring us in sight of the long-looked-for and much-desired Malagarazi. Fortunately we had filled our bags and baskets with the forest peaches with which the forests of Rusawa had supplied us, and these sustained us in this extremity.

"Proceeding on our road on the eighth day every thing we saw tended to confirm us in the belief that food was at hand. After travelling two hours, still descending rapidly towards a deep basin which we saw, the foremost of the expedition halted, attracted by the sight of a village situated on a table-topped mountain on our right. The guide told us it must be that of the son of Nzogera, of Uvinza. We followed a road leading to the foot of the mountain, and camped on the edge of an extensive morass. Though

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we fired guns to announce our arrival, it was unnecessary, for the people were already hurrying to our camps to inquire about our intentions. The explanation was satisfactory, but they said that they had taken us to be enemies, few friends having ever come along our road. In a few minutes there was an abundance of meat and grain in the camp, and the men's jaws were busy in the process of mastication.

"During the whole of the afternoon we were engaged upon the terms Nzogera's son exacted for the privilege of passing through his country. We found him to be the first of a tribute-taking tribe which subsequently made much havoc in the bales of the expedition. Seven and a half doti of cloth were what we were compelled to pay, whether we returned or proceeded on our way. After a day's halt we proceeded under the guidance of two men granted to me as qualified to show the way to the Malagarazi River. We had to go east-northeast for a considerable time in order to avoid the morass that lay directly across the country that intervened between the triangular mountain on whose top Nzogera's son dwelt. This marsh drains three extensive ranges of mountains which, starting from the westward, separated only by two deep chasms from each other, run at wide angles—one southeast, one northeast, and the other northwest. From a distance this marsh looks fair enough; stately trees at intervals rise seemingly from its bosom, and between them one catches glimpses of a lovely champaign, bounded by perpendicular mountains, in the far distance. After a wide detour we struck straight for this marsh, which

presented to us another novelty in the watershed of the Tanganyika.

"Fancy a river broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over by water plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that only a few yards higher up an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves and sixteen tusks of ivory had suddenly sunk forever out of sight. As one-half of our little column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, in one place like to the swell of a sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled, and undulated one wave after another. As we all got on it we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet and a circular pool of water was formed, and I expected every minute to see them suddenly sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without accident.

"Arriving on the other side, we struck north, pass-

ing through a delightful country, in every way suitable for agricultural settlements or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, as a flat-topped rock, on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen and where the natives prided themselves on their security and conducted themselves accordingly, ever insolent and forward. We were halted every two or three miles by the demand for tribute, which we did not, because we could not, pay.

"On the second day after leaving Nzogera's son we commenced a series of descents, the deep valleys on each side of us astonishing us by their profundity, and the dark gloom prevailing below, amid their wonderful dense forests of tall trees, and glimpses of plains beyond, invited sincere admiration. In about a couple of hours we discovered the river we were looking for below, at the distance of a mile, running like a silver vein through a broad valley. Halting at Kiala's, eldest son of Nzogera, the principal Sultan of Uvinza, we waited an hour to see on what terms he would ferry us over the Malagarazi. As we could not come to a definite conclusion respecting them we were obliged to camp in his village.

"Until three o'clock P. M. the following day continued the negotiations for ferrying us across the Malagarazi, consisting of arguments, threats, quarrels, loud shouting and stormy debate on both sides. Finally, six doti and ten fundo of sami-sami beads were agreed upon. After which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than

thirty yards broad, sluggish and deep; yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for the crocodiles, cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long, tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself, pelting them with two-ounce balls, I made no effect on their numbers. Two canoes had discharged their live cargo on the other side of the river when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which Mutware now commenced.

"Two marches from Malagarazi brought us to Uhha. Kawanga was the first place in Uhha where we halted. It is the village where resides the first mutware, or chief, to whom caravans have to pay tribute. To this man we paid twelve and a half doti, upon the understanding that we would have to pay no more between here and Ujiji. We left Kawanga cheerfully enough. The country undulated gently before us like the prairie of Nebraska, as devoid of trees almost as our plains. The top of every wave of land enabled us to see the scores of villages which dotted its surface, though it required keen eyes to detect at a distance the beehived and straw-thatched huts from the bleached grass of the plain.

"Pursuing our way next day, after a few hours' march, we came to Kahirigi, and quartered ourselves in a large village, governed over by Mionvu's brother, who had already been advised by Mionvu of the windfall in store for him. This man, as soon as we had set the tent, put in a claim for thirty doti, which I was

able to reduce, after much eloquence, lasting over five hours, to twenty-six doti. I saw my fine array of bales being reduced fast. Four more such demands as Mionvu's would leave me, in unclassic phrase, 'cleaned out.'

"After paying this last tribute, as it was night, I closed my tent, and, lighting my pipe, began to think seriously upon my position and how to reach Ujiji without paying more tribute. It was high time to resort either to a battle or to a strategy of some kind, possibly to striking into the jungle; but there was no jungle in Uhha, and a man might be seen miles off on its naked plains. At least this last was the plan most likely to succeed without endangering the prospects almost within reach of the expedition. Calling the guide, I questioned him as to its feasibility. He said there was a Mguana, a slave of Thani Bin Abdullah, in the Coma, with whom I might consult. Sending for him, he presently came, and I began to ask him for how much he would guide us out of Uhha without being compelled to pay any more Muhongo. He replied that it was a hard thing to do, unless I had complete control over my men and they could be got to do exactly as I told them. When satisfied on this point he entered into an agreement to show me a road—or rather to lead me to it—that might be clear of all habitations as far as Ujiji for twelve doti, paid beforehand. The cloth was paid to him at once.

"At half-past two A. M. the men were ready, and, stealing silently past the huts, the guide opened the gates, and we filed out one by one as quickly as possible. At dawn we crossed the swift Zunuzi, which

flowed southward into the Malagarazi, after which we took a northwesterly direction through a thick jungle of bamboo. There was no road, and behind us we left but little trail on the hard, dry ground. At eight A. M. we halted for breakfast, having marched nearly six hours, within the jungle, which stretched for miles around us.

"At ten A. M. we resumed our journey, and after three hours camped at Lake Musuma, a body of water which during the rainy season has a length of three miles and a breadth of two miles. It is one of a group of lakes which fill deep hollows in the plain of Uhha. They swarm with hippopotami, and their shores are favorite resorts of large herds of buffalo and game. The eland and buffalo especially are in large numbers here, and the elephant and rhinoceros are exceedingly numerous. We saw several of these, but did not dare to fire. On the second morning after crossing the Sunuzi and Rugufu Rivers, we had just started from our camp, and as there was no moonlight the head of the column came to a village, whose inhabitants, as we heard a few voices, were about starting. We were all struck with consternation, but, consulting with the guide, we despatched our goats and chickens, and leaving them in the road, faced about, retraced our steps, and after a quarter of an hour struck up a ravine, and descending several precipitous places, about half-past six o'clock found ourselves in Ukaranga — safe and free from all tribute taking Wahha.

"Exultant shouts were given—equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon hurrah—upon our success. Addressing

THE MEETING OF DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. STANLEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

the men, I asked them, 'Why should we halt when but a few hours from Ujiji? Let us march a few hours more and to-morrow we shall see the white man at Ujiji, and who knows but this may be the man we are seeking? Let us go on, and after to-morrow we shall have fish for dinner and many days' rest afterwards, every day eating the fish of the Tanganyika. Stop; I think I smell the Tanganyika fish even now.' This speech was hailed with what the newspapers call 'loud applause; great cheering,' and 'Ngema—very well, master;' 'Hyah Barak-Allah—Onward, and the blessing of God be on you.'

"We strode from the frontier at the rate of four miles an hour, and, after six hours' march, the tired caravan entered the woods which separate the residence of the Chief of Ukaranga from the villages on the Mkuti River. As we drew near the village we went slower, unfurled the American and Zanzibar flags, presenting quite an imposing array. When we came in sight of Nyamtaga, the name of the Sultan's residence, and our flags and numerous guns were seen, the Wakaranga and their Sultan deserted their village *en masse*, and rushed into the woods, believing that we were Mirambo's robbers, who, after destroying Unyanyembe, were come to destroy the Arabs and bunder of Ujiji; but he and his people were soon reassured, and came forward to welcome us with presents of goats and beer, all of which were very welcome after the exceedingly lengthy marches we had recently undertaken.

"Rising at early dawn our new clothes were brought forth again that we might present as decent an ap-

pearance as possible before the Arabs of Ujiji, and my helmet was well chalked and a new puggeree folded around it, my boots were well oiled and my white flannels put on, and altogether, without joking, I might have paraded the streets of Bombay without attracting any very great attention.

"A couple of hours brought us to the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi said we could obtain a view of the great Tanganyika Lake. Heedless of the rough path or of the toilsome steep, spurred onward by the cheery promise, the ascent was performed in a short time. On arriving at the top we beheld it at last from the spot whence, probably, Burton and Speke looked at it—'the one in a half paralyzed state, the other almost blind.' Indeed, I was pleased at the sight; and, as we descended, it opened more and more into view until it was revealed at last into a grand inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling and black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south without bounds, a gray expanse of water.

"From the western base of the hill was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly. The hours seemed to have been quarters, we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long on the highlands The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward. receded and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Linche, and its thick belt of tall matete grass. We had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, etc., and we

stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet was directly below us.

"We are now about descending—in a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where we imagine the object of our search—our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming; least of all do they know we are so close to them. If any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise, for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man whom Sheik, the son of Nasib is going to report to Syed or Burghash for not taking his advice.

"Well, we are but a mile from Ujiji now, and it is high time we should let them know a caravan is coming; so 'Commence firing' is the word passed along the length of the column, and gladly do they begin. They have loaded their muskets half full, and they roar like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship. Down go the ramrods, sending huge charges home to the breech, and volley after volley is fired. The flags are fluttered; the banner of America is in front waving joyfully; the guide is in the zenith of his glory. The former residents of Zanzita will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may—as to what it means. Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful to my mind—the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an ef-

fect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill, wild clangor of it is far and near; and still the cannon muskets tell the noisy seconds. By this time the Arabs are fully alarmed; the natives of Ujiji, Waguhha, Warundi, Wanguana, and I know not whom, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means—this fusilading, shouting, and blowing of horns and flag flying. There are Yambos shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hands and ask anxiously where I came from. But I have no patience with them. The expedition goes far too slow. I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled?

"Suddenly a man—a black man—at my elbow shouts in English, 'How do you sir?'

"Hello! who are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman toward the town.

"We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration, it seems to me. It is a grand triumphal procession. As we move they move. All eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt; the journey is ended for a time; but I alone have a few more steps to make.

"There is a group of the most respectable Arabs, and as I come nearer I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it, his dress is a short jacket of red blanket

cloth and pants. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say:—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?

"And he says, 'Yes.'

"*Finis coronat opus.*"

And thus was the goal won after long and toilsome and dangerous journeyings, many hundred miles of them never before looked upon by the eye of white man. It was a triumph magnificently demonstrating the progress of humanity, science, and civilization; and it must be universally regarded as an achievement remarkably and most happily representative of the spirit of the age, since it was accomplished, not by the power and wealth of prince, or potentate, or government, but by the irrepressible enterprise of an AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY IN AFRICA.

The Great Explorer as a Companion—His Missionary Labors—The Story of His Latest Explorations—The Probable Sources of the Nile—Great Lakes and Rivers—The Country and People of Central Africa—A Race of African Amazons—Slave Trade—A Horrid Massacre—The Discoverer Plundered.

Mr. Stanley, rather contrary, it would seem, to his expectations, found Dr. Livingstone an exceedingly companionable and agreeable gentleman. He had been led to suppose that the explorer of Africa was haughty and reserved in manner. Instead, he found him hospitable, most generous, and as open and unaffected as a child. He deferred reading his own letters, brought by Mr. Stanley, until he had the general news of the world during the long period in which he had been "lost." Then, he read of home, and gave the commander of the "Herald" expedition an account of his explorations. The result of these interviews is contained in a letter dated at Bunder Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, December 26, 1871, from which we largely extract as follows:

"The goal was won. *Finis coronat opus.* I might here stop very well—for Livingstone was found—only the 'Herald' I know will not be satisfied with one story, so I will sit down to another; a story so interesting, because he, the great traveller, the hero Livingstone, tells most of it himself.

"Together we turned our faces towards his tembe. He pointed to the veranda of his house, which was an unrailed platform, built of mud, covered by wide overhanging eaves. He pointed to his own particular seat, on a carpet of goatskins spread over a thick mat of palm leaf. I protested against taking his seat, but he insisted, and I yielded. We were seated, the Doctor and I, with our back to the wall, the Arabs to our right and left and in front, the natives forming a dark perspective beyond. Then began conversation; I forget what about; possibly about the road I took from Unyanyembe, but I am not sure. I know the Doctor was talking, and I was answering mechanically. I was conning the indomitable, energetic, patient and persevering traveller, at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every line and wrinkle of his face, the wan face, the fatigued form, were all imparting the intelligence to me which so many men so much desired. It was deeply interesting intelligence and unvarnished truths these mute but certain witnesses gave. They told me of the real nature of the work in which he was engaged. Then his lips began to give me the details—lips that cannot lie. I could not repeat what he said. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that nearly six years had to be accounted for. But the story came out bit by bit, unreservedly—as unreservedly as if he was conversing with Sir R. Murchison, his true friend and best on earth. The man's heart was gushing out, not in hurried sentences, in rapid utterances, in quick relation—but in still and

deep words. A happier companion, a truer friend than the traveller, I could not wish for. He was always polite—with a politeness of the genuine kind—and this politeness never forsook him for an instant, even in the midst of the most rugged scenes and greatest difficulties. Upon my first introduction to him Livingstone was to me like a huge tome, with a most unpretending binding. Within, the book might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus outside Livingstone gave no token—except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness—of what element of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retains the mobility of prime age just enough to show that there yet lives much endurance and vigor within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and mustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with gray over the temples, otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth above show indications of being worn out. The hard fare of Londa and Manyema have made havoc in their ranks. His form is stoutish, a little over the ordinary in height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round vizor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace

what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally.

"Of the inner man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself, bit by bit, to the stranger, a great many favorable points present themselves, any of which taken singly might well dispose you toward him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would defer reading until night; for the time he would enjoy being astonished by the European and any general world news I could communicate. He had acquired the art of being patient long ago, he said, and he had waited so long for letters that he could well afford to wait a few hours more. So we sat and talked on that humble veranda of one of the poorest houses in Ujiji. Talked quite oblivious of the large concourse of Arabs, Wanguana, and Wajiji, who had crowded around to see the new comer.

"The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure, but what he had was mine and his. The wan features which I had thought shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders belied the man. Underneath

that aged and well spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter—the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Vardon, and Cumming (Gordon Cumming) were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but that there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits, but as I found it continued during several weeks I am now disposed to think it natural.

"Another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. When we remember the thirty years and more he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems of Burns, Byron, Tennyson, and Longfellow. Even the poets Whittier and Lowell were far better known to him than me. He knew an endless number of facts and names of persons connected with America much better than I, though it was my peculiar province as a journalist to have known them.

"Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind—simply contenting itself with avowing its peculiar creed and ignoring all

other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work, if not in deed, by shining example. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome and often impertinent. In him religion exibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives and towards the bigoted Mussulmans—all who come in contact with him. Without religion Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful religion has refined, and made him, to speak the earnest, sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters. Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him and has prayers read, in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately—viz, natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following them he delivers a short address in the Kisawahiti language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.

"When I first met the Doctor I asked him if he did not feel a desire to visit his country and take a little rest. He had then been absent about six years, and the answer he gave me freely shows what kind of man he is. Said he:—

"'I would like very much to go home and see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to

abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?' 'And why,' I asked, 'did you come so far back without finishing the short task which you say you have yet to do?' 'Simply because I was forced; my men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied and formed a secret resolution that if I still insisted on going on to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me, in which case I should be killed. It was dangerous to go any farther. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their waters into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last one hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now, having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body.'

"Again, about a week after I had arrived in Ujiji, I asked Livingstone if he had examined the northern head of the Tanganyika. He answered immediately he had not, and then asked if people expected he had.

"'I did try before setting out for Manyema,' he said, 'to engage canoes and proceed northward, but I soon saw that the people were all confederating to fleece

me as they had Burton, and had I gone under such circumstances I should not have been able to proceed to Manyema to explore the central line of drainage, and of course the most important line—far more important than the line of the Tanganyika; for whatever connection there may be between the Tanganyika and the Albert the true sources of the Nile are those emptying into the central line of drainage. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that the Rusizi River flows from this lake into the Albert. For three months steadily I observed a current setting northward. I verified it by means of water plants. When Speke gives the altitude of the Tanganyika at only 1,880 feet above the sea I imagine he must have fallen into the error by frequently writing the Anno Domini, and thus made a slip of the pen; for the altitude is over two thousand eight hundred feet by boiling point, though I make it a little over three thousand feet by barometers. Thus you see that there are no very great natural difficulties on the score of altitude, and nothing to prevent the reasonable supposition that there may be a water connection by means of the Rusizi or some other river between the two lakes. Besides, the Arabs here are divided in their statements. Some swear that the river goes out of the Tanganyika, others that it flows into the Tanganyika.'

"Dr. Livingstone left the island of Zanzibar in March, 1866. On the 7th of the following month he departed from Mikindini Bay for the interior, with an expedition consisting of twelve Sepoys from Bombay, nine men from Johanna, of the Comoro Isles

seven liberated slaves and two Zambesi men (taking them as an experiment), six camels, three buffaloes, two mules and three donkeys. He thus had thirty men, twelve of whom—viz., the Sepoys—were to act as guards for the expedition. They were mostly armed with the Enfield rifles presented to the Doctor by the Bombay government. The baggage of the expedition consisted of ten bales of cloth and two bags of beads, which were to serve as currency by which they would be enabled to purchase the necessaries of life in the countries the Doctor intended to visit. Besides the cumbrous moneys they carried several boxes of instruments, such as chronometers, air thermometers, sextant and artificial horizon, boxes containing clothes, medicines, and personal necessaries.

"The expedition travelled up the left bank of the Rovuma River, a route as full of difficulties as any that could be chosen. For miles Livingstone and his party had to cut their way with their axes through the dense and most impenetrable jungles which lined the river's banks. The road was a mere footpath, leading in the almost erratic fashion, in and through the dense vegetation, seeking the easiest outlet from it without any regard to the course it ran. The pagazis were able to proceed easily enough but the camels on account of their enormous height, could not advance a step without the axes of the party first clearing the way. These tools of foresters were almost always required, but the advance of the expedition was often retarded by the unwillingness of the Sepoys and Johanna men to work.

Soon after the departure of the expedition from the coast the murmurings and complaints of these men began, and upon every occasion and at every opportunity they evinced a decided hostility to an advance.

"The Doctor and his little party arrived on the 18th day of July, 1866, at a village belonging to a chief of the Mahiyaw, situated eight days' march south of the Rovuma and overlooking the watershed of the Lake Nyassa. The territory lying between the Rovuma river and this Mahiyaw chieftain was an uninhabited wilderness, during the transit of which Livingstone and the expedition suffered considerably from hunger and desertion of men.

"Early in August, 1866, the Doctor came to Mponda's country, a chief who dwelt near the Lake Nyassa. On the road thither two of the liberated slaves deserted him. Here, also, Wakotani (not Wikotani) a *protege* of the Doctor, insisted upon his discharge, alleging as an excuse, which the Doctor subsequently found to be untrue, that he had found his brother."

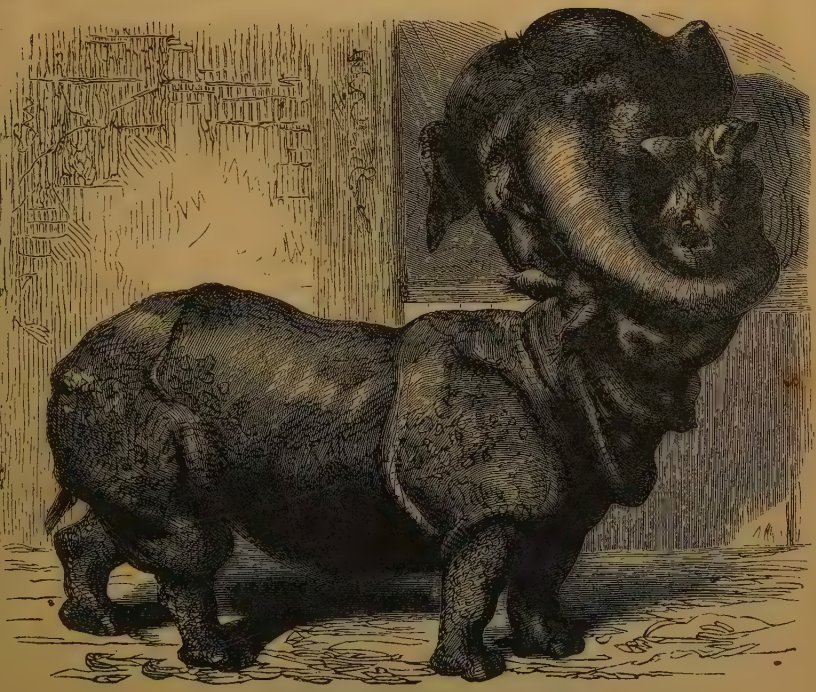
Hence the explorer proceeded to the heel of Lake Nyassa where there is a village of a Babisa chief. The chief was ill, and Doctor Livingstone remained there for some time to give him medical aid. It was here that he was deserted by his Johanna men, the chief of whom, Ali Moosa (or Musa), pretended to give credence to a mournful story of plunder perpetrated upon a certain half-caste Arab who had been along the western shore of the lake. Though the explorer gave no faith to the Arab story, he determined not to go among the Ma-zitu, reported so

hostile, and proceeded in a southwestern course for a considerable distance. The correspondent's letter goes on to say:

"As soon as he turned his face westward Musa and the Johanna men ran away in a body. The Doctor says, in commenting upon Musa's conduct, that he felt strongly tempted to shoot Musa and another ringleader, but was nevertheless glad that he did not soil his hands with their vile blood. A day or two afterwards another of his men—Simon Price by name—came to the Doctor with the same tale about the Ma-Zitu, but, compelled by the scant number of his people to repress all such tendencies to desertion and faint-heartedness, the Doctor 'shut him up' at once and forbade him to utter the name of the Ma-Zitu any more. Had the natives not assisted him he must have despaired of ever being able to penetrate the wild and unexplored interior which he was now about to tread.

"'Fortunately,' as the Doctor says with unction, 'I was in a country now, after leaving the shores of the Nyassa, where the feet of the slave trader had not trodden. It was a new and virgin land, and of course, as I have always found it in such cases, the natives were really good and hospitable, and for very small portions of cloth my baggage was conveyed from village to village by them.' In many other ways the traveller in his extremity was kindly treated by the undefiled and unspoiled natives. On leaving this hospitable region in the early part of December, 1866, the Doctor entered a country where the Mazitu had excercised their customary spoliating propensities

OSTRICH.



RHINOCEROS AND ELEPHANT.

The land was swept clean of all provisions and cattle, and the people had emigrated to other countries beyond the bounds of these ferocious plunderers. Again the expedition was besieged by famine, and was reduced to great extremity. To satisfy the pinching hunger it suffered it had recourse to the wild fruits which some parts of the country furnished. At intervals the condition of the hard-pressed band was made worse by the heartless desertion of some of its members, who more than once departed with the Doctor's personal kit—changes of clothes and linen, etc. With more or lesss misfortunes constantly dogging his footsteps, he traversed in safety the countries of the Babisa, Bobemba, Barungu, Baulungu, and Londa.

"In the country of Londa lives the famous Cazembe—made known to Europeans first by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Cazembe is a most intelligent prince; is a tall, stalwart man, who wears a peculiar kind of dress, made of crimson print, in the form of a prodigious kilt. The mode of arranging it is most ludicrous. All the folds of this enormous kilt are massed in front, which causes him to look as if the peculiarities of the human body were reversed in his case. The abdominal parts are thus covered with a balloon-like expansion of cloth, while the lumbar region, which is by us jealously clothed, with him is only half draped by a narrow curtain which by no means suffices to obscure its naturally fine proportions. In this state dress King Cazembe received Dr. Livingstone, surrounded by his chiefs and body guards. A chief, who had been deputed

by the King and elders to find out all about the white man, then stood up before the assembly, and in a loud voice gave the result of the inquiry he had instituted. He had heard the white man had come to look for waters, for rivers and seas. Though he did not understand what the white man could want with such things, he had no doubt that the object was good. Then Cazembe asked what the Doctor proposed doing and where he thought of going. The Doctor replied that he had thought of going south, as he had heard of lakes and rivers being in that direction. Cazembe asked: 'What can you want to go there for? The water is close here. There is plenty of large water in this neighborhood.' Before breaking up the assembly Cazembe gave orders to let the white man go where he would through his country undisturbed and unmolested. He was the first Englishman he had seen, he said, and he liked him.

"Shortly after his introduction to the King the Queen entered the large house surrounded by a body guard of Amazons armed with spears. She was a fine, tall, handsome young woman, and evidently thought she was about to make a great impression upon the rustic white man, for she had clothed herself after a most royal fashion, and was armed with a ponderous spear. But her appearance, so different from what the Doctor had imagined, caused him to laugh, which entirely spoiled the effect intended, for the laugh of the Doctor was so contagious that she herself was the first who imitated, and the Amazons, courtier-like, followed suit. Much disconcerted by this, the Queen ran back, followed by her obedient

damsels—a retreat most undignified and unqueenlike compared to her majestic advent into the Doctor's presence.

"Soon after his arrival in the country of Londa, or Lunda, and before he had entered the district of Cazembe, he had crossed a river called the Chambezi, which was quite an important stream. The similarity of the name with that large and noble river south, which will be forever connected with his name, misled Livingstone at that time, and he accordingly did not pay it the attention it deserved, believing that the Chambezi was but the head-waters of the Zambezi, and consequently had no bearing or connection with the sources of the river of Egypt, of which he was in search. His fault was in relying too implicitly upon the correctness of Portuguese information. This error cost him many months of tedious labor and travel. But these travels and tedious labors of his in Londa and the adjacent countries have established beyond doubt first, that the Chambezi is a totally distinct river from the Zambezi of the Portuguese, and secondly, that the Chambezi, starting from about latitude eleven degrees south, is none other than the most southerly feeder of the great Nile, thus giving this famous river a length of over two thousand six hundred miles of direct latitude, making it second to the Mississippi, the longest river in the world. The real and true name of the Zambezi is Dombazi. When Lacuda and his Portuguese successors came to Cazembe, crossed the Chambezi and heard its name, they very naturally set it down as 'our own Zambezi,' and without

further inquiry sketched it as running in that direction.

"During his researches in that region, so pregnant in discoveries, Livingstone came to a lake lying northeast of Cazembe, which the natives called Liemba, from the country of that name, which bordered it on the east and south. In tracing the lake north he found it to be none other than the Tanganyika, or the southeastern extremity of it, which looks on the Doctor's map very much like an outline of Italy. The latitude of the southern end of this great body of water is about nine degrees south, which gives it thus a length, from north to south, of 360 geographical miles.

"From the southern extremity of the Tanganyika he crossed Marungu and came in sight of Lake Moero. Tracing this lake, which is about sixty miles in length, to its southern head, he found a river called the Luapula entering it from that direction. Following the Luapula south he found it issue from the large lake of Bangweolo, which is as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. In exploring for the waters which emptied into the lake he found by far the most important of these feeders was the Chambezi. So that he had thus traced the Chambezi from its source to Lake Bangweolo, and issue from its northern head under the name of Luapula, and found it enter Lake Moero. Again he returned to Cazembe, well satisfied that the river running north through three degrees of latitude could not be the river running south under the name of the Zam-

bezi, though there might be a remarkable resemblance in their names.

"At Cazembe he found an old white-bearded half-caste named Mohammed ben Salih, who was kept as a kind of prisoner at large by the King because of certain suspicious circumstance attending his advent and stay in his country. Through Livingstone's influence Mohammed ben Salih obtained his release. On the road to Ujiji he had bitter cause to regret having exerted himself in the half-caste's behalf. He turned out to be a most ungrateful wretch, who poisoned the minds of the Doctor's few followers and ingratiated himself in their favor by selling the favors of his concubines to them, thus reducing them to a kind of bondage under him. From the day he had the vile old man in his company manifold and bitter misfortunes followed the Doctor up to his arrival in Ujiji, in March, 1869.

"From the date of his arrival until the end of June (1869) he remained in Ujiji, whence he dated those letters which, though the outside world still doubted his being alive, satisfied the minds of the Royal Geographical people and his intimate friends that he was alive, and Musa's tale an ingenious but false fabrication of a cowardly deserter. It was during this time that the thought occurred to him of sailing around the Lake Tanganyika, but the Arabs and natives were so bent upon fleecing him that, had he undertaken it the remainder of his goods would not have enabled him to explore the central line of drainage, the initial point of which he found far south of Cazembe, in about latitude 11 degrees, in

the river Chambezi. In the days when tired Captain Burton was resting in Ujiji, after his march from the coast near Zanzibar, the land to which Livingstone, on his departure from Ujiji, bent his steps, was unknown to the Arabs save by vague report. Messrs. Burton and Speke never heard of it, it seems. Speke, who was the geographer of Burton's expedition, heard of a place called Uruwa, which he placed on his map according to the general direction indicated by the Arabs; but the most enterprising of the Arabs, in their search after ivory, only touched the frontiers of Rua, as the natives and Livingstone call it; for Rua is an immense country, with a length of six degrees of latitude and as yet an undefined breadth from east to west.

"At the end of June, 1869, Livingstone took *dhow* at Ujiji and crossed over to Uguhha, on the western shore, for his last and greatest series of explorations, the result of which was the discovery of a series of lakes of great magnitude connected together by a large river called by different names as it left one lake to flow to another. From the port of Uguhha he set off in company with a body of traders, in an almost direct westerly course, through the lake country of Uguhha. Fifteen days march brought them to Bambarre, the first important ivory depot in Manyema, or, as the natives pronounce it, Manuyema. For nearly six months he was detained at Bambarre from ulcers in the feet, with copious discharges of bloody ichor oozing from the sores as soon as he set his feet on the ground. When well, he set off in a northerly direction, and, after several days, came to

a broad, lacustrine river, called the Lualaba, flowing northward and westward, and, in some places southward, in a most confusing way. The river was from one to three miles broad. By exceeding pertinacity he contrived to follow its erratic course until he saw the Lualaba enter the narrow but lengthy lake of Kamolondo, in about latitude 6 deg. 30 min. south. Retracing it south he came to the point where he had seen the Luapula enter Lake Moero.

"One feels quite enthusiastic when listening to Livingstone's description of the beauties of Moero scenery. Pent in on all sides by high mountains clothed to their tips with the richest vegetation of the tropics, Moero discharges its superfluous waters through a deep rent in the bosom of the mountains. The impetuous and grand river roars through the chasm with the thunder of a cataract; but soon after leaving its confined and deep bed it expands into the calm and broad Lualaba—expanding over miles of ground, making great bends west and southwest, then, curving northward, enters Kamolondo. By the natives it is called the Lualaba, but the Doctor, in order to distinguish it from the other rivers of the same name, has given it the name of Webb's River, after Mr. Webb, the wealthy proprietor of Newstead Abbey, whom the Doctor distinguishes as one of his oldest and most consistent friends. Away to the southwest from Kamolondo is another large lake, which discharges its waters by the important river Locki, or Lomami, into the great Lualaba. To this lake, known as Chebungo by the natives, Dr. Livingstone has given the name of Lincoln, to be hereafter

distinguished on maps and in books as Lake Lincoln, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, our murdered President. This was done from the vivid impression produced on his mind by hearing a portion of his inauguration speech read from an English pulpit, which related to the causes that induced him to issue his emancipation proclamation. To the memory of the man whose labors in behalf of the negro race deserved the commendation of all good men Livingstone has contributed a monument more durable than brass or stone.

"Entering Webb's River from the south-southwest, a little north of Kamolondo, is a large river called the Lufira, but the streams that discharge themselves from the watershed into the Lualaba are so numerous that the Doctor's map would not contain them, so he has left all out except the most important. Continuing his way north, tracing the Luabala through its manifold and crooked curves as far as latitude four degrees south, he came to another large lake called the Unknown Lake; but here you may come to a dead halt, and read it thus:—* * * * * * Here was the furthermost point. From here he was compelled to return on the weary road to Ujiji, a distance of 600 miles.

"In this brief sketch of Doctor Livingstone's wonderful travels it is to be hoped that the most superficial reader, as well as the student of geography, comprehends this grand system of lakes connected together by Webb's river. To assist him, let him procure a map of Africa, embracing the latest discoveries. Two degrees south of the Tanganyika, and

two degrees west let him draw the outlines of a lake, its greatest length from east to west, and let him call it Bangweolo. One degree or thereabout to the northwest let him sketch the outlines of another but smaller lake and call it Moero; a degree again north of Moero another lake of similar size, and call it Kamolondo, and still a degree north of Kamolondo another lake, large and as yet undefined limits, which, in the absence of any specific term, we will call the Nameless Lake. Then let him connect these several lakes by a river called after different names. Thus, the main feeder of Bangweolo, the Chambezi; the river which issues out of Bangweolo and runs into Moero, the Luapula; the river connecting Moero with Kamolondo, Webb's river; that which runs from Kamolondo into the Nameless Lake northward, the Lualaba; and let him write in bold letters over the rivers Chambezi, Luapula, Webb's River and the Lualaba the 'Nile,' for these are all one and the same river. Again, west of Moero Lake, about one degree or thereabouts, another large lake may be placed on his map, with a river running diagonally across to meet the Lualaba north of Lake Kamolondo. This new lake is Lake Lincoln, and the river is the Lomami River, the confluence of which with the Lualaba is between Kamolondo and the Nameless Lake. Taken altogether, the reader may be said to have a very fair idea of what Dr. Livingstone has been doing these long years, and what additions he has made to the study of African geography. That this river, distinguished under several titles, flowing from one lake into another in a northerly direction, with all

its great crooked bends and sinuosities, is the Nile, the true Nile, the Doctor has not the least doubt. For a long time he did doubt, because of its deep bends and curves—west, and southwest even—but having traced it from its headwaters, the Chambezi, through seven degrees of latitude—that is, from latitude eleven degrees south to a little north of latitude four degrees south—he has been compelled to come to the conclusion that it can be no other river than the Nile. He had thought it was the Congo, but he has discovered the sources of the Congo to be the Kasai and the Quango, two rivers which rise on the western side of the Nile watershed in about the latitude of Bangweolo; and he was told of another river called the Lubilash, which rose from the north and ran west. But the Lualaba the Doctor thinks cannot be the Congo, from its great size and body and from its steady and continual flow northward through a broad and extensive valley, bounded by enormous mountains, westerly and easterly. The altitude of the most northerly point to which the Doctor traced the wonderful river was a little over two thousand feet, so that though Baker makes out his lake to be two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, yet the Bahr Ghazal, through which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues into the Nile, is only a little over two thousand feet, in which case there is a possibility that the Lualaba may be none other than Petherick's branch. It is well known that trading stations for ivory have been established for about five hundred miles up Petherick's branch. We must remember this fact when told that Gondokoro,

in latitude four degrees north, is two thousand feet above the sea, and latitude four degrees south, where the Doctor was halted, is only a little over two thousand feet above the sea. That two rivers, said to be two thousand feet above the sea, separated from each other by eight degrees of latitude, are the same stream may, among some men, be regarded as a startling statement. But we must restrain mere expressions of surprise and take into consideration that this mighty and broad Lualaba is a lacustrine river —broader than the Mississipi—and think of our own rivers, which, though shallow, are exceedingly broad. We must wait also until the altitude of the two rivers—the Lualaba, where the Doctor halted, and the southern point on the Bahr Ghazal, where Petherick has been—are known with perfect accuracy.

"Webb's River, or the Lualaba, from Bangweolo is a lacustrine river, expanding from one to three miles in breadth. At intervals it forms extensive lakes, then contracting into a broad river it again forms a a lake, and so on to latitude four degrees north, and beyond this point the Doctor heard of a large lake again north. Now, for the sake of argument, suppose we give this nameless lake a length of four degrees latitude, as it may be the one discovered by Piaggia, the Italian traveller, from which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues out through reeds, marshes, and the Bahr Ghazal into the White Nile south of Gondokoro. By this method we can suppose the rivers one—for the lakes extending over so many degrees of latitude would obviate the necessity of explaining the differences of latitude that must natu-

rally exist between the points of a river eight degrees of latitude apart. Also, that Livingstone's instruments for observation and taking altitude may have been in error, and this is very likely to have been the case, subjected as they have been to rough handling during nearly six years of travel.

"Despite the apparent difficulty about the altitude, there is another strong reason for believing Webb's River, or the Lualaba, to be the Nile. The watershed of this river, 600 miles of which Livingstone has travelled, is drained by a valley which lies north and south between the eastern and western ranges of the watershed. This valley or line of drainage, while it does not receive the Kasai and the Quango, receives rivers flowing from a great distance west—for instance, the important tributaries Lufira and Lomami, and large rivers from the east, such as the Lindi and Luamo; and while the most intelligent Portuguese travellers and traders state that the Kasai, the Quango and Lubilash are the head waters of the Congo river, no one as yet has started the supposition that the grand river flowing north and known to the natives as the Lualaba, was the Congo. If this river is not the Nile where, then, are the head waters of the Nile? The small river running out of the Victoria Nyanza and the river flowing out of the little Lake Albert have not sufficient water to form the great river of Egypt. As you glide down the Nile and note the Asna, the Geraffe, the Sobat, the Blue Nile and Atbara, and follow the river down to Egypt, it cannot fail to impress you that it requires many more streams, or one large river, larger than all yet

discovered, to influence its inundations and replace the waste of its flow through a thousand miles of desert. Perhaps a more critical survey of the Bahr Ghazal would prove that the Nile is influenced by the waters that pour through 'the small piece of water resembling a duck pond buried in a sea of rushes,' as Speke describes the Bahr Ghazal. Livinstone's discovery answers the question and satisfies the intelligent hundreds, who, though Bruce and Speke and Baker, each in his turn had declared he had found the Nile, the only and true Nile sources, yet doubted and hesitated to accept the enthusiastic assertions as a final solution of the Nile problem. Even yet, according to Livingstone the Nile sources have not been found; though he has traced the Lualaba through seven degrees of latitude flowing north, and though neither he nor I have a particle of doubt of its being the Nile, not yet can the Nile question be said to be ended for three reasons—

First—He has heard of the existence of four fountains, two of which give birth to a river flowing north—Webb's River, or the Lualaba; two to a river flowing south, which is the Zambezi. He has heard of these fountains repeatedly from the natives. Several times he has been within one hundred and two hundred miles from them, but something always interposed to prevent him going to see them. According to those who have seen them, they rise on eitheir side of a mound or hill which contains no stones. Some have even called it an ant hill. One of these fountains is said to be so large that a man standing on one side cannot be seen from the other.

These fountains must be discovered, and their position taken. The Doctor does not suppose them to lie south of the feeders of Lake Bangweolo.

"*Second*—Webb's River must be traced to its connection with some portion of the old Nile.

"*Third*—The connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza must be ascertained.

"When these three things have been accomplished, then, and not till then, can the mystery of the Nile be explained. The two countries through which this marvellous lacustrine river—the Lualaba—flows, with its manifold lakes and broad expanses of water, are Rua—the Uruwa of Speke—and Manyema. For the first time Europe is made aware that between the Tanganyika and the known sources of the Congo there exist teeming millions of the negro race who never saw or heard of the white peoples who make such noisy and busy stir outside of Africa. Upon the minds of those who had the good fortune to see the first specimen of these remarkable white races Livingstone seems to have made a favorable impression, though, through misunderstanding his object and coupling him with the Arabs who make horrible work there, his life has been sought after more than once.

"These two extensive countries, Rua and Manyema, are populated by true heathens—governed not as the sovereignties of Karagwah, Wumdi, and Uganda by despotic kings, but each village by its own sultan or lord. Thirty miles outside of their own immediate settlements the most intelligent of those small chiefs seem to know nothing. Thirty miles from the

Lualaba there were but few people who had ever heard of the great river. Such ignorance among the natives of their own countries, of course, increased the labors of Livingstone. Compared with these all tribes and nations in Africa with whom Livingstone came in contact may be deemed civilized. Yet in the arts of home manufacture these wild people of Manyema are far superior to any he had seen. When other tribes and nations contented themselves with hides and skins of animals thrown negligently over their shoulders the people of Manyema manufactured a cloth from fine grass which may favorably compare with the finest grass cloth of India. They also know the art of dyeing in various colors—black, yellow, and purple. The Wanguana or freed men of Zanzibar, struck with the beauty of this fine grass frabric, eagerly exchange their cotton cloths for fine grass cloth, and on almost every black man returned from Manyema I have seen this native cloth converted into elegantly made *damirs* (Arabic)—short jackets.

"These countries are also very rich in ivory. The fever for going to Manyema to exchange their tawdry beads for the precious tusks of Manyema is of the same kind as that which impelled men to the gulches and placers of California, Colorado, Montana, and Idaho; after nuggets to Australia, and diamonds to Cape Colony. Manyema is at present the El Dorado of the Arabs and the Wamrima tribes. It is only about four years since the first Arab returned from Manyema with such wealth of ivory and reports about the fabulous quantities found there

that ever since the old beaten tracks of Karagwah, Uganda, Ufipa, and Marungu have been comparatively deserted. The people of Manyema, ignorant of the value of the precious article, reared their huts upon ivory stanchions. Ivory pillars and doors were common sights in Manyema, and hearing of these one can no longer wonder at the ivory palace of Solomon. For generations they had used ivory tusks as doorposts and eave stanchions, until they had become perfectly rotten and worthless. But the advent of the Arabs soon taught them the value of the article. It has now risen considerably in price, though yet fabulously cheap. At Zanzibar the value of ivory per frarsilah of thirty-five pounds weight is from fifty dollars to sixty dollars, according to its quality In Unyanyembe it is about one dollar and ten cents per pound; but in Manyema it may be purchased for from half a cent to one and a quarter cent's worth of copper per pound of ivory.

"The Arabs, however, have the knack of spoiling markets by their rapacity and wanton cruelty. With muskets a small party of Arabs are invincible against such people as those of Manyema, who until lately never heard the sound of a gun. The report of a musket inspires mortal terror in them, and it is almost impossible to induce them to face the muzzle of a gun. They believe that the Arabs have stolen the lightning, and that against such people the bow and arrow can have but little effect. They are by no means devoid of courage, and they have often declared that were it not for the guns not one Arab would leave the country alive, which tends to prove

THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT HURRICANE AT ZANZIBAR.

that they would willingly engage in fight with the strangers, who have made themselves so detestable, were it not that the startling explosion of gunpowder inspires them with such terror.

"Into whichever country the Arabs enter they contrive to render their name and race abominated. But the mainspring of it all is not the Arab's nature, color, or name, but simply the slave trade. So long as the slave trade is permitted to be kept up at Zanzibar so long will these otherwise enterprising people, the Arabs, kindle against them throughout Africa the hatred of the natives. The accounts which the Doctor brings from that new region are most deplorable. He was an unwilling spectator of a horrible deed—a massacre committed on the inhabitants of a populous district—who had assembled in the market place, on the banks of the Lualaba, as they had been accustomed to for ages. It seems the Wa-Manyema are very fond of marketing, believing it to be the *summum bonum* of human enjoyment. They find unceasing pleasure in chaffering with might and main for the least mite of their currency—the last bead—and when they gain the point to which their peculiar talents are devoted they feel intensely happy. The women are excessively fond of their marketing, and as they are very beautiful, the market place must possess considerable attractions for the male sex. It was on such a day, with just such a scene, that Tagomoyo, a half-caste Arab, with his armed slave escort, commenced an indiscriminate massacre by firing volley after volley into the dense mass of human beings. It is supposed that there

were about two thousand present, and at the first sound of the firing these poor people all made a rush for their canoes. In the fearful hurry to avoid being shot the canoes were paddled away by the first fortunate few who got possession of them. Those that were not so fortunate sprang into the deep waters of the Lualaba, and, though many of them became an easy prey to the voracious crocodiles that swarmed to the scene, the majority received their deaths from the bullets of the merciless Tagomoyo and his villainous band. The Doctor believes, as do the Arabs themselves, that about four hundred people, mostly women and children, lost their lives, while many more were made slaves. This scene is only one of many such which he has unwillingly witnessed, and he is utterly unable to describe the loathing he feels for the inhuman perpetrators.

"Slaves from Manyema command a higher price than those of any other country, because of their fine forms and general docility. The women, the Doctor says repeatedly, are remarkably pretty creatures, and have nothing except their hair in common with the negroes of the West Coast. They are of very light color, have fine noses, well-cut and not over full lips, and a prognathous jaw is uncommon. These women are eagerly sought after for wives by the half-castes of the East Coast, and even the pure Amani Arabs do not disdain connection with them. To the north of Manyema Livingstone came to a light-complexioned race of the color of Portuguese, or our own Louisiana quadroons, who are very fine people, and singularly remarkable for commercial 'cuteness' and

sagacity. The women are expert divers for oysters, which are found in great abundance in the Lualaba.

"Rua, at a place called Katanga, is rich in copper. The copper mines of this place have been worked for ages. In the bed of a stream gold has been found washed down in pencil-shaped lumps or particles as large as split peas. Two Arabs have gone thither to prospect for this metal, but as they are ignorant of the art of gulch mining it is scarcely possible that they will succeed.

"From these highly important and interesting discoveries Dr. Livingstone was turned back when almost on the threshold of success by the positive refusal of his men to accompany him further. They were afraid to go unless accompanied by a large force of men, and as these were not procurable in Manyema the Doctor reluctantly turned his face toward Ujiji.

"It was a long and weary road back. The journey had now no interest for him. He had travelled it before when going westward, full of high hopes and aspirations, impatient to reach the goal which promised him rest from his labors; now returning unsuccessful, baffled and thwarted when almost in sight of the end, and having to travel the same road back on foot, with disappointed expectations and defeated hopes preying on his mind, no wonder that the brave old spirit almost succumbed and the strong constitution almost wrecked. He arrived at Ujiji October 26, almost at death's door. On the way he had been trying to cheer himself up, since he had found it impossible to contend against the obstinacy of his men, with 'it

won't take long, five or six months more; it matters not, since it can't be helped. I have got my goods in Ujiji and can hire other people and make a new start.' These are the words and hopes with which he tried to delude himself into the idea that all would be right yet; but imagine, if you can, the shock he must have suffered when he found that the man to whom was entrusted his goods for safe keeping had sold every bale for ivory.

"The evening of the day Livingstone had returned to Ujiji, Susi and Chuma, two of his most faithful men, were seen crying bitterly. The Doctor asked them what ailed them, and was then informed for the first time of the evil tidings that awaited him. Said they:—'All our things are sold, sir. Shereef has sold everything for ivory.' Later in the evening Shereef came to see him and shamelessly offered his hand, with a salutatory 'Yambo.' Livingstone refused his hand, saying he could not shake hands with a thief. As an excuse Shereef said he had divined on the Koran and that had told him the Hakim (Arabic for Doctor) was dead. Livingstone was now destitute. He had just enough to keep him and his men alive for about a month, after which he would be forced to beg from the Arabs. He had arrived in Ujiji October 26. The HERALD Expedition arrived November 10, from the coast—only sixteen days difference. Had I not been delayed at Unyanyembe by the war with Mirambo I should have gone on to Manyema, and very likely have been traveling by one road, while he would have been coming by another to Ujiji. Had I gone on two years ago, when I first received the in-

structions, I should have lost him without doubt. But I am detained by a series of circumstances, which chafed and fretted me considerably at that time, only to permit him to reach Ujiji sixteen days before I appeared. It was as if we were marching to meet together at an appointed rendezvous—the one from the west, the other from the east.

"The Doctor had heard of a white man being at Unyanyembe, who was said to have boats with him, and he had thought he was another traveller sent by the French government to replace Lieutenant Le Sainte, who died from a fever a few miles above Gondokoro. I had not written to him because I believed him to be dead, and of course my sudden entrance into Ujiji was as great a surprise to him as it was to the Arabs. But the sight of the American flag, which he saw waving in the van of the expedition, indicated that one was coming who could speak his own language, and you know already how the leader was received."

CHAPTER XIV.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY IN AFRICA.

[CONTINUED.]

An Exploration of Tanganyika Lake—Result—Christmas at Ujiji—Livingstone Proceeds with Stanley to Unyanyembe—Account of the Journey—Alleged Neglect of Livingstone by the British Consulate at Zanzibar—Departure of the Explorer for the Interior, and of Mr. Stanley for Europe.

It had been supposed by Dr. Livingstone that the waters of Tanganyika Lake had outlet northward, and that they were, therefore, a part of the necessarily vast sources of the great river of the continent whose annual inundations are among the most wonderful illustrations in nature of the more than majestic power of Almighty God. His many discoveries of great lakes and rivers far to the westward of Tanganyika, their evident connection in a system, similar to that of the great lakes of North America at last forming the St. Lawrence river, flowing northward; the natural necessity there is for immense sources of supply to the Nile—these and other considerations left the explorer to imagine that Tanganyika formed a part of the same system with that lake which he named after an illustrious President of the United States. The commander of the "Herald" expedition, therefore, with a fine appreciation of the situation, offered his escort to Dr. Livingstone, with a proposal to accompany him to the head of the

lake. The offer was accepted, and the explorer, as Mr. Stanley says, "like a hero, lost no time in starting."

The account of this journey, or voyage, rather, for the party travelled by boat, is given in a dispatch dated December 23, 1871, at Ujiji. It is as follows:

"On the 20th of November Dr. Livingstone and your correspondent, with twenty picked men of the HERALD Expedition Corps, started. Despite the assertion of Arabs that the Warundi were dangerous and would not let us pass, we hugged their coast closely, and when fatigued boldly encamped in their country. Once only were we obliged to fly—and this was at dead of night—from a large party which we knew to be surrounding us on the land side. We got to the boat safely, and we might have punished them severely had the Doctor been so disposed. Once also we were stoned, but we paid no heed to them and kept on our way along their coast until we arrived at Mokamba's, one of the chiefs of Usige. Mokamba was at war with a neighboring chief, who lived on the left bank of the Rusizi. That did not deter us, and we crossed the head of the Tanganyika to Mugihewah, governed by Ruhinga, brother of Mokamba.

"Mugihewah is a tract of country on the right bank of the Rusizi, extending to the lake. With Mokamba and Ruhinga we became most intimate: they proved to be sociable, good-natured chiefs, and gave most valuable information concerning the countries lying to the north of Usige; and if their information is correct, Sir Samuel Baker will be

obliged to curtail the ambitious dimensions of his lake by one degree, if not more. A Mgwana, living at Mokamba's, on the eastern shore of the lake, had informed us that the River Rusizi certainly flowed out of the lake, and after joining the Kitangule emptied into the Lake Nyanza (Victoria).

"When we entered Ruhinga's territory of Mugihewah, we found ourselves about 300 yards from the river about which a great deal has been said and written. At Unyanyembe I was told that the Rusizi was an affluent. At Ujiji all Arabs but one united in saying the same thing, and within ten miles of the Rusizi a freedman of Zanzibar swore it was an affluent.

"On the morning of the eleventh day of our departure from Ujiji, we were rowed towards the river. We came to a long, narrow bay, fringed on all sides with tall, dense reeds and swarming with crocodiles, and soon came to the mouth of the Rusizi. As soon as we had entered the river all doubt vanished before the strong, turbid flood against which we had to contend in the ascent. After about ten minutes we entered what seemed a lagoon, but which was the result of a late inundation. About an hour higher up the river began to be confined to its proper banks, and is about thirty yards broad, but very shallow.

"Two days higher up, Ruhinga told us, the Rusizi was joined by the Loanda, coming from the northwest. There could be no mistake then. Dr. Livingstone and myself had ascended it, had felt the force of the strong inflowing current—the Rusizi was an influent, as much so as the Malagarazi, the Linche,

and Rugufu, but with its banks full it can only be considered as ranking third among the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika. Though rapid it is extremely shallow; it has three mouths, up which an ordinary ship's boat loaded might in vain attempt to ascend. Burton and Speke, though they ascended to within six hours' journey by canoe from the Rusizi, were compelled to turn back by the cowardice of the boatmen. Had they ascended to Meuta's capital, they could easily have seen the head of the lake. Usige is but a district of Wumdi, governed by several small chiefs, who owe obedience to Mwezi, the great King of Wumdi.

"We spent nine days at the head of the Tanganyika exploring the islands and many bays that indent its shores.

"In returning to Ujiji we coasted along the west side of the Tanganyika, as far as the country of the Wasansi, whom we had to leave on no amicable terms, owing to their hostility to Arabs, and arrived at Ujiji on the 18th of December, having been absent twenty-eight days.

"Though the Rusizi River can no longer be a subject of curiosity to geographers—and we are certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and Baker's Lake, or the Albert N'yanza—it is not yet certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile River. The western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo Mountain, far under ground and out on the western side of Kabo-

go into the Lualaba, or the Nile. Livingstone has seen the river about forty miles or so west of Kabogo (about forty yards broad at that place), but he does not know that it runs out of the mountain.

"This is one of the many things which he has yet to examine."

It thus appearing that the Rusizi is an affluent, not an effluent, of Tanganyika Lake, the expedition failed to sustain the explorer's hypothesis, but added a useful item of geographical knowledge to the then existing stock. Nor does it follow that because the Rusizi flows into the Tanganyika, there is no river flowing out of it into that system of lakes which had before been discovered by the explorer, and of which the Chambesi—almost a system of rivers itself—is the largest affluent yet discovered. Should Dr. Livingstone's hypothesis of an effluent from the west shore of Tanganyika Lake not be sustained, and its waters found to procure outlet by Lake Nyassa and the Zambesi, his future discoveries will in all probability show a similar formation of the continent in east central Africa to that which he discovered to be the fact when he explored Lake Dilolo in the land of the Balonda.

The explorers remained in Ujiji until after "merry Christmas," both engaged much of the time in writing accounts of their explorations, which have appeared or will yet appear in this volume. Meanwhile, they had determined to make a journey together to Unyanyembe. This journey is described in telegraphic brevity:

KWIHARA, UNYANYEMBE, February 21, 1872.

After spending Christmas at Ujiji Dr. Livingstone, escorted by the NEW YORK HERALD Expedition, composed of forty Wanguana soldiers, well armed, left for Unyanyembe on the 26th of December, 1871.

In order to arrive safely, untroubled by wars and avaricious tribes, we sketched out a road to Unyanyembe, thus:—

Seven days by water south to Urimba.

Ten days across the uninhabited forests of Kawendi

Twenty days through Unkonongo, direct east.

Twelve days north through Unkonongo

Thence five days into Unyanyembe, where we arrived without adventure of any kind, except killing zebras, buffaloes, and giraffes, after fifty-four days' travel.

The expedition suffered considerably from famine, and your correspondent from fever, but these are incidental to the march in this country.

The Doctor tramped it on foot like a man of iron. On arrival at Unyanyembe I found that the Englishman Shaw whom I had turned back as useless, had about a month after his return succumbed to the climate of the interior and had died, as well as two Wanguana of the expedition who had been left behind sick. Thus during less than twelve months William Lawrence Farquhar, of Leith, Scotland, and John William Shaw, of London, England, the two white men I had engaged to assist me, had died · also eight baggage carriers and eight soldiers of the expedition had died.

I was bold enough to advise the Doctor to permit the expedition to escort him to Unyanyembe, through the country it was made acquainted with while going to Ujiji, for the reason that were he to sit down at Ujiji until Mirambo was disposed of he might remain a year there, a prey to high expectations, ending always in bitter disappointment. I told him, as the Arabs of Unyanyembe were not equal to the task of conquering Mirambo, that it were better he should accompany the HERALD expedition to Unyanyembe, and there take possession of the last lot of goods brought to him by a caravan which left the seacoast simultaneously with our expedition.

The Doctor consented, and thus it was that he came so far back as Unyanyembe.

The "Herald" correspondent complains with much earnestness that Dr. Livingstone has been neglected by the British consulate at Zanzibar. Handsomely admitting the liberality of the British people and government, he has hearty denunciations for those in authority at Zanzibar. The contrast of their insufficiency with the enterprise of the "Herald" expedition is remarkable. Mr. Stanley says: "Within

the time that the British Consul's men took to convey Livingstone's goods and letters a distance of only 525 miles, the HERALD Expedition was formed, and marched 2,059 English statute miles, and before the fourteenth month of its departure from the seacoast the HERALD Expedition will have arrived at the seacoast, be paid off and disbanded. In the matter of supplies, then, being sent to Livingstone semi-annually or annually there is no truth whatever. The cause is extreme apathy at Zanzibar and the reckless character of the men sent. Where English gentlemen are so liberal and money so plentiful it should be otherwise."

Upon this very delicate subject the "Herald" itselt editorially remarks:

"On the question of Livingstone's having received the supplies sent him by his friends in England these letters will throw a startling light. The carelessness, theft, and general mismanagement which overtook the stores forwarded by the British Consulate at Zanzibar, usually wasted and frittered these almost entirely away before they had time to reach him. This cannot be better stated than in the HERALD commander's words: 'Your correspondent begs to inform his friends that the HERALD Expedition found him turned back from his explorations when on the eve of being terminated thoroughly by the very men sent to him by the British Consulate; that the Expedition found him sitting down at Ujiji utterly destitute, robbed by the very men sent by the British Consulate at Zanzibar with his caravan; that the HERALD

Expedition escorted him to Unyanyembe only in time to save his last stock of goods, for they were rapidly being made away with by the very men entrusted by the British Consulate with the last lot of goods; that it was only by an accident that your correspondent saw a packet of letters addressed to Livingstone, and so, forcibly, took one of Livingstone's men to carry the letters to his employer.'"

The commander of the Search Expedition supplied Dr. Livingstone with such supplies as he could command, in which were several bales of mixed cloths, about one thousand pounds of assorted beads—all this is African money—a large quantity of brass wire, a portable boat, revolvers, carbines, and ammunition.

And thus Mr. Stanley was ready to depart for the sea coast. Bidding the great explorer farewell, he left Kwihara on March 14, 1872, bending his course toward Zanzibar by the usual caravan track. At Zanzibar he forwarded "men and means" to the explorer of whom he had learned to think so highly, by the aid of which he has doubtless been able to make his departure from Unyanyembe with confident anticipations of success. And so, we may be sure, the iron man is wending his way on foot through the wilds of Africa, inflexibly determined upon a complete solution of the great geographical problem of the times.

Meanwhile, the chief of the successful search expedition discharged his men at Zanzibar, and by Bombay, thence to Aden in southwestern Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Suez Canal, found his rapid way to the

abodes of those races of civilized men who had been astonished and gratified by the summary of the remarkable success of his enterprise which had preceded him.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. LIVINGSTONE STILL IN AFRICA.

The Great Explorer Still in Search of the Sources of the Nile—His Letters to the English Government on His Explorations—Correspondence with Lord Stanley, Lord Clarendon, Earl Granville, Dr. Kirk, and James Gordon Bennett, Jr.—His Own Descriptions of Central Africa and the Supposed Sources of the Nile—The Country and People—A Nation of Cannibals—Beautiful Women—Gorillas—The Explorer's Plans for the Future.

When Mr. Stanley bade good-bye to Dr. Livingstone in Unyanyembe, the explorer entrusted to the care of the corrrespondent despatches to the government, his journal, addressed to his daughter, and copies of letters of which former messengers had been robbed. The letters, old and new, to the representative of the British government at Zanzibar, Dr. Kirk, and to different members of the British cabinet, were allowed to be published. They give a full account of Dr. Livingstone's explorations among the supposed true sources of the Nile, and abundantly establish the complete success of the "Herald" search expedition. The letters to the British authorities thus sent to the press, August 1, 1872, through the courtesy of Earl Granville, were: 1. A letter from Dr. Livingstone to Lord Stanley, under date of November 15, 1870; 2. Two letters of November 1, 1871, to Lord Clarendon; 3. A letter of November 14, 1871, to Earl Granville; 4. Letter of October 30, 1871, to Dr. Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar; 5. Letter of December 18, 1871

to Earl Granville; 6. Letter of February 20, 1872, to Earl Granville.

The first of these despatches to his government is from "Bambarre, Manyema country, say about one hundred and fifty miles west of Ujiji, Nov. 15, 1870," addressed to Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In this dispatch, much is contained which Dr. Livingstone orally related to Mr. Stanley, of the "Herald," and which has already appeared in this work. The country of the Manyema, reputed cannibals, is described generally thus:

"The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light gray granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with a moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire or (*scottice*) 'glaur' is grevious; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are

worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or more yards, as if he who first cut it out went that distance seeking for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In other cases the muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass cloth is woven and called by the same name, 'lamba,' has taken possession of the valley. The leaf stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

"Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises upon the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves over the float-

ing bridge so as to make believe that the mat is its own, but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema 'kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at midday thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the color of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawser, are so numerous the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake."

At this time, Dr. Livingstone was not persuaded that the Manyema were men-eaters. Toward the conclusion of his letter to Lord Stanley, he thus describes them:

"I lived in what may be called the Tipperary of Manyema, and they are certainly a bloody people among themselves. But they are very far from being in appearance like the ugly negroes on the West Coast. Finely formed heads are common, and generally men and women are vastly superior to the slaves of Zanzibar and elsewhere. We must go

deeper than phrenology to account for their low moral tone. If they are cannibals they are not ostentatiously so. The neighboring tribes all assert that they are men-eaters, and they themselves laughingly admit the charge. But they like to impose on the credulous, and they showed the skull of a recent victim to horrify one of my people. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla, or soko—the first I knew of its existence here—and this they do eat. If I had believed a tenth of what I heard from traders, I might never have entered the country. Their people told tales with shocking circumstantiality, as if of eye witnesses, that could not be committed to paper, or even spoken about beneath the breath. Indeed, one wishes them to vanish from memory. I have not yet been able to make up my mind whether the Manyema are cannibals or not. I have offered goods of sufficient value to tempt any of them to call me to see a cannibal feast in the dark forests where these orgies are said to be held, but hitherto in vain. All the real evidence yet obtained would elicit from a Scotch jury the verdict only of 'not proven.'"

The second despatch, a year later, is devoted to the expression of thanks to Lord Clarendon, on account of the expedition of search under Mr. Young, of which an account has already been given, to an explanation of Ali Moosa's story of the explorer's death, and an earnest request that the money expended on him and his fellow-imposters might be regained.

The third document of the series, being also a let-

ter to Lord Clarendon, presents an account of Dr. Livingstone's explorations and views on the watershed of the Nile more *in extenso* than anywhere else given. It is certainly one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to modern science. The readers of this volume cannot but feel that a large share of this interesting document may appropriately be quoted here.

"I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles in length, from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four large lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by

the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo,' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river bed in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

"In passing over sixty miles of latitude I waded thirty-two primary sources from calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge. This would give about one source to every two miles. A Suaheli friend in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep, This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its northwest shore was a few seconds into eleven degrees south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabted island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe and got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home.

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapula; yet lakes are in no sense sources,

for no large river begins in a lake; but this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara, which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nianza, gives out a large river which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that of the three or four lakes there only one (the Okara) gives off its waters to the north. The 'White Nile' of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or niety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparison with the central or Webb's Lualaba, of from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

"Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression that in the last hundred

miles the fountains of the Nile, mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rising on the northeast of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain rising on the Northwest, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the southwest, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue and falls into Zambesi in Inner Ethiopia.

"More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika.

"Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mis-

takes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyansa he at once jumped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, '20,000 square miles of water,' confused by sheer immensity. Ptolemy's small lake, 'Coloc,' is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north. Its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash, or Neibash, is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the northeast.

"These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake, to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement of following the river down took them further and further from the sources they sought. But for the devotion to the foregone conclusion the sight of the little 'White Nile,' as unable to account for the great river, they must have

turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

"But all that can in modern times and in common modesty be fairly claimed is the rediscovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admirals of one of the Pharaohs about B. C. 600. He was not believed because he reported that in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine. The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region, for in the second century of our era he gave in substance what we now find to be genuine geography.

"The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Lualaba, in the center of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least one hundred and eighty miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west of about one hundred and twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to northeast, receives the Lomani, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake

Albert; for, assuming Speke's longitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

"Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the smaller eastern arm which Speke, Grant, and Baker took to be the river of Egypt. In my attempts to penetrate further and further I had but little hope of ultimate success, for the great amount of westing led to a continued effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile, and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

"The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

"The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of 'not proven.' They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like

a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day and are expert divers for oysters.

"Markets are held at stated times and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light colored, have straight noses, finely formed heads, small hands and feet and perfect forms; they are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle and joke and laugh and cheat seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.

"Near Lomani the Bakuss or Bakoons cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely abundant and cheap. The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves, and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears among them; no prognathous jaws, barndoor mouth, nor lark heels are seen. Their defects arise from absolute ignorance of all the world.

"There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bokoos—there is no political cohesion; not one king or

kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them every where very honest. When detained at Bambarre we had to send our goats and fowls to the Manyema villages to prevent them being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves.

"Manyema land is the only country in Central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun, and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as 'lambas' or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the 'Muale' palm."

This despatch, it will be observed, is about a year later than the one to Lord Stanley, in which the statement occurs that the fact as to whether the Manyema were man-eaters was "not proven," though the explorer observed that they ate the gorilla, of which beast Dr. Livingstone evidently has a rather favorable opinion, as respects his disposition, and as surely holds his gross stupidity as clearly demonstrated. In the development of instinct, there appear to be several animals in Africa approaching nearer the capacity of reflection than the gorilla.

The next despatch is to Earl Granville, and is dated at Ujiji, November, 1871. It is almost wholly official, and relates in a clear and most forcible manner, the insurmountable difficulties by reason of which he had been forced to cease explorations at a time when a little longer work would most probably have been crowned with complete success. It is in this despatch that Dr. Livingstone relates the particulars of the horrid massacre at Nyanme, the fearful out-

lines of which have appeared in Mr. Stanley's letter, already quoted. On his return to Ujiji, Dr. Livingstone narrowly escaped death three times in a single day from the savages, who would not be persuaded that he did not belong to "the traders" guilty of the massacre.

The despatch to Dr. Kirk, Consul at Zanzibar, is of interest, as showing how the explorer had been annoyed, pained, and his plans frustrated by the inefficiency of those charged with sending him supplies from Zanzibar. In view of the dispute that has arisen upon this subject among certain representatives of public opinion in the United States and England, it may be well to show whether Dr. Livingstone himself thought he had been well or ill treated. In a postscript to this communicaiton, he says, with evident reluctance and evident feeling:

"P. S.—November 16, 1871.—I regret the necessity of bringing the foregoing very unpleasant subject before you, but I have just received letters and information which make the matter doubly serious. Mr. Churchill informed me by a letter of September 19, 1870, that Her Majesty's government had most kindly sent £1,000 for supplies, to be forwarded to me. Some difficulties had occurred to prevent £500 worth from starting, but in the beginning of November all were removed. But it appears that you had recourse to slaves again, and one of these slaves informs me that goods and slaves all remained at Bagamoio four months, or till near the end of Febuary, 1871. No one looked near them during that time, but a rumor reached them that the Consul was

coming, and off they started, two days before your arrival, not on their business, but on some private trip of your own. These slaves came to Unyanyembe in May last, and there they lay till war broke out and gave them, in July, a good excuse to lie there still.

"A whole year has thus been spent in feasting slaves on £500 sent by government to me. Like the man who was tempted to despair when he broke the photograph of his wife, I feel inclined to relinquish hope of ever getting help from Zanzibar to finish the little work I have still to do. I wanted men, not slaves, and free men are abundant at Zanzibar; but if the matter is committed to Ludha instead of an energetic Arab, with some little superintendence by your dragoman or others, I may wait twenty years and your slaves feast and fail.

D. L.

"I will just add that the second batch of slaves had, like the first, two freemen as the leaders, and one died of smallpox. The freemen in the first party of slaves were Shereef and Awathe. I enclose also a shameless overcharge in Ludha's bill, $364 06½.—D. L.

This should appear to be a complete justification of Mr. Stanley's energetic animadversions upon the general maladministration of affairs at Zanzibar by the British Consulate there so far as they were related to Dr. Livingstone. It should be a source of honest congratulation to every American that a citizen of the United States, representing one of the most widely circulated public journals of the nation,

energetically sent forward "men, not slaves," and furnished supplies by means of which, it may reasonably be expected, the explorer may proceed with his great work and accomplish the object so dear to his admirable ambition.

Dr. Livingstone's next dispatch is to Earl Granville, from Ujiji, December 18, 1871. It is almost wholly of an official nature, containing his theory, already herein set forth, of the watershed of the Nile, but contains a paragraph relating the arrival of the "Herald" expedition, which is well worthy of quotation:

"A vague rumor reached Ujiji in the beginning of last month that an Englishman had come to Unyanyembe with boats, horses, men, and goods in abundance. It was in vain to conjecture who this could be; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement, and gasped out, 'An Englishman coming; see him!' and off he ran to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the NEW YORK 'Herald,' sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of £5,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude. I had been left nearly destitute by the moral idiot Shereef selling off my goods for slaves and ivory for

himself. My condition was sufficiently forlorn, for I had but a few articles of barter left of what I had taken the precaution to leave here, in case of extreme need. The strange news Mr. Stanley had to tell to one for years out of communication with the world was quite reviving. Appetite returned, and in a week I began to feel strong. Having men and goods, and information that search for an outlet of the Tanganyika was desired by Sir Roderick Murchison, we went for a month's cruise down its northern end. This was a pleasure trip compared to the weary tramping of all the rest of my work; but an outflow we did not find."

The opening paragraph of the dispatch from which this is taken is so finely characteristic, that it should not be omitted. Dr. Livingstone began his letter to Lord Clarendon's successor in this beautifully courteous manner:

"My Lord—The despatch of Lord Clarendon, dated 31st May, 1870, came to this place on the 13th ult., and its very kindly tone and sympathy afforded me a world of encouragement. Your lordship will excuse me in saying that with my gratitude there mingled sincere sorrow that the personal friend who signed it was no more."

The last of these despatches of the explorer was the longest, and, perhaps, the most worthy of his fame. Addressed to Earl Granville, it was a clear, full statement of the prevalence of the African slave trade and a terrible denunciaton of it, together with a proposition "which," he says, "I have very much at heart—the possibility of encouraging the native

MAP OF THE WATERSHED OF AFRICA.

Christians of English settlements on the west coast of Africa, to remove, by voluntary emigration, to a healthy spot on this side the continent." There are in Zanzibar a considerable number of British subjects from India, called Banians. They are, like all British subjects, prohibited from engaging in the slave trade, but shrewdly managing to throw the responsibility upon the Arabs, they are in fact responsible for the slave trade of Zanzibar and all the horrible "slaving" of East Africa. "The Manyema cannibals," says Dr. Livingstone, in this dispatch to Earl Granville, "among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten." "Slaves are not bought," he says in another place, "in the countries to which the Banian agents proceed. Indeed it is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji 'slave trade' at all; the captives are not traded for, but murdered for, and the gangs which are dragged coastwise are usually not slaves, but captive free people." To eradicate this fearful wrong, the practical remedy proposed by the explorer in his letter to Earl Granville is encouragement by the British government to the voluntary emigration of native Christians from the English settlements of the West Coast to the East Coast. In reply to the argument of the unhealthfulness of this portion of Africa he says that the fevers are bad enough indeed, but that very much more of the disease prevailing is due to intemperance and gross licentiousness than fever. The whole dis-

patch is a demonstration of Dr. Livingstone's earnest piety, humanity, and practical sagacity. If there are some passages in it which show that his Highland blood is up, they may be attributed to a fiery hatred of injustice.

These quotations from Dr. Livingstone's letters of this important period of his life will be appropriately concluded with his letter of thanks to the editor of the "Herald":

"UJIJI, ON TANGANYIKA,
"EAST AFRICA, November, 1871.

"JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq., Jr.:—

"MY DEAR SIR—It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen—it feels so much like addressing an abstract idea—but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

"If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between four hundred and five hundred miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the woful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man reached and told on the bodily frame and depressed

it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere 'ruckle' of bones.

"There I found that some five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods which I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had "divined" on the Koran and found that I was dead. He had also written to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well, from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot, and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter cloths and beads, which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward the idea of despair had to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous that it was out of the question.

"Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumors of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite, nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and, in great excitement, gasped out, 'An Englishman coming! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was, indeed, overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours!'

The news Mr. Stanley had to tell was thrilling. The mighty political changes on the Continent; the success of the Atlantic cables; the election of General Grant, and many other topics rivited my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* of 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again.

"Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore, the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866, and information that the British government had kindly sent a thousand

pounds sterling to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letter, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with 'John Bullish' tenacity, believing that all would come right at last.

"The watershed of South Central Africa is over seven hundred miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the watershed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was, generally, groping in the dark, for who cared where the waters ran? We drank our fill and let the rest run by.

"The Portuguese who visited Cazemba asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned, until I was almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

"My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyuema, or, shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from

one to three miles broad, and never can be reached at any point or at any time of the year. Two western drains, the Lupira, or Bartle Frere's River, flow into it at Lake Kamolondo. Then the great River Lomaine flows through Lake Lincoln into it, too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile, on which Petherick traded.

"Now, I knew about six hundred miles of the watershed, and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river. Two of these run north to Egypt, Lupira and Louraine, and two run south into inner Ethiopia, as the Liambai, or upper Zambezi, and the Kafneare, but these are but the sources of the Nile mentioned by the Secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sais to Herodotus. I have heard of them so often, and at great distances off, that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family I wish to finish up by their rediscovery.

"Five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods have again unaccountably been entrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go where they lie at your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work.

"And if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources

together. Now that you have done with domestic slavery forever, lend us your powerful aid toward this great object. This fine country is blighted, as with a curse from above, in order that the slavery privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave traders.

"I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am,

"Gratefully yours,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

Dr Livingstone's plan of exploration for the future will lead him far southward of Ujiji. He will march southwestward from Unyanyembe and passing south of Tanganyika Lake traverse the country of Cazembe, and by a general circular course again reach the supposed sources of the Nile, and finish the work which was before so bravely begun and prosecuted, and so unfortunately brought to imperfect termination by reason of the neglect or incapacity of the representatives of the British government at Zanzibar.

CHAPTER XVI.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE SUCCESS OF THE HERALD ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Stanley's Despacthes to the "Herald"—They Create a Profound Sensation—The Question of the Authenticity of His Reports—Conclusive Proof Thereof—Testimony of the English Press, John Livingstone, Earl Granville, and the Queen of England Herself.

Mr. Stanley's despatches to the "Herald," as we have already seen, were sent through the London bureau of that office. The noted telegram, printed on the morning of July 2, 1872,—of which a copy has been printed on preceding pages—created a profound sensation. Followed by other cable telegrams giving reports of the newspaper reporter's journey towards Europe and his reception at Paris and elsewhere, the intelligence was received with almost as much avidity as the news which came from day to day of the late Franco-German war, or that of the attempted revolution in Paris.

But to some, the reports of Mr. Stanley's great success were incredible. There were those who did not believe he had seen Livingstone, and who did believe that his story of the meeting—with, of course, all the correspondence from Zanzibar, Unyanyembe, Ujiji, and elsewhere—was but an adroitly-devised romance, after the fashion of that of Ali Moosa, to cover up inglorious failure. It is needless now to fully state

the arguments upon which this incredulity was based. Perhaps newspaper jealousy had something to do with it. Certainly it was a matter of deep chagrin to many Englishmen that the British government, upon whose soil the sun never sets, should have been totally eclipsed by the enterprise of private citizens of a rival nationality. Then there were certain little errors—chiefly misprints and the excusable mistakes of telegraphing long despatches great distances—which were claimed by the doubting as showing that the so-called great Special Search Expedition of the "Herald" was but a magnificent hoax, after all. Moreover, the universal interest manifested in the subject, gave a splendid opportunity to adventurers, both male and female, to ventilate themselves and become public characters. Hence, those who had known Mr. Stanley as a native of Wales, and not of Missouri, or of this, that, or the other country; who knew that he had not been a correspondent as had been generally stated; and, in fine, who knew that many assertions in regard to him were untrue—these adventurers became even more numerous than the celebrated cow of the crumpled horn which originated the terrible conflagration of Chicago, and then, with miraculous self-multiplication, surpassed in number the cattle of a thousand hills, and, mournfully ruminating over her sad mishap in kicking over the kerosene lamp, became the observed of all observers in all Christian lands, and at the same instant of astronomical and clock time.

It were needless to disguise the fact, however, that the statements of those incredulous of the Search

Expedition's wonderful success, being for some time constantly iterated and reiterated through the press, had considerable effect upon the public mind, and actually left it for a period in a state of painful uncertainty in regard to the fate of the great explorer, the truth in regard to whom was earnestly desired by all intelligent persons throughout Christendom. Happily, the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's reports, and with it the recent safety of Dr. Livingstone have been placed beyond reasonable doubt by a mass of testimony against which no one can dispute who will not dispute against the sun.

Much of that testimony has already appeared in this volume, different portions in their appropriate places. These are:

1. The statement of the Hon. E. Joy Morris, Ex-Minister of the United States at Constantinople. He abundantly establishes the character of Mr. Stanley as that of a most energetic, fearless, and honest man. The first two qualities greatly enabled him to achieve success in the search expedition; the last is a sure guaranty that, had he not won success, he would not have claimed it. Mr. Morris's statement is also of value because utterly disproving and forever putting to rest a certain tissue of misrepresentations in regard to Mr. Stanley's history in Asia Minor.

2. The letters of Dr. Livingstone to Earl Granville, which were published by authority of the British government. In these letters, the African explorer not only gratefully alludes to Mr. Stanley but expressly says his despatches are entrusted to his care, because

of the great traveller's belief in Mr. Stanley's enterprise and capacity to accomplish whatever he might undertake. In one of these despatches, Dr. Livingstone also states that he had given to the custody of Mr. Stanley his journal of explorations, sealed, to be delivered to his daughter, when the commander of the Search Expedition of the "Herald" should arrive in England.

3. Upon Mr. Stanley's arrival in England, this journal was promptly forwarded to Miss Livingstone. Her acknowledgment was published in many English and American journals. It was as follows:

KELLY WEMYSS BAY, by GREENOCK,
August 6, 1872.

DEAR SIR—I write to say that I received last Saturday my father's letters and the diary which were entrusted to you by him.

I wish also to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for going in search of my father and aiding him so nobly and bringing the long-looked-for letters safely.

Believe me yours truly, AGNES LIVINGSTONE.

HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq.

4. Dr. Livingstone's letter of thanks to James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Jr., the handwriting of which was published, in *fac simile*, in the "Herald," and fully substantiated by Mr. John Livingstone, of Canada, brother of the explorer, and more familiar with him and his handwriting than any man living.

5. The letter of John Livingstone to Mr. Blake, American Consul at Hamilton, Ontario, in Canada, which was accompanied by a letter from Dr. Livingstone, proving handwriting, and forwarded to the "Herald" through the Department of State at Washington. This letter follows:

LISTOWELL, August 24, 1872.

F. N. BLAKE, Esq., United States Consul, Hamilton, Ontario:

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly oblige me by conveying in your official

pacity to Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the NEW YORK 'Herald,' and also to Mr. Stanley, the leader of the "Herald Livingstone Search Expedition," my warmest congratulations on the succeseful issue of that expedition.

Having noticed a number of articles in the public press reflecting doubts on the veracity of Mr. Stanley and the 'Herald,' I am glad to be able to say that I place the most implicit confidence in the statements of Mr. Stanley and the 'Herald.

I can also assure you that Dr. Livingstone holds the American government and people in the highest estimation, principally on account of the late abolition of slavery in the United States, and I trust that his persistent efforts to check the nefarious traffic in slaves in Africa will be crowned with success.

I am, yours respectfully, JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

6. The Royal Geographical Society of London, fully persuaded of the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's reports, tendered him a formal reception at Brighton. The meeting occurred and caused a great deal of comment.

7. The Sovereign of England has herself on more than one occasion tendered special honors to Mr. Stanley on account of his success in finding Dr. Livingstone.

Evidence like this is not to be shaken by the asseverations of penny-a-liners. It must be regarded by the candid as absolutely conclusive. Such, it is believed, would be the result, had Mr. Stanley been a British subject instead of an American citizen. As the fact is, the case for the "Herald" Expedition is almost immeasurably stronger. It was a matter of profound chagrin to most of the English people that an American enterprise should be successful in the search for one of the most illustrious of Englishmen, whilst English expeditions should have failed. Under such circumstances, Mr. Stanley's proofs had to be absolutely unassailable and his credentials unanswerably satisfactory, or they would not have been re-

ceived at all. Both majesty and ministry would have given the commander of the American enterprise the coldest possible shoulder. Instead, they crowned him with laurels. The only conclusion with reasonable minds must be that the "Herald" expedition was a splendid success, and further doubt of it can only be a stupid and cruel skepticism.*

* It is not believed that anything further is needed to convince the public of what most of the intelligent public is already convinced; but it may be well to place on record the statements of a number of prominent journals of the world, and reference to the action of certain learned societies.

On July 4th, 1872, the Lodon "Morning Post" said:

"Far surpassing everything of local import in interest just now is the information afforded by the New York 'Herald' to the London press of the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Far surpassing everything which has been hitherto achieved by journalistic enterprise is the discovery of the great African explorer—concerning whose fate the peoples of every civilized State in the world have been anxious for many years—by the special correspondent of a daily newspaper commissioned to find him. We are accustomed to laugh on this side of the Atlantic at the rage which prevails for a knowledge of what are classed as 'big things' among our American kinsmen; but it is not only with a feeling of satisfaction, but also of kindred pride, that we express our admiration of this wonderful undertaking, which was conceived and has been carried to such a successful issue by the proprietor of our New York contemporary."

The London "Telegraph" of the same date says:

"Yesterday we, in company with the whole people of Britain, listened to the narration of the outlines of a tale describing the accomplishment of a work as daring in its execution as that of Vasco de Gama, as solitary in its accompaniment as that of Robinson Crusoe, and quite as romantic in its progress as that of Marco Polo. The mind delights to realize, even in imagination, the moment when the gallant and indefatigable Stanley won his way in front of his little band of followers—making up in noise what it lacked in numbers—to the outskirts of Ujiji, and we must, all of us, envy the republic of the United States the fact that the American flag was carried proudly at the head of his force in happy agreement, and that under the banner of the Stars and Stripes he afforded succor to the lonely Briton."

And thus the London "Daily News:"

"The extraordinary narrative which has just been communicated to the world by the New York 'Herald' supplies one of the most exciting stories which civilization has had since the revelation of the startling truths of Bruce. Mr. Stanley gives to his collation a somewhat picturesque coloring, but the grand

fact remains that he found Livingstone notwithstanding, and not, as Sir Henry Rawlinson conjectured lately, that Livingstone found Stanley. It is not easy to imagine an enterprise more full of toil and peril than this strange journey of the lonely American, attended, to be sure, by a small but reluctant escort, in the hitherto trackless wilds of Africa and among people of native tribes of unknown names. It is wholly impossible not to admire the daring and perseverance which the American discovery has crowned with triumph."

Said the Edinburgh (Scotland) "Courant:"

"It is long since the columns of a newspaper have contained so vividly romantic and so startlingly wonderful a story as that which has just been told to us of the fortunes that befell Mr. Stanley in his quest after Livingstone, and of the most strange circumstances under which the object of that quest was fulfilled The whole narrative reads, indeed, more like a forgotten episode from the travels of some Marco Polo or Vasco de Gama than, as it is, a truthful and unvarnished extract from the severe chronicle of nineteenth century fact."

This brief extract from the London "Globe" of July 9:

"The final discovery of Dr. Livingstone would seem to have been a bitter disappointment to a large class of his fellow countrymen. The doubt and mystery which hung around his fate promised to produce a perennial stream of quasi-scientific gossip, and to yield an endless crop of letters to the 'Times.' As it is, those 'interested' in the matter are reduced to patching the rags of the worn out controversy."

The London "Times" of July 15th contained a long letter from Mr. Charles Beke in which he fully answers a number of criticisms upon the Livingstone-Stanley despatches, the said criticisms having originated in British chagrin, not altogether inexcusable, at the fine success of the American enterprise. That great journal of July 27th editorially says:

"To the enterprise of an American newspaper we are indebted for trustworthy information that Dr. Livingstone still lives and prosecutes his unexampled researches."

The London "Advertiser" of the date last mentioned also published a long leading article upon the subject, beginning:

"In another column we publish the first letter from Dr. Livingstone which has been received in England. By the energy of the proprietor of the New York 'Herald' the great English traveller has been found and succored at a moment when he seemed to be upon his 'last legs.' In his own words, when Stanley arrived at Ujiji 'he thought he was dying upon his feet.'"

The London "Standard" of July 26th remarked with emphasis:

"All doubts concerning the *bona fides* of Mr. Stanley's narratives of his adventures in Africa will now be laid at rest by the arrival of Dr. Livingstone's letters. We shall, apparently, have to wait a little for the publication of the geographical despatches, as the report of an intended meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday for the purpose of hearing them read is unfounded. But it is satisfactory to feel that even the very faint suspicions cast on the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's story are dissipated, and that we may absolutely rely

upon the information which that gallant and triumphant traveller has brought home."

The Manchester (England) "Guardian" of July 29th, in an elaborate article in criticism of the English authorities because they had not organized a successful expedition, and had given the great explorer just cause for complaint, says the subject is one "which can be matter of no agreeable examination for any Englishman." And it concludes:

"Our magnificently equipped expedition did simply nothing; and it was reserved for Mr. Stanley, after his return to the coast, to organize a caravan with stores for Dr. Livingstone. 'Before we left Zanzibar,' says Mr. New, 'a caravan numbering fifty-seven men was packed, signed, sealed, addressed, and despatched, like so many packets of useful commodities, to the service and succor of Dr. Livingstone.' What says England to all this?"

The Leeds (England) "Mercury" of the date last mentioned remarks:

"The success of Mr. Stanley in his search for Dr. Livingstone is one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of newspaper enterprise. The expedition was an unprecedented one, and when it was first reported in this country there were few who did not laugh at it as a Yankee notion, conceived and started for the glorification of the New York 'Herald' and to gratify the vanity of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The result has shown not only how little there was to laugh at, but how much there was to admire in such a project."

The journals of continental Europe were not less emphatic in awarding unmixed praise to the successful expedition of the American journal, and Geographical Societies, from Italy to Russia, awarded gold medals to Mr. Stanley in recognition of his services in behalf of geographical knowledge.

By this array of irresistible testimony—and even more will be forthcoming in natural order in the account of Mr. Stanley's reception in Europe—the most of American journals acknowledged the success of the expedition, and awarded unstinted praise to the "Herald." To clinch the conclusive testimony already adduced, however, and leave no possible room for doubt, it may be well to bring forth witnesses of the highest station, not even excepting the Queen of England herself.

Earl Granville, upon the receipt of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, forwarded from Paris by Mr. Stanley, directed an official acknowledgement, which was as follows.

"FOREIGN OFFICE, August 1, 1872.

"SIR—I am directed by Earl Granville to acknowledge the receipt of a package containing letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone, which you were good enough to deliver to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris for transmission to this department, and I am to convey to you His Lordship's thanks for taking charge of these interesting documents.

"I am, your most obedient, humble servant,

"ENFIELD.

"HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq."

And on the next day Earl Granville himself wrote the following letter:

"AUGUST 2, 1872.

SIR—I was not aware until you mentioned it that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July; but, in consequence of what you have said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammmond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wyld, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed.

"I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.

"I am, sir, your obedient,

"GRANVILLE.

"HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq."

As if all this were not enough we have the testimony of the Queen's speech, delivered for Queen Victoria by commission, on the occasion of the prorogation of Parliament, on Saturday, August 10, 1872. The Queen said: "My government has taken steps intended to prepare the way for dealing more effectually with the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa." The London "Times" of the following Monday, in commenting on this portion of Her Majesty's speech, said:

"This paragraph is the most significant part of the throne speech, and we suppose it is not an error to connect the announcement which has just been made by Her Majesty with the recent discovery of Dr. Livingstone and the despatches to the Foreign Office brought by Mr. Stanley, of the New York 'Herald,' from the great traveller."

It would be impossible, it is believed, to more completely demonstrate the hearty acknowledgement of the British government of the success of the American enterprise; an acknowledgment which no earthly power but that of unanswerable truth could have compelled that government to make.

GIRAFFES TAKING EXERCISE.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. STANLEY'S RECEPTION IN EUROPE.

Mr. Stanley is Everywhere Received with Marked Attention—Reception at Paris—In London—The Brighton Banquet—Honors from the Queen of England.

It is now time again to take up the further adventures of Mr. Stanley, and follow him upon his long journey back to the abode of civilization. From Zanzibar he sailed across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, whence he transmitted despatches announcing the success which had crowned his long labors and journeyings. It was this intelligence, transmitted so fully through the London office of the New York "Herald," which so gratifyingly startled the world about the time of the anniversary of American independence in 1872. From Bombay, Mr. Stanley proceeded to Europe by way of the Suez canal, reaching Aden, southwestern Arabia, July 11; Port Said, the head of the Suez canal on the 18th; and arrived at Marseilles in France on the 24th. Here he was received with kindest welcome, and to some extent besieged by gentlemen of his own profession, who transmitted to their journals accounts of his doings. At Paris a few days afterwards he was received with exhilerating hospitality by the American residents of the city, and was greatly lionized generally. Breakfasting with Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, American Minister, he there met among other distinguished

guests, General William T. Sherman, the commanding officer of the army of the United States, about completing a tour of Europe and the Levant. The General occupied much of the time in examining Mr. Stanley's maps, and discharging some of his fund of caustic humour on the prevalence of the East African slave trade. On July 30th, Minister Washburne and many other Americans in Paris extended a formal invitation to Mr. Stanley to meet them at a banquet where they might in a body testify their "high appreciation of the indomitable courage, energy, and perseverence which crowned with such brilliant success your efforts to find Dr. Livingstone, as well as to express their sense of the enterprise and liberality of the New York 'Herald' in sending you forth on such an extraordinary mission."

Mr. Stanley's reply to this cordial invitation was so modest, so happily expressed, that it is worthy of a place here:

HOTEL DU HELDER, PARIS, July 30, 1872.

GENTLEMEN—I have received your letter of this date, asking me to accept the compliment of a dinner from my compatriots and friends now resident in Paris, to be given in acknowledgment of the "enterprise and liberality of the New York Herald" in sending out an expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone, as well as of the extraordinary good fortune and perfect success which, under Providence, attended the footsteps of the expedition I had the honor to command. Gentlemen, believe me, I am deeply conscious of the great honor you would do me, and through me not only to the journal I have the pleasure of serving, but to the patient, resolute, brave and Christian gentleman whom I left in Central Africa. I therefore gladly accept your invitation, and shall be pleased to meet you July 31 at any house or place that may be deemed most convenient. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient and humble servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

To His Excellency E. B. WASHBURNE, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, and many others.

The meeting was one of great enjoyment. The

PACIFIC LUTHERAN
THEOLOGICAL

American Minister, after a happy speech, richly flavored with American allusions, proposed the guest of the evening—"Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of the discoverer: we honor him for his courage, energy, and fidelity. We rejoice in the triumphant success of his mission, which has gained him imperishable renown and conferred additional credit on the American name." To this the traveller responded felicitously, and was specially eloquent when speaking of the great explorer of Africa. A number of distinguished gentlemen—artists, journalists, public men—addressed the meeting. The assemblage adjourned at a late hour, Mr. Stanley strongly impressed with the difference between a Parisian banquet and an African supper of manioc and hippopotamus. Other like honors flew upon him, thick and fast. From scientific and literary bodies and from distinguished persons he received invitations to accept which would have occupied him a year. These things do not go to the author of a hoax, however magnificent.

The traveller-correspondent could not long remain at the fashionable metropolis, and at once departed for England. His reception in England was most cordial on the part of most intelligent persons, but there was a feeling of national chagrin, if one may so speak, on account of the discovery of Dr. Livingstone having been brought about through American enterprise, which vented itself in no little carping criticism and the discharge of British atrabilariousness. Hence at once originated that skepticism in regard to the discovery of the great explorer which continued to

becloud some minds and journals for a number of weeks. But the publication of Dr. Livingstone's several official despatches—already largely quoted from in this work—and the prompt production of other evidence, heretofore mentioned, brought the English people quite generally to an acknowledgment of the truth. At the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which convened at Brighton, August 14th, W. B. Carpenter, LL.D., in the chair, Mr. Stanley's successful mission was handsomely mentioned. He was twice compelled to rise, in acknowledgment of calls and cheers. Ex-Emperor Napoleon III. of France, was present and joined in the applause. Here at another meeting, Mr. Stanley read a paper on Tanganyika Lake, which was greatly praised. About this time there are meetings of many scientific associations at Brighton, to all of which Mr. Stanley was invited. On the occasion of what has been called "the Brighton Banquet," it being a dinner given to the British Association by the Brighton and Sussex Medical Society, Mr. Stanley appeared late in the evening, and, being soon called out, responded to some remarks of a previous speaker in such way as to create some feeling. Good nature at last prevailed, and harmony was restored among the English savants.

But his honors in England did not stop below the recognition of his fine success by royalty itself. Early in September he was invited to an interview with Queen Victoria, and afterwards dined with her and the members of the royal family present at Balmoral. Upon this occasion the Queen is reported to

have expressed to him in the most warm and friendly terms her congratulations on the successful result of the American enterprise in furnishing intelligence of the English traveller in Africa, his condition of health, his discoveries, and his hopes for the future previous to his return to Great Britain.

Mr. Stanley could hardly be left in a happier situation than partaking of a right royal dinner with Her Majesty of England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SLAVE TRADE OF EAST AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone's Letter upon the Subject to Mr. Bennett—Compares the Slave Trade with Piracy on the High Seas—Natives of Interior Africa Average Specimens of Humanity—Slave Trade Cruelties—Deaths from Broken Hearts—The Need of Christian Civilization—British Culpability.

While waiting for supplies in Unyanyembe, Dr. Livingstone wrote a second letter to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which was principally devoted to the slave trade of East Africa, to greatly aid in the abolition of which would be more gratifying to the explorer's ambition than to discover all the sources of the Nile. This might well be supposed from what has already been quoted from Dr. Livingstone's despatches to his government; but inasmuch as he here directly appeals to the American people, this volume would be incomplete without the remarkable and most thrillingly interesting statements of the letter in question. They were sent by cable telegram from London and appeared in the "Herald" newspaper of July 27, 1872:

"At present let me give a glimpse of the slave trade, to which the search and discovery of most of the Nile fountains have brought me face to face. The whole traffic, whether by land or ocean, is a gross outrage on the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the evils it inflicts, presents almost insurmountable obstacles

to intercourse between different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, partly to the ignorance of the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on more degraded piracy on the high seas. (*sic.*) It was once as common as slave trading is now, but as it became thoroughly known the whole civilized world rose against it.

"In now trying to make Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming yet when slavery as well as piracy will be chased from the world. Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and authors of its atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate the more favored races, are fair average specimens of the African man. Our ideas are derived from slaves of the west coast, who have for ages been subject to domestic bondage and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and the rum trade have ruined their moral natures so as not to discriminate the difference of the monstrous injustice.

"The main body of the population is living free in the interior, under their own chiefs and laws, cultivating their own farms, catching fish in their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forest, which, in more recent continents, can only be reached in rocky strata or under peren-

nial ice. Winwood Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large, round, black eyes, full, luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the west coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in. The slaves generally, and especially those on the west coast, at Zanzibar and elsewhere, are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their color; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets they are black and feels they are just fellow-men; but the low, retreating forehead, prognathous jaws, lark-heels and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West African negroes, always awaken some feelings of aversion akin to those with which we view specimens of the Bill Sykes and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which it is already sunk, but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives on nearly all the high lands of the interior Continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

"I happened to be present when all the head men of the great Chief Msama—who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika—had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded finely with the well-shaped heads. Msama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and con-

quering in his younger days. He was exactly like the Ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others, and he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called pombe, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bulbous below the ribs.' I do not know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Msama was the only specimen of a 'bloated aristocrat' on whom I ever set eyes.

"Many of the women are very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately the dears could not change charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well shaped forms and small hands and feet, but must adorn themselves, and this they do by filing splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile like that of crocodile ornaments, scarce. They are not black, but of light, warm brown color, and so very sisterish, if I may use the word, it feels an injury done one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi*, or wing of the nose of the anatomists.

"Cazembe's Queen, Moaria Nyombe by name, would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage, near the tip of her fine, slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of two of the front of her superb snow-white teeth, and then, what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to

know go see her. She was carried to her farm in a pony phæton, which is a sort of throne, fastened on two very long poles and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take the Punch motto of Cazembe —'Niggers don't require to be shot here'—as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense.

"Now, these people, so like ourselves externally, have brave, genuine human souls. Rua, large sections of country northwest of Cazembe, but still in same inland region, is peopled with men very like those of Wsama and Cazembe. An Arab, Syed Ben Habib, was sent to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as Arabs usually do where natives have no guns, Syed Ben Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed the elder brother slept in a white tent, and, pitching spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive blood, the younger brother forthwith 'ran a muck' on all indiscriminately in a large district.

"Let it not be supposed any of these people are, like American Indians, insatiable, blood-thirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or entertain terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ba Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up.

"The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was

guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely they would have stipulated no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator, the domestic slave acting under his orders being considered free of blame.

"I know nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated African from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped, but that is more than human nature, civilized or savage, can bear. In the chase in question indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured and secured in chains and wooden yokes.

"I came near the party of Syed Ben Habib, close to a point where a huge rent in the Mountain of Rua allows the escape of the great river Lualaba out of Lake Moora, and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the difference between slaves and freemen made captive. When fairly across the Lualaba, Syed Ben Habib thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared joy and a perfect willingness to follow Syed to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear of two mountains.

"Many more, seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they

pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe the heart situated underneath the top of the sternum, or breast bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently die of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat.

"I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and, as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path The captors are not unusually cruel. They were callous. Slaving hardened their hearts.

"When Syed, an old friend of mine, crossed Lualaba, he heard I was in the village, where a company of slave traders were furiously assaulted for three days by justly incensed Bobemba. I would not fight nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because Bobemba had been especially kind to me. Syed sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slavery hardens within, petrifies the feelings, is bad for the victims and ill for the victimizers. Once, it is said, a party of twelve, who had been slaves in their own country—Cunda or Conda, of which Cazemba is chief or general—were loaded with large, heavy yokes, which were forked trees, about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long, the neck inserted in the fork and an iron bar driven across one end of the fork to the other and riveted to the other end, tied at night to the tree or ceiling of the hut, and the neck being fi, m

in the fork and the slave held off from unloosing it, was excessively troublesome to the wearer, and, when marching, two yokes were tied together by tree ends and loads put on the slaves' heads beside.

"A woman, having an additional yoke and load, and a child on her back, said to me on passing, 'They are killing me. If they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with three loads.' The one who spoke this did die; poor little girl! Her child perished of starvation.

"I interceded some, but when unyoked off they bounded into the long grass, and I was greatly blamed for not caring in presence of the owners of the property.

"After the day's march under a broiling, vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest were exhausted. The party of twelve, above mentioned, were sitting down singing and laughing. 'Hallo,' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly. This must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state;' and I went and asked the cause of their mirth.

"I had asked aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word 'Rukha,' which usually means fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, inflicting disease or death, and the song was: 'Yes, we going away to Manga, abroad, or white man's land, with yoke on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death, and shall return and haunt and kill you.' Chorus then struck in, which was the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no

bitterness. Tarembee, an old man, at least one hundred and four years, being one of the sellers, in accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him.

"The refrain was as if:—'Oh! oh! oh! bird of freedom, you sold me.' 'Oh! oh! oh! I shall haunt you! Oh! oh! oh!' Laughter told not of mirth, but of tears, such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

"If I am permitted," says Dr. Livingstone in concluding the subject of the slave trade, "in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen this great human woe than to discover the sources of the Nile."

The moral degradation of these people is only to be reached and cured, in the deliberate judgment of the explorer-missionary, through the means of Christian civilization. "The religion of Christ," he says with emphasis, "is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any other, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better than any outside the pale." The great end of placing the numerous tribes of East and Central Africa under the pure and elevating morality of the Christian religion cannot be successful until the suppression of the inhuman slave trade, which has its headquarters at Zanzibar, shall have been accomplished. It would be unjust to for-

get that Great Britain has done much, very much, for the suppression of this terrible traffic in other portions of the globe. It would be unjust to charge the government of Great Britain with intentional criminality in this case. But it stands proved, by the failure of English expeditions to find Dr. Livingstone, and by his own positive, earnest testimony, now that an American expedition has succeeded in discovering him, that it is the subjects of the British monarchy who are responsible for the existence of the slave trade of Zanzibar and all the nameless horrors of the interior resulting therefrom. The moral culpability, by reason of neglect—not to put the case too strongly—of the British government is therefore made manifest; and of this great national turpitude that government must stand convicted before the bar of Christendom.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM OF AFRICA,

Some Account of the Beasts, Birds, Reptiles, and Insects of Africa—Livingstone's Opinion of the Lion—Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, etc.—Wild Animals Subject to Disease—Remarkable Hunting Explorations—Cumming Slays more than One Hundred Elephants—Du Chaillu and the Gorilla—Thrilling Incidents—Vast Plains Covered with Game—Forests Filled with Birds—Immense Serpents—The Python of South Africa—Ants and other Insects.

No portion of the globe is so productive of wild animals as Africa. There animal life is more extensive, if we may so say, and more varied than anywhere else. The domestic animals of that continent are not to such extent different from those of other parts of the world as to merit special mention, with the exception of the camel, without whose aid a large portion of the country would be not only uninhabitable but untraversable. The invaluable services which this patient but obstinate beast of burden renders to the inhabitants of Northern Africa are known to all men. In northern Africa and in the central portions, horses are numerous and many of them of excellent breeds. Here and in many parts of South Africa, there are many cattle, used as beasts of burden and for beef. Some of them are noted for the prodigious size of their horns. Sheep abound in some portions of the continent, but in South Africa the flocks are composed almost entirely of goats, which

NATIVE KILLING A PYTHON.

subsist better on the dry herbs of the dessert, yield more milk, and are considered more palatable food.

But in respect to wild beasts—all kinds of "game" as the sportsman would say—Africa, as has been said by Mr. John Bonner, "may be called the region of animal life, since there are more than twice the number of species in it than in the other quarters of the globe." Here are found, in immense numbers, all those kinds of animals which fill the strong cages of the menageries of Europe and America, of parks, and zoological gardens, and many more besides. Here are the most abject and degraded specimens of mankind and the most sagacious and lordly wild animals. Here are the most beautiful and gentle of birds and the most venomous and terrible serpents and reptiles. Here are small insects whose attacks are fatal to many useful animals, and others—the devouring locusts—which in a single day devastate vast sections of country.

The lion, so long regarded as the king of beasts, is found in most parts of interior Africa. We have already seen that Dr. Livingstone's opinion of this beast is not very exalted. It is certainly inferior to the African leopard both in beauty and courage. In strength and prowess this latter animal is not inferior to the Asiatic tiger. The hippopotamus, supposed to be the Behemoth of Job, is found in nearly all the rivers of Central and South Africa and the Nile. His body is often as large as that of a full-grown elephant. A noted African hunter killed one with a single ball, which was six feet broad across the belly. The skin of an adult hippopotamus, accord-

ing to Du Chaillu, who shot several and stuffed one, is from one and a-half to two inches thick, and extremely solid and tough—quite bullet-proof, in fact, except in a few thinner spots, as behind the ear and near the eyes. It is devoid of hair with the exception of a few short bristly hairs in the tail, and a few scattered tufts near the muzzle. The color of the skin is a clayey yellow, assuming a roseate hue under the belly. After death, the animal becomes a dull brownish color. It is successfully hunted by the natives of east equatorial Africa, who approach within a few feet of it, fire their "slugs" at his eye and then run for dear life; for if the animal be not killed the hunter surely will be. Cumming, the most successful of African Nimrods, once slew some ten hippopotami in the course of a couple of days, and secured the carcasses of most of them, dragging them with oxen to which were attached strong cables fastened to the beasts. The bagging of several tons of edible game—the meat of the beast is described by some as like beef, by others as like pork—in a day or two could not be accomplished elsewhere than in Africa.

Most of the perennial rivers and even small streams of a few feet depth abound in crocodiles. Those of South Africa, whose nature and habits are described by Dr. Livingstone and Cumming, are a different species from the crocodile of the Nile, one of the sacred animals of the Egyptians. They are as great in size, however, and, perhaps, greater in voracity. Their great numbers, particularly in the waters of equatorial Africa, are astonishing. The natives hunt them, going in canoes and using a sort of harpoon,

with which the stout armour, elsewhere impenetrable, of the animal is pierced behind the legs. The natives are fond of the flesh. Though a full grown crocodile will weigh as much as an ox, there is not much flesh that is edible. Cumming shot one more than twenty feet in length in a stream not more than twelve feet wide. "On our return to Damagondai's town," says Du Chaillu, "as we were paddling along, I perceived in the distance ahead a beautiful deer, looking meditatively into the waters of the lagoon, of which from time to time it took a drink. I stood up to get a shot, and we approached with the utmost silence. But just as I raised my gun to fire, a crocodile leaped out of the water, and, like a flash, dove back again with the struggling animal in his powerful jaws. So quickly did the beast take his prey that though I fired at him I was too late. I would not have believed that this huge and unwieldy animal could move with such velocity; but the natives told me that the deer often falls prey to the crocodile. Sometimes he even catches the leopard, but then there is a harder battle than the poor little deer could make."

The rhinoceros, formerly found on the slopes of Table Mountain, has now been driven far into the interior of South Africa, but here these huge animals, second only to the elephant and hippopotamus in bulk, are found along all the streams and in the neighborhood of fountains and pools of water. Dr. A. Smith in his "Zoology of South Africa" makes three species of rhinoceros. The great hunter, Cumming, describes what he considers as four different

kinds.* Dr. Livingstone, however, asserts that there are but two species—the white and the black—insisting that all the species made by naturalists beyond

* He says: Of the rhinoceros there are four varieties in South Africa distinguished by the Bechuanas by the names of the borèlé, or black rhinoceros, the keitloa, or two-horned black rhinoceros, the muchocho, or common white rhinoceros, and the kobaoba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed by the Bechuanas. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the wait-a-bit thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished with constant rubbing against the trees. The skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be separated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking cups, mallets for rifles, handles for turner's tools, etc., etc. The horn is capable of a very high polish. The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, and do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keeps to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated by bullets hardened with solder. During the day the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger. The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plowing up the ground for several yards with its horns, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. The rhinoceros is supposed by many, and by myself among the rest, to be the animal alluded to by Job, chap. xxxix., verses 10 and 11, where it is written, "Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him?" evidently alluding to an animal possessed of great strength and of untamable disposition, for both of which the rhinoceros is remarkable. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in mud, with which their rugged hides are generally incrusted.—*Adventures in South Africa*, I. pp. 215–16.

these two are based on mere differences in size, age, and direction of horns, all which vary much in each variety. The rhinoceros has a "guardian spirit" in the rhinoceros-bird, his constant companion and devoted friend.* Those of the black species are very wary, fierce, and difficult to take. Their flesh is tough also, whilst that of the white rhinoceros is fat, tender, and, to the South African tribes, delicious. He is of a comparatively gentle spirit also, and more easily found and dispatched.

But the most interesting of the wild animals of Africa is the elephant, which, as is well known, is in several respects different from the elephant of Asia. His ears are larger, and the formation of his tough,

* These singular birds are thus described by Cumming :—These rhinoceros-birds are constant attendants upon the hippopotamus and the four varieties of rhinoceros, their object being to feed upon the ticks and other parasitic insects that swarm upon these animals. They are of a grayish color and are nearly as large as a common thrush; their voice is very similar to that of the mistletoe thrush. Many a time have these ever-watchful birds disappointed me in my stalk, and tempted me to invoke an anathema upon their devoted heads. They are the best friends the rhinoceros has, and rarely fail to awaken him even in his soundest nap. "Chukuroo" perfectly understands their warning, and, springing to his feet, he generally first looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros, they ascended about six feet into the air uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chukuroo from his deep sleep.—*Ibid.*, 292–3.

elastic feet is very different. His tusks also are larger and he reaches a greater size than the Asiatic elephant. He has been found in nearly all parts of interior Africa which have been explored, and to this day may be seen from vessels sailing along the West Coast near the equator, as he comes down to the sea to bathe his ponderous body. These animals are found in troops, varying in number from a few to several hundred. At times different troops have been seen together, whose heavy tread, in escaping, would make the earth tremble. They are exceedingly delicate as to their food, of which, however, they require immense quantities. Docile by nature, they are wonderfully fearful of man, whom, with a favorable wind, they can scent at a great distance; but in defence of their young or when attacked they fight with the greatest courage and effect. The elephant is unquestionably recognized by all animals of the forest as their undoubted master. They often retain life long after being mortally wounded, and when about to die, the agony of the dissolution of such an immense physical system forces tears from their eyes, but they expire without convulsions and in heroic silence. It might almost appear that their predominating feeling is that of sorrow that the vast forests through which they have roamed for years—perhaps a century—shall know them no more. It is difficult to believe one can kill these sublime animals, for gain alone, unless he be, at bottom, a genuine scoundrel.

It is doubtless different, however, when the gratification of the sporting propensity is the impelling

motive. It was this which carried the Scottish hunter, Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, into the interior of South Africa, only about two years after the arrival there of Dr. Livingstone, and where he remained, hunting elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, hippopotami camelopards, and other great game, for the period of nearly five years. Mr. Cumming's "Adventures in South Africa" were published, if my memory does not err, in the year 1850. They were speedily republished in America, and were at first received with no little incredulity, as, by the way, most accounts of adventures in Africa, from Mungo Park to Stanley, have been. Adventures there appear to be naturally incredible to the rest of the world. It is as it is with respect to the rebuilding of Chicago; no one believes it all until he sees it all, and after that he can believe that almost anything is within the power of man's spirit of enterprise once fully aroused.* The

*We cannot all go to Africa, but the testimony of Dr. Livingstone, who received visits from this hunter every year during the five years of his warfare with wild animals, will be regarded as conclusive upon the general truthfulness of Mr. Cumming's reports. Dr. Livingstone says:

As the guides of Mr. Cumming were furnished through my influence, and usually got some strict charges as to their behavior before parting, looking upon me in the light of a father, they always came to give me an account of their service, and told most of those hunting-adventures which have since been given to the world, before we had the pleasure of hearing our friend relate them himself by our own fireside. I had thus a tolerably good opportunity of testing their accuracy, and I have no hesitation in saying that, for those who love that sort of thing, Mr. Cumming's book conveys a truthful idea of South African hunting. Some things in it require explanation, but the numbers of animals said to have been met with and killed are by no means improbable, considering the amount of large game then in the country. Two other gentlemen hunting in the same region destroyed in one season no fewer than seventy-eight rhinoceroses alone. Sportsmen, however, would not now find an equal number; for, as guns are introduced among the tribes, all these fine animals melt away

incredulity in regard to Mr. Cumming's wonderful success in securing great game in Africa has long since passed away, and his narrative is now regarded as altogether trustworthy. He remained in Africa, hunting, the greater part of five years. During this time he slew more than one hundred elephants, besides those, mortally wounded, which escaped. He was equally successful with the camelopard, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, buffalo, eland, and the great variety of antelope which live in South Africa in countless numbers. One of his first adventures with large animals was with a troop of camelopards. It is thus graphically described:

"We halted beside a glorious fountain, the name of which was Massouey, but I at once christened it 'the Elephant's own Fountain.' This was a very remarkable spot on the southern border of endless elephant forests, at which I had at length arrived. The fountain was deep and strong, situated in a hollow at the eastern extremity of an extensive vley, and its margin was surrounded by a level stratum of solid old red sandstone. Here and there lay a thick layer of soil upon the rock, and this was packed flat with the fresh spoor of elephants. Around the water's edge the very rock was worn down by the gigantic feet which for ages had trodden there. We drew up the wagons on a hillock on the eastern side of the water. I had just cooked my breakfast, and commenced to

like snow in spring. In the more remote districts, where fire-arms have not yet been introduced, with the single exception of the rhinoceros the game is to be found in numbers much greater than Mr. Cumming ever saw.—*Researches in South Africa*, 169-70.

feed, when I heard my men exclaim, 'Almagtig keek de ghroote clomp cameel;' and raising my eyes from my sassayby stew, I beheld a truly beautiful and very unusual scene. From the margin of the fountain there extended an open level vley, without a tree or bush, that stretched away about a mile to the northward, where it was bounded by extensive groves of wide-spreading mimosas. Up the middle of this vley stalked a troop of ten colossal giraffes, flanked by two large herds of blue wildebeests and zebras, with an advanced guard of pallahs. They were all coming to the fountain to drink, and would be within rifle-shot of the wagons before I could finish my breakfast. I, however, continued to swallow my food with the utmost expedition, having directed my men to catch and saddle 'Colesberg.' In a few minutes the giraffes were slowly advancing within two hundred yards, stretching their graceful necks, and gazing in wonder at the unwonted wagons. Grasping my rifle, I now mounted 'Colesberg,' and rode slowly toward them. They continued gazing at the wagons until I was within one hundred yards of them, when, whisking their long tails over their rumps, they made off at an easy canter. As I pressed upon them they increased their pace; but 'Colesberg' had much the speed of them, and before we had proceeded half a mile I was riding by the shoulder of a dark-chestnut old bull, whose head towered high above the rest. Letting fly at the gallop, I wounded him behind the shoulder; soon after which I broke him from the herd, and presently going ahead of him, he came to a stand. I then gave him a second bullet, somewhere near the

first. These two shots had taken effect, and he was now in my power, but I would not lay him low so far from camp; so, having waited until he had regained his breath, I drove him half way back toward the wagons. Here he became obstreperous; so loading one barrel, and pointing my rifle toward the clouds, I shot him in the throat, when, rearing high, he fell backward and expired. This was a magnificent specimen of the giraffe, measuring upward of eighteen feet in height. I stood for nearly half an hour engrossed in the contemplation of his extreme beauty and gigantic proportions; and, if there had been no elephants, I could have exclaimed, like Duke Alexander of Gordon when he killed the famous old stag with seventeen tine, 'Now I can die happy.' But I longed for an encounter with the noble elephants, and I thought little more of the giraffe than if I had killed a gemsbok or an eland."

And in another place he describes his second success with the camelopard:

"We now bent our steps homeward. We had not ridden many miles when we observed a herd of fifteen camelopards browsing quietly in an open glade of the forest. After a very severe chase, in the course of which they stretched out into a magnificent widely extended front, keeping their line with a regularity worthy of a troop of dragoons, I succeeded in separating a fine bull, upward of eighteen feet in height, from the rest of the herd, and brought him to the ground within a short distance of the camp. The Bechuanas expressed themselves delighted at my success. They kindled a fire and slept beside the car-

cass, which they very soon reduced to bil-tongue and marrow-bones."

Mr. Cumming's first successful encounter with elephants was one of the most exciting of all. It is thus related:

"Having followed the spoor for a short distance, old Mutchuisho became extremely excited, and told me that we were close to the elephants. Two or three men quickly ascended the tallest trees that stood near us, but they could not see the elephants. Mutchuisho then extended men to the right and left, while we continued on the spoor.

"In a few minutes one of those who had gone off to our left came running breathless to say that he had seen the mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Issac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Kleinboy was to assist me in the chase. I bared my arms to the shoulder, and, having imbibed a draught of aqua pura from the calabash of one of the spoorers, I grasped my trusty two-grooved rifle, and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming, 'Klow!' and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance. I rode slowly toward them, and, as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and, tossing their trunks, wheeled right about and made off in one direction, crashing through the forest and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I

was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, who assisted me in the pursuit.

"The distance I had come, and the difficulties I had undergone to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that on this occasion at least I would do my duty, and, dashing my spurs into 'Sunday's' ribs, I was very soon much too close in their rear for safety. The elephants now made an inclination to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls; four of them were full-grown, first-rate elephants; the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet arrived at perfect stature. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest, and for a few seconds I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when, suddenly, the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly. Cantering alongside, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and, uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

"When he pulled up in his charge, I likewise halted; and as he slowly turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulder, 'Sunday' capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to

my assistance which had been following the other elephants, and on their coming up and barking another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot; but, although the elephant turned repeatedly, 'Sunday' invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and, springing from the saddle, approached the elephant under cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet in the side of the head, when, trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from whom he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head toward me. I walked up very near, and, as he was in the act of charging (being in those days under wrong impressions as to the impracticability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead), stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury—an effect which, I had remarked, shots in the head invariably produced; and, continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant-hunting forever. A large party of the Bechuanas who had come up yelled out simultaneously, imagining I was killed, for the elephant was at one moment

almost on the top of me; I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging round the bushy trees.

"The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more alongside. He kept crashing along at a steady pace, with blood streaming from his wounds. It was long before I again fired, for I was afraid to dismount, and 'Sunday' was extremely troublesome. At length I fired sharp right and left from the saddle: he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me. Among these was Mollyeon, who volunteered to help; and being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

"The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, and therefore at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot. Riding up to him, I dismounted and, approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me; but I was now very reckless of his

charges, for I saw that he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling I was loaded, and, again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent 'Sunday' flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance. Having loaded, I drew near and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions, most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near Again I loaded and fired my last shot behind his shoulder: on receiving it, he turned round the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran round to give the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side, and his spirit had fled."

Such is a specimen of the "sport" which the wilds of Africa offer to the ambitious hunter. That it is in some respects rather serious sport may be imagined from the description as well as from Mr. Cumming's statement of his losses during his four expeditions into the interior. These were forty-five horses and seventy head of cattle, the value being at least $3,000. "I also," he says, "lost about seventy of my dogs," which would convey the idea of a considera-

ble kennel, the dogs all told. But he usually had only about thirty at a time. Many were killed by lions, while elephants made way with a still larger number.

The expeditions of Mr. Du Chaillu, an American naturalist, in Equatorial Africa, were more valuable to the cause of science than those of Mr. Cumming in South Africa, and scarcely less interesting as the explorations of a hunter. Like Cumming, he was a highly successful hunter, and he was also much more —a student of natural history imbued with a love of science and having a genius for it. As Mr. Cumming's starting point was the extreme of South Africa, under English domination, Mr. Du Chaillu had his headquarters beneath the equator on the east coast, and under the immediate eyesight, so to speak, of the American Presbyterian Mission for the Gaboon country. Mr. Du Chaillu afterwards established his home in the Camma country, and building himself a little village of huts near the junction of the N'poulounay and Fernand Vas rivers, and not far from the coast, named it "Washington." From the Gaboon and then from this African "city of Washington," this celebrated traveller made several explorations of the interior, much of the time among idolatrous and cannibal tribes. Enduring many hardships, overcoming many almost insurmountable difficulties, he not only gave to the world an extremely interesting account of hunting expeditions, but a description of the singular people and wonderful country he was the first white man to visit which

forms a valued acquisition to the stock of geographical and scientific knowledge.*

Whilst he was very successful in procuring specimens of most of the animals and birds in equatorial Africa to a distance of several hundred miles from the coast, he devoted special attention to hunting the ape, and was more successful in killing the species commonly known as the gorrilla than any one else of Christendom has ever been. The greater difficulty of hunting the animal considered, he was as successful with the gorrilla as Mr. Cumming had been with the elephant.

The *troglodytes gorilla*, or great chimpanzee of the equatorial region of East Africa has long been the most dreaded, perhaps, of all the wild beasts of that continent. And it is probably true that in unmixed ferocity when assailed he does not have his equal. The nature of this fierce animal—much like man in some particulars of physical formation, totally dissimilar in all other respects—may be learned from an instance or two of Mr. Du Chaillu's hunting him. The account of his killing his "first gorilla" is as follows:

"We started early and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest (this was in the country of the Fan negroes, cannibals, a little more than one degree north of the equator and something less than two hundred miles east of the mouth of the Gaboon river), in hopes to find the very home of the

* It need not be stated to students of matters pertaining to Africa, that this gentleman's "Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa" (published by the Harpers in 1868) is one of our most interesting books of travel.

beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we travelled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasional birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

"Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees. This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously. The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone

through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved two inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old

artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

"My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla."

Another hunt resulted fatally to one of the natives. It is thus related:

"The next day we went on a gorilla-hunt. All the olako was busy on the evening of my arrival with

preparations; and as meat was scarce, everybody had joyful anticipations of hunger satisfied and plenty in the camp. Little did we guess what frightful death was to befall one of our number before the next sunset.

"I gave powder to the whole party. Six were to go off in one direction for bush-deer, and whatever luck might send them, and six others, of whom I was one, were to hunt for gorilla. We set off toward a dark valley, where Gambo, Igoumba's son, said we should find our prey. The gorilla chooses the darkest, gloomiest forests for its home, and is found on the edges of the clearings only when in search of plantains, or sugar-cane, or pine-apple. Often they choose for their peculiar haunt a piece of wood so dark that even at midday one can scarce see ten yards. This makes it the more necessary to wait till the monstrous beast approaches near before shooting, in order that the first shot may be fatal. It does not often let the hunter reload.

"Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the wood in various directions. Gambo and I kept together. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening fear. We had

not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought at first quite dead. His bowels were protruding through the lacerated abdomen. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth.

"We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the wood, and the darkness, I suppose, made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him.

"To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps. He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall, and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the

monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.

"When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods."

During his explorations in equatorial Africa, Du Chaillu discovered two new species of ape—*Troglodytes calvus* and *T. Koola-Kamba*—and also a number of other mamalians, birds, serpents, and reptiles, before unknown to naturalists.

Contrary to a somewhat prevalent belief, many diseases prevail among wild animals. "The free life of nature" is subject to woes, and needs the physician's aid, after all. "I have seen," says Dr. Livingstone, "the gnu, kama or hartebeest, the tressebe, kukama, and the giraffe, so mangy as to be uneatable even by the natives. Great numbers also of zebras are found dead with masses of foam at the nostrils, exactly as occurs in the common 'horse-sickness.' I once found a buffalo blind from ophthalmia standing by the fountain Otse. The rhinoceros has often worms on the conjunction of his eyes. All the wild animals are subject to intestinal worms besides. The zebra, giraffe, eland, and kukuma have been seen mere skeletons from decay of their teeth as well as from disease. The carnivera, too, become diseased and mangy; lions become lean and perish miserably by reason of the decay of the teeth." Cumming also speaks of

seeing extensive plains thickly covered with the bones of wild animals which had died of disease.

As a rule, however, the animals are healthy. Their variety and vast numbers are beyond calculation. In a single day, Cumming saw the fresh spoor of about twenty varieties of "large game" and most of the animals themselves. These included elephant, black and white rhinoceros, hippopotamus, camelopard, buffalo, blue wildebeest, zebra, water-buck, sassayby, koodoo, pallah, springbok, serolomootlooque, wild boar, duiker, steinbok, lion, leopard. This is the *habitat* also of keilton, eland, oryx, roan antelope, sable antelope, hartebeest, klipspringer, grys steinbuck, and reitbuck. A little farther on he thus speaks of the game he saw while taking breakfast:

"We resumed our march at daybreak on the 28th, and held on through boundless open plains. As we advanced, game became more and more abundant. In about two hours we reached a fine fountain, beside which was a small cover of trees and bushes, which afforded an abundant supply of fire-wood. Here we outspanned for breakfast: it was a fine cool morning, with a pleasant breeze. The country was thickly covered with immense herds of game, consisting of zebra, wildebeest, blesbok, and springbok. There could not have been less than five or six thousand head of game in sight of me as I sat at breakfast. Presently the whole of this game began to take alarm. Herd joined herd, and took away up the wind; and in a few minutes other vast herds came pouring on up the wind, covering the whole breadth of the plain with a living mass of noble game."

And again:

"When the sun rose next morning I took coffee, and then rode west with two after-riders, in the hope of getting some blesbok shooting. I found the boundless undulating plains thickly covered with game, thousands upon thousands checkering the landscape far as the eye could strain in every direction. The blesboks, which I was most desirous to obtain, were extremely wary, and kept pouring on, on up the wind in long continued streams of thousands, so swift and shy that it was impossible to get within six hundred yards of them, or even by any stratagem to waylay them, so boundless was the ground, and so cunningly did they avoid crossing our track."

It might thus appear that if there is a sportsman's paradise anywhere it is Africa.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that about all the birds known to ornithology, and many yet unknown in the books upon that science are to be found in Africa. The ostrich, the largest of birds, is found only in Africa. It sometimes attains the height of eight feet. It is swift of foot, its cry is much like the roar of the lion, and its appearance at a distance is very stately; but it is extremely stupid. Its feathers have long been highly valued in commerce. Another most remarkable bird, peculiar to Africa, is the secretary. This is a bird of prey, feeding solely on serpents, which it pursues on foot and destroys in great numbers. It has been described as "an eagle, mounted on the long, naked legs of a crane." Waterfowl of all kinds abound, and there

are wild geese which have brilliant and variegated plumage. The most of the forests of South Africa are alive with countless numbers of an almost endless variety of birds, but in the equatorial regions they are much less numerous, though there are many of those varieties which are characterized by bright, gorgeous plumage.

"Snake stories" are proverbially tinged with the colors of the imagination; but the serpents and reptiles of Africa are no jesting topic to the inhabitants. Many of the serpents are particularly venomous. Dr. Livingstone states that the picakholu is so copiously supplied with poison, that "when a number of dogs attack it, the first bitten dies almost instantaneously, the second in about five minutes, the third in an hour or so, while the fourth may live several hours." The puff adder and several vipers are very dangerous. There is one which "utters a cry by night exactly like the bleating of a kid. It is supposed by the natives to lure travellers to itself by this bleating." Several varieties, when alarmed, emit a peculiar odor, by which their presence is made known. The deadly cobra exists in several colors or varieties. There are various species of tree-climbing serpents, which appear to have the power of fascination. This belief of Dr. Livingstone in the fascinating power of some serpents is also entertained by Mr. Du Chaillu, and avowed as correct by the eminent naturalist, Dr. Andrew Smith in his "Reptilia." The eminent hunter of the gorilla says the presence of serpents in Africa is a "great blessing to the country. They destroy great numbers of rats and mice, and other of the

smaller quadrupeds which injure the native provisions; and it is but just to say they are peacefully inclined, and never attack man unless trodden on. They are glad enough to get out of the way; and the most feared snake I saw in Africa (the Echidna nasicornis) was one which is very slow in its movements, from which cause it happens that it oftener bites people than others, being unable to get out of the way quickly. Though serpents abound in all parts of the country, I have travelled a month at a time without seeing one." The natives, though bare legged, are rarely bitten. There are several species of boa, which attain great size and weight. The variety known as the natal rock python, which is often seen in interior south Africa, though entirely without venom, like other boas, is very destructive of birds and animals. "They are perfectly harmless," says Dr. Livingstone, "and live on small animals, chiefly the rodentia; occasionally the steinbuck and pallah fall victims, and are sucked into its comparatively small mouth in boa-constrictor fashion. The flesh is much relished by Bakalahari and Bushmen. They carry away each his portion, like logs of wood, over their shoulders." Cumming killed one of these boas measuring fourteen feet in length. They have been known to measure nearly thirty feet in length, and to capture and swallow half-grown cattle. The Caffre of South Africa is very skilful in slaying the python with his spear. He is thus often pinned to the earth by a single throw and dispatched at leisure; then cut up into snake-logs and carried off for food.

Among the innumerable insects of Africa—the fa-

tal tsetse fly and the devastating locust have already been mentioned—the most interesting, perhaps, is the ant. It exists in great variety and prodigious numbers. There are countless ant-hills in different parts of Africa, which are larger than a majority of the individual homes of the natives of the southern and central portions of the continent. Human works, to be of the same relative size as these homes of insects would tower five or six times above the pyramids of Egypt, and would require a base correspondingly large. Among themselves in Africa some of the species are warriors and cannibals; they fight their enemies and eat the vanquished. Other species are exceedingly destructive of the timbers of houses, eating out the insides and leaving useless shells. Others consume vast quantities of decaying animal matter, and still others the decaying vegetation, including great trees, of the tropics. Many are exceedingly fierce in nature. Among these is the bashikouay ant of equatorial Africa. It is, perhaps, relatively the most voracious of all living things, and the most destructive. Unlike other large-sized ants it does not build houses, but excavates holes in the earth for place of retreat during storms. Its nature and babits are fully described by Du Chaillu:

"This ant is very abundant in the whole region I have travelled over in Africa. It is the dread of all living animals from the leopard to the smallest insect. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the

ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they can not bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

"When they get hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it comes to with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of mareh is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Roaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They

will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense roaches and centipedes at least several times a year.

"When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous *leap.* Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives away. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting to death.

"Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When, on their line of march, they must cross a stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbor's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe tubular bridge, *through* which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence

of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

"The bashikouay have the sense of smell finely developed, as indeed have all the ants I know of, and they are guided very much by it. They are larger than any ant we have in America, being at least half an inch long, and are armed with very powerful fore legs and sharp jaws, with which they bite. They are red or dark-brown in color. Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continual line passing at good speed a particular place for *twelve hours*. The reader may imagine for himself how many millions on millions there may have been contained here."

And yet the ants of Africa are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. "But for their labors," remarks Dr. Livingstone, "the tropical forests, bad as they now are with fallen trees, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassible on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface, and emitting worse effluvia than the comparatively small unburied collections do now. When one looks at the wonderful adaptations throughout creation, and the varied operations carried on with such wisdom and skill, the idea of second causes looks clumsy. We are viewing the direct handiwork of Him who is the one and only Power in the universe; wonderful in counsel; in whom we all live, and move and have our being."

There are vast numbers of annoying insects in all portions of the continent, which in this respect, perhaps, is neither better nor worse than other parts of

the world, where little annoyances make up the great sum of human misery. It is only one of many proofs that Africa is the region of contrasts, that the greatest animals flee from a little insect, the life of scores of whom might be stamped out by a single footstep, yet the aggregate labors of which preserve the continent from desolation and decay.

CHAPTER XX.

AFRICAN TREES AND VEGETATION.

Brief Notice of the Vegetable Kingdom of Africa—Immense Deserts and Prodigious, Tower-like Trees—Grasses Higher than a Man on Horseback—The Cotton Plant—General Remarks.

There are so many anomalies in this continent of contrasts that it seems quite of course to observe that nowhere else can be found such vast extent of sandy, barren wastes, and such immense expanse of forest whose trees, and vines, and jungle fairly shut out the rays of the sun, and leave the earth in eternal shade and gloom. Much the larger share of North Africa is embraced within the limits of the great Desert of Sahara, which, though in some respects not correctly represented to the reading public, not only covers a vast expanse on this continent, but extends its bleak and dreary nature far eastward of Africa, not ending until after it has passed through Arabia, Persia, central Asia, and penetrated the confines of the Chinese Empire. So in South Africa we have the Kalahari Desert, often mentioned in this work, which, though singularly covered with herbage and abounding in wild beasts, is much of the time almost entirely untraversable by man on account of the want of water. It is coursed by the beds of many rivers which, ages ago, were doubtless perennial streams of flowing

water, now as dry and uninviting as the sands of Sahara.

There are also extensive treeless plains—in America called prairies—whose soil is rich, supporting great quantities of luxuriant grasses and an infinite variety of shrubs and flowers. Over these, as we have seen, roam countless numbers of wild animals. Over a large portion of the watershed of South Africa, are immense "flats," covered with water during the long season of rains, but in the dry season presenting to the eyes a boundless expanse of infinitely variegated flowers.

Bounding these deserts, treeless plains, and flats, are forests of almost inconceivable extent, covered with thick jungle and the greatest variety of trees.

The magnificent trees which Dr. Livingstone found along the banks of the Zouga river, have already been spoken of.* The baobab is equal in size to the famous great trees of California, the immense hollow trunk of one of which has been exhibited as a curiosity in most portions of the United States. In some parts of the Bechuana country the remains of ancient forests of wild olives and of the camel-thorn are still to be met with. "It is probable," says Dr. Livingstone, "that this (the camel-thorn—*Acacia giraffe*) is the tree of which the Ark of the Covenant and the Tabernacle were constructed, as it is reported to be found where the Israelites were at the time these were made. It is an imperishable wood, while that usually pointed out as the 'shittim' soon decays, and

* See page 67, *ante*.

wants beauty." The baobab, already mentioned, has a vitality almost imperishable. "No external injury," says Livingstone, "not even a fire, can destroy this tree from without; nor can any injury be done from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow; and I have seen one in which twenty or thirty men could lie down and sleep as in a hut. Nor does cutting down exterminate it, for I saw instances in Angola in which it continued to grow in length after it was lying on the ground." In fact the baobab, or mowana as it is often called, has the qualities of both exogenous and endogenous trees, and is rather a gigantic bulb than either. It is often seen with its branches extending down to the ground and taking root, after the manner of the banyan. The wood of this giant of the forest is so spongy and soft that an axe can be struck in so far with a good blow that there is great difficulty in pulling it out again.

The mopane tree (*bauhinia*) is remarkable for the little shade it affords, and its astonishing capacity for being struck by lightning. The natives say "lightning hates it." The wood is hard, of a light red color, and called iron-wood by the Portuguese. On the other hand, there is a fine tree, called the morala, which has never been known to be struck by lightning. Branches of it may be seen on the huts of the natives and the houses of the Portuguese of East Africa, as a protection against lightning.* A tree which the natives

* Cumming thus describes the baobab, or mowana, under the name of *nwana*: It is about this latitude that the traveller will first meet with the gigantic and castle-like nwana, which is decidedly the most striking and wonderful tree among the thousands which adorn the South African forests. It is chiefly re-

call the indoonoo exists in some portions of equatorial Africa, which is taller and more graceful than the

markable on account of its extraordinary size, actually resembling a castle or tower more than a forest tree. Throughout the country of Bamangwato the average circumference of these trees is from thirty to forty feet; but on subsequently extending my researches in a northeasterly direction, throughout the more fertile forests which clothe the boundless tracts through which the fair Limpopo winds, I daily met with specimens of this extraordinary tree averaging from sixty to a hundred feet in circumference, and maintaining this thickness to a height from twenty to thirty feet, when they diverge into numerous goodly branches, whose general character is abrupt and horizontal, and which seem to terminate with a peculiar suddenness. The wood of this tree is soft and utterly unserviceable; the shape of the leaf is similar to that of the sycamore tree, but its texture partakes more of the fig leaf; its fruit is a nut, which in size and shape resembles the egg of the swan. A remarkable fact, in connection with these trees, is the manner in which they are disposed throughout the forest. They are found standing singly, or in rows, invariably at considerable distances from one another, as if planted by the hand of man; and from their wondrous size and unusual height (for they always tower high above their surrounding compeers), they convey the idea of being strangers or interlopers on the ground they occupy.

And toward the close of his work he says: The shoulders and upper ridges of the mountains throughout all that country are profusely adorned with the graceful sandal-wood tree, famed on account of the delicious perfume of its timber. The leaf of this tree emits at every season of the year a powerful and fragrant perfume, which is increased by bruising the leaves in the hand. Its leaf is small, of a light silvery-gray color, which is strongly contrasted by the dark and dense ever-green foliage of the moopooroo tree, which also adorns the upper ridges of the mountain ranges. This beautiful tree is interesting, as producing the most delicious and serviceable fruit that I have met with throughout those distant parts, the poorer natives subsisting upon it for several months, during which it continues in season. The moopooroo is of the size and shape of a very large olive. It is at first green, but, gradually ripening, like the Indian mango, it becomes beautifully striped with yellow, and when perfectly ripe its color is the deepest orange. The fruit is sweet and mealy, similar to the date, and contains a small brown seed. It covers the branches, and when ripe the golden fruit beautifully contrasts with the dark green leaves of the tree which bears it. Besides the moopooroo, a great variety of fruits are met with throughout these mountains and forests, all of which are known to, and gathered by, the natives. I must, however, forego a description of them, as it would swell these pages to undue bounds. Throughout the densely-wooded dells and hollows of the mountains the rosewood tree occurs, of considerable size and in great abundance.

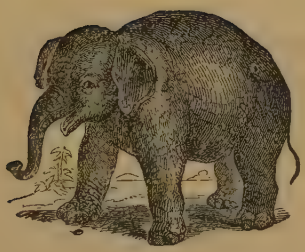
baobab, but not of such immense trunk. It is from eight to twelve feet in diameter near the base. The ebony-tree is found on high lands. It is met with all along the ridges and hills of equatorial Africa. It is described as one of the finest and most graceful trees of the African forest. Its leaves are long, sharp-pointed, dark green, and hang in clusters, producing a grateful shade. Its bark is smooth and of a dark green color. The trunk rises straight and often to the height of sixty feet without a branch; then large heavy branches are sent out. Some of these valuable trees have a diameter of five feet at the base. They are all hollow, when mature, even the branches. Next the bark is a white sap-wood which is not valuable. This in an average tree is three or four inches thick, and next to this lies the ebony of commerce. The ebony-tree is found intermixed with others in the forest, but generally in groups of three or four together, and none others within a little distance. In the same regions of equatorial Africa grows the *liamba* plant, whose leaves are used for smoking by the natives, very much as the tobacco leaf is used in some countries. Under its influence, the natives frequently become permanently insane. Here also the India-rubber vine grows in great luxuriance. Immense quantities of land round about Lake Anengue especially, are literally covered with this valuable vine.

The cotton-plant is indigenous in most portions of central and south Africa, but the natives have as yet paid little attention to its cultivation. The cannibal tribes of central Africa make mats and many of their garments of a "grass-cloth," which has been described

by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley in letters heretofore quoted. The thread used in this material is obtained from a species of palm, a great number of the many different varieties of which abound in Africa. As for grasses, the great explorer of whom this volume principally treats often speaks of riding through immense extents of it, taller than a man on horseback. The vast quantities of grass and the great number of palms in Africa suggest the belief that the manufacture of "grass-paper" may some day become an important element in African commerce. The date-tree and many other fruit-bearers are plentiful.

If Christian civilization held her benign sway over all portions of Africa, much of the great forest area would be cultivated, and the fertile prairies would yield many of the fruits and grains by which the world is supplied with food. The natural agricultural advantages of the continent are undoubtedly very great. It is well known that the valley of the Nile was for ages the granary of the world. Much of it is no less fertile now than when its products fed mankind. The whole of central Africa, from the confines of the Desert of Sahara to beyond the sources of the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo, is mostly suitable to agriculture. A vast region of this country, south of the great desert, and nearly across the continent, was formerly the abode of large numbers of people, the remains of whose cities and towns attest their civilization and successful agriculture. Here was the battle-ground in Africa between Mohammedanism and paganism; and it is not improbable that the hosts of the Prophet were stayed in their

victorious career and driven back upon regions previously overrun by the fierce cannibal tribes of equatorial Africa, who, from the time of Herodotus, have afforded some of the best specimens of physical man. Still farther south, natural agricultural advantages are notably good, except in the Desert of Kalahari—redeemable by means of Artesian wells—and the climate is extremely salubrious and healthy.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

General Description of the Great Desert of North Africa—Its Different Divisions, Inhabitants, and Productions—Cities Buried Under the Sands—The Storms of Wind—Influence of the Desert upon the Climate and Civilization of Europe.

An opinion quite extensively prevails that the Desert of Sahara is a vast treeless plain; a level expanse of hot and dreary sand, with nothing to disturb the awful monotony but an occasional caravan winding its weary way through the pathless waste, or the dreadful simoon driving the sands from their accustomed place and hurling them wildly whithersoever it will. Such, indeed, would be no very inaccurate description of many portions, some of them considerable in extent, of this immense waste, but if such were taken as a picture of the whole it would convey a false impression.

Perhaps the first idea which occupies one's mind in thinking of Sahara is in regard to its prodigious extent. Its western boundary is the Atlantic ocean, whose waves wash these arid sands from Cape Nuun, at the southern extremity of Morocco, to the mouth of the river Senegal, a distance of more than a thousand miles. Thence it extends eastward about three thousand miles to the valley of the Nile. It is estimated that within the limits thus generally described there is an area of nearly 2,000,000 square miles, be-

ing about ten times as great as the area of France, and more than twenty times greater than that of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland combined. It is to be furthermore considered that Sahara, vast as it is, embraces less than half of the desert system, if we may so speak, of which it forms the western portion, for, as is elsewhere remarked, it pushes itself, after interruption by the Nile, the rocky regions of Nubia and Abyssinia, and the Red sea, through Arabia, and thousands of miles eastward to far within the boundaries of the Celestial empire. The area of the whole is prohably about 7,000,000 square miles or something more than that of Europe and the United States. But Sahara itself in North Africa has three times the extent of the Mediterranean sea. So vast an expanse, with so much of it uninhabitable and unproductive, traversable only by those "ships of the desert," the patient camels, must impress the mind with gloomy reflections, to be replaced by brighter ones only upon considering further that in the wonderful workings of Nature hence have been borne and are constantly being borne upon the wings of the viewless winds the greatest blessings to the best portions of mankind.

The western portion of Sahara, which is called Sahel, is far more desolate than the eastern portion. In the latter part there are many oases, which are inhabitable and productive. Thus we have not far from the valley of the Nile, the oases of Darfoor, El Wah, Great Oasis, Takel, and some others, of which the first named is the greatest and the farthest south. Northward is the oasis of Siwah, or Jupiter Am-

mon, Aujilah, farther west, and the great oasis of Fezzan, with the important city of Murzuk. The oasis of A-ir or Asben, is in the south-central part of the desert. Between this and the Atlantic ocean on the west and Morocco and Algeria on the north, the expanse is as desolate a region, perhaps, as there is any where on the globe. For a considerable distance from the ocean, the scene is a bleak plain of sand, except in the portion near Senegambia, where many acacias are found—the trees which furnish the gum-arabic of commerce. This coast region has a considerable elevation, however, and the shore consists of sandstone, generally about one hundred feet high. Whilst there are many low plains covered with drifting sands, their desolation only increased in places by wide-spread coatings of salt and vast fields of naked rock upon which one might journey for days together without seeing a grain of sand or a sign of vegetation or animal life, yet may Sahara be generally described as a region of elevated plateaus which frequently rise into mountains of 3,000 to 5,000 feet elevation, separated from each other by valleys and immense tracts of sand. Traversing the Desert from Tripoli one reaches the summit of the Gharian plateau at an elevation of 2,000 feet whence it gradually slopes away to 500 feet and in some places even below the level of the sea. Farther on is a long range of table land called the Hamadah, stretching east and west with an elevation of almost fifteen hundred feet. Toward the west Hamadah becomes mountainous and toward the east it breaks into a vast scene of huge cliffs called El-Harouj. Toward the Mediterranean

on the whole plateau of Hamadah and that of Murzuk, are dry channels, called wadys, and small deserts. The route then ascends several hundred feet and passing over a sandy region, with some expanses of bare granite, with an elevation above the sea of from 1,000 to 2,200 feet, continues to the mountainous region between Ghat and Asben, where there is a wady at an elevation of 2,956 feet amid mountain peaks not less than 4,000 feet high. Still further south the average elevation is believed by Barth to be about 1,900 feet. Vogel discovered similar features in the eastern portions of the Desert, and concluded that Sahara is a vast plateau formation of the general height of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. Natives reported to him that there were high mountains in the southern part of the Desert, and two ranges, the Borghoo and the Madschunga, were specially spoken of as so elevated that the inhabitants dress in furs. Further west, the explorer Barth found the Tuariks clad in woollens and some in furs. The greatest expanse of sand and salt is between Asben and Timbuctoo and thence on west to the ocean. Hence caravans from Morocco to Timbuctoo have met with more difficulties and endured more sufferings than those which traverse the Desert from Tripoli, Barca, or Cairo.

In many portions of this western waste of Sahara have been found marine shells of recent species, showing that at no very remote geological period these now arid plains formed the bed of the ocean Not only so, but most astonishing changes have here occurred within what is commonly called the historic period. Careful investigations have discovered that

unknown cities are buried beneath the drifting sands of western Sahara, and where in former ages were fertile territories there is now only bleak and barren waste. It is interesting to speculate upon the question, Who were the people thus engulfed by the sands of Sahara? The substantial nature of their buildings, in so far as they have been disentombed, would appear to make it certain that they far surpassed in art and civilization any of the tribes which now live near the scenes of the invisible ruins. There are but two peoples, of whom we have historic knowledge, inhabitants of Africa, who might have occupied these buried cities and cultivated the fruitful territories of "the olden time long ago." These are the Egyptians and the Carthagenians. The ruins can hardly be those of the Egyptians, for they were essentially a stationary people. For ages they remained where they emigrated, or where they established themselves after their first migration. If the era of Carthage were early enough to account for these sand-submerged cities it might not be unreasonable to claim that they may have belonged to the race of which Hannibal was one of the greatest minds. And the remarkable fact that though Carthage was unquestionably one of the most powerful nations of antiquity, nothing remains, by her own authority, of her history, may be regarded as one of those mysterious coincidences of engulfment, considered in connexion with the burial of the entombed cities of Sahara, for which we cannot account and which yet have a powerful effect not only upon the imagination but the reason. Carthage left nothing of her literature, her arts, her language.

With the exception of a few coins there are no monuments remaining even of a commerce whose sails whitened every known sea. And yet this nation of which absolutely nothing remains, was able, on the very day when the Greeks defeated Xerxes, at Salamis (480 B. C.) to bring into action 300,000 men in Sicily. It is doubtful whether England could transport so large an army across the British Channel today. Though in after times, when Carthage maintained her wars with Rome, her armies were not so large, yet the country must have been both extensive and populous which could at once transport an army of a hundred thousand men across the Mediterranean. No less, with large numbers of horses, was the force with which Hannibal embarked on his last great campaign, and with whichhe succeeded, after various fortunes, in thundering at the very gates of Rome. Regions of fertility and dense population round about Carthage must, it would seem but natural, have been greater in those times than now. Perhaps valuable evidences of the literature, arts, and institutions of this extinguished nationality may some day be revealed under the sands of the Great Desert.

The western portion of the Desert is inhabited by Moors and Arabs, who live in tents and move about frequently from place to place. The Moors are a branch of those who dwell in Morocco. In color they are nearly black, with straight hair, slight physical frames, and slender legs. They are all able to read the Koran. Numerous tribes of the Tuariks inhabit the central portions of the desert. With the finest of physical natures they are a robber race, brave

cruel, and revengeful, but with a certain hospitality which is the redeeming trait in the general unworthiness of their character. The Tibboos occupy the eastern and least desolate portion of the desert. They much resemble the negroes in feature, and are an agricultural and pastoral people, living in fixed abodes. Not a few of the Tibboos are pagans, the other inhabitants of the Desert being all Mohammedans.

Throughout this vast expanse, there are, except on the oases, but few productions of value to man. Iron is found in considerable quantities east of Fezzan. Salt is abundant all along the southern portion of the desert west of Asben. Here and there are accacias, here and there groves of the date-palm.

One of the greatest terrors of the Desert is the wind which sometimes blows with great force and velocity, lifting up vast quantities of sand and hurling them madly through the air. The simoon which occurs in India and Arabia, and which would appear to be a narrow wave of intensely hot, sulphurous air, does not, perhaps, afflict any portion of Sahara. But when the ordinary winds of the Desert grow into a gale or a whirlwind, their effects are oftentimes fatal and terrible in the extreme. Frequently a thick cloud of sand may be seen rapidly borne by the wind at a distance of about twenty feet from the ground. Such sand-clouds often extend over vast expanses. If then a whirlwind comes on, the effects are often no less than awful. By such fearful storms whole caravans, consisting of thousands of camels and men have been suddenly buried alive.

Perhaps the most interesting fact connected with

the Desert of Sahara is the effect it produces, if we may believe the testimony of men of science who have investigated the subject, upon the climate of Europe. It has been stated that what is now the Desert of Sahara was occupied by the ocean at a comparatively recent geological period. Some of the facts which have brought scientists to this conclusion will be set forth when we come to speak of the geology of Africa. Here taking the conclusion for granted, it may be interesting to speculate how far this great change of the earth's surface has affected the climate farther north. If the Desert of Sahara were ocean, the "Fohn," instead of being a burning, dry wind, which strikes the snow off the Alps both by melting and by evaporation, would be a moist, damp wind, When it reached the crests of those mountains it would produce dense clouds and thick fogs which would prevent the rays of the sun from warming the earth or melting the glaciers. In a word, the Desert of Sahara, so generally regarded as the most desolate portion of the earth, appears to be the furnace by which much of Europe has been warmed out of a state of frigid discomfort into a temperate and genial climate. For geology clearly teaches us that while what we now call Sahara was covered with water, the great glaciers were advanced far beyond their present limits, giving the region to a hyperborean climate and a hyperborean fauna. The reindeer and the musk-ox roamed south to the shores of the Mediterranean when man first made his appearance in Europe. Animals which we now find only in Greenland, and the coldest habitable countries lived where frosts now

rarely come, in those remote times when the Desert of Sahara was ocean.

Not many years ago, Napoleon III., then Emperor of the French, with the object, it is believed, of moderating the heated terms in the French colony of Algeria, bordering on the northern boundary of Sahara, directed a considerable corps of engineers to examine into the practicability of transferring Sahara back again to ocean. The idea was doubtless suggested to the astute mind of the Emperor by the fact that Sahara had become dry land more recently than any other portion of the globe, and it was well known that there were many large expanses within its borders lower than the level of the sea. They reported that a great portion of the Desert could be without impracticable expense turned again into sea, but expressed the opinion that the meteorological effects would be disastrous to the climate and eventually to the civilization of Europe. And this opinion is, most probably, entirely correct.

It is, then, however remarkable it may appear, the fact that the continent of Europe owes all of its progress in civilization, the arts, and sciences, beyond that made by such men as live where the reindeer and musk-ox have their *habitat*, to bleak and dreary Sahara. But for Sahara, the inhabitants of Europe might now be little better than the Esquimaux, burrowing in the ground under ice huts, living on blubber, and dying on seal skins. Or if this be accounted an extravagant illustration, it can hardly be doubted that much of the continent whence has orginated in the historic ages the noblest civilization and the most

beneficent institutions would not have been in the zone in which about all the great and good triumphs of the human intellect have been achieved from the beginning. Even the immortal literature and art of Greece and Rome were under obligations of gratitude to the Desert of Sahara, and they are the acknowledged parents of the best literature and art of of modern Europe.

It is impossible to reflect upon this remarkable influence of the Desert of Sahara—in itself producing nothing, by its vast extent and singular formation the means of incalculable blessings to Europe and hence to all mankind—without being most profoundly impressed with the truth that in the disposition of affairs by Him who created all things there is no waste; nothing which may not be turned into good; no curse which may not be turned into a blessing.

CHAPTER XXII.

GEOLOGY OF AFRICA—ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

The General Geological Formation of the Continent—The Want of Comprehensive Investigation—Singular Facts as to the Desert of Sahara—The Question of the Antiquity of Man—Is Africa the Birth-place of the Human Race? Opinions of Scientists Tending to Answer in the Affirmative—Darwinism.

It is to be greatly regretted that no comprehensive geological surveys of Africa have ever been made; because there are certain questions, eventually to be settled by geology, whose determination, it appears to be agreed, will be finally resolved by investigations in this continent. In a volume of this nature, designed for the general reader, those facts and reasonings only need be referred to which may be supposed to have the most interest. Reference has already been made to Sir Roderick Murchison's exposition of the trough-shaped form of South Africa in his discourse before the Royal Geographical Society in 1852—an exposition which was so remarkably substantiated by Dr. Livingstone in his journey across the continent from Loanda to Kilimane. Though in its geographical configuration Africa is not greatly unlike South America, in its geological structure it much more resembles the northern continent of the western hemisphere. The Appalachian range of mountains extending through nearly the whole of the eastern portion of North America, parallel with the coast,

and the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas in the west, bear a notable resemblance to those ranges of mountains in Africa, which, rising first in the northern portions of Senegambia, pursue a south-easterly, then a southerly course to near the southern limit of the continent, when they sharply bend toward the north-east, and with many lofty peaks, some of which reach the region of eternal snow, pass through Mozambique, Zanguebar, and end not until after they have passed through Abyssinia and Nubia, and penetrated the limits of Egypt. In Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, is the Atlas range, between which and the beginning of the other the distance is hardly so great as that between the southern limits of the Appalachian range and the mountains of Mexico. The course of each of the great rivers of these continents is also across the degrees of latitude instead of generally parallel with the equator, as is the case with the great river of South America. There is a similarity also between North America and Africa in an extensive system of inland lakes of fresh water and vast extent.

The geological structure of the mountains of Africa, especially of South Africa, appears to be quite uniform. They have a neucleus of granite which often appears at the surface and forms the predominating rock, but in the greater proportion of the mountains, perhaps, the granite is overlain by vast masses of sandstone, easily distinguished by the numerous pebbles of quartz which are embedded in it. The summit, when composed of granite, is usually round and smooth, but when composed of the quartzose sandstone is often perfectly flat. Of this Table Mount,

in South Africa, is a notable illustration. The thickness of this stratum of sandstone is sometimes not less than 2,000 feet. Such is the case in the Karoo mountains of Cape Colony. When thus appearing, it may be seen forming steep, mural faces, resembling masonry, or exhibiting a series of salient angles and indentations as sharp, regular, and well-defined as if they had been chiselled. With the granite are often associated primitive schists, the decomposition of which seems to have furnished the chief ingredients of the thin, barren clay which forms the characteristic covering of so much of the South African mountains. In some places, more recent formations appear, and limestone is seen piercing the surface. The geological constitution of the Atlas Mountains, in northwestern Africa, presents old limestone alternating with a schist, often passing to a well-characterized micaceous schist, or gneiss, the stratification of which is exceedingly irregular. Volcanic rocks have here been found in small quantities. There are veins of copper, iron, and lead.

In Egypt we find the alluvial soil a scarcely less interesting object of study than the rocks upon which it rests. These are limestone, sandstone, and granite, the latter of which, in Upper Egypt, often rises 1,000 feet above the level of the Nile. Not many years ago were discovered about 100 miles east of the Nile, and in 28 deg. 4 min. of north latitude the splendid ruins of the ancient Alabastropolis, which once derived wealth from its quarries of alabaster. Farther south are the ancient quarries of jasper, porphyry, and verd antique. The emerald mines of Zebarah lay near the Red Sea

The Atlas range in Algeria is better known than elsewhere. It is as described above, but at Calle, there are distinct traces of ancient volcanoes. Iron, copper, gypsum, and lead are found in considerable quantities. Cinnabar is found in small quantities. Salt and thermal springs abound in many parts of Algeria, amethysts in Morocco, slates in Senegambia, and iron in Liberia, Guinea, the Desert of Sahara, and many other parts of Africa.

Gold, gold-dust, and iron are among the best known of the mineral riches of Africa, and are the most generally diffused throughout the continent. In the country of Bambouk, in Senegambia, most of the gold which finds its way to the west coast is found. Here the mines are open to all, and are worked by natives who live in villages. The richest gold mine of Bambouk, and the richest, it is believed, yet discovered in Africa, is that of Natakoo—an isolated hill, some 300 feet high and 3,000 feet in circumference, the soil of which contains gold in the shape of lumps, grains, and spangles, every cubic foot being loaded, it is said, with the precious metal. The auriferous earth is first met with about four feet from the surface, becoming more abundant with increase of depth. In searching for gold the natives have perforated the hill in all directions with pits some six feet in diameter and forty or fifty feet deep. At a depth of twenty feet from the surface lumps of pure gold of from two to ten grains weight are found. There are other mines in this portion of Africa, gold having been found distributed over a surface of 1,200 square miles. The precious metal is not only found

in hills, the most of which are composed of soft argillaceous earth, but in the beds of rivers and smaller streams, so that the lines of Bishop Heber's well-known missionary hymn are truthful as well as poetical: —

> "Where Afric's sunny fountains,
> Roll down their golden sands."

The gold mines of Semayla, which are some forty or fifty miles northward of those of Natakoo, though nearly as rich as the latter, are in hills of rock and sandstone, which substances are pounded in mortars that the gold may be extracted. Barth judged that gold would be found in the Benue river, the principal eastern tributary of the Niger. Gold, silver, iron lead, and sulphur have been found in large quantities, and were long profitably mined in the mountainous districts of Angola. In Upper Guinea gold and iron are deposited in granitic or schistose rocks. The interior contains vast quantities of iron which might be easily mined, but the natives are not sufficiently enterprising to accomplish much in this respect. Gold is also obtained in the beds of some of the rivers of Guinea. In Mozambique, on the east coast, the Portuguese have for a great length of time had a considerable commerce in gold obtained from mines near the Zambezi, in the region near the western limit of that province. It has already been stated that here Dr. Livingstone discovered deposits of coal. Along the Orange and Vaal rivers, in extreme South Africa, have recently been discovered diamond fields which some noted scientists believe will yet prove to be among the richest in the world.

Perhaps the portions of Africa which are the most interesting on account of geological investigations which have been made, are the valley of the Nile in Egypt, and the Desert of Sahara. It is well known that the river Nile annually overflows its banks in Egypt, and the inundation remaining a considerable period, a thin layer of soil is each year added to that which existed there before. This Nile mud, as it is called by geologists, has been the subject of considerable scientific examination for many years. In his work upon the "Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," Sir Charles Lyell gives a full account of certain systematic borings in the Nile mud which were made between the years 1851 and 1854, under the superintendency of Mr. Leonard Horner, but who employed to practically conduct the examinations an intelligent, enterprising, and faithful Armenian officer of engineers, Hekekyan Bey, who had for many years pursued scientific studies in England, was in every way qualified for the task, and, unlike Europeans, was able to endure the climate during the hot months, when the waters of the Nile flow within their banks. Sir Charles Lyell states that the results of chief importance arising out of this inquiry were obtained from two sets of shafts and borings—sunk at intervals in lines crossing the great valley from east to west. One of these consisted of fifty-one pits and artesian perforations, made where the valley is sixteen miles wide between the Arabian and the Libyan deserts, in the latitude of Heliopolis, about eight miles above the apex of the delta. The other line of pits and borings, twenty-

seven in number, was in the parallel of Memphis where the valley is five miles wide. Besides Hekekyan Bey,several engineers and some sixty workmen, inured to the climate, were employed for several years, during the dry season, in the furtherance of these interesting investigations.

It was found that in all the works the sediment passed through was similar in composition to the ordinary Nile mud of the present day, except near the margin of the valley, where thin layers of quartzose sand, such as is sometimes blown from the adjacent desert by violent winds, were observed to alternate with the loam. A remarkable absence of lamination and stratification, the geologist goes on to say, was observed almost universally in the sediment brought up from all points except where the sandy layers above alluded to occurred, the mud closely agreeing in character with the ancient loam of the Rhine. Mr. Horner attributes this want of all indication of successive deposition to the extreme thinness of the film of matter which is thrown down annually on the great alluvial plain during the season of inundation. The tenuity of this layer must indeed be extreme, if the French engineers are tolerably correct in their estimate of the amount of sediment formed in a century, which they suppose not to exceed on the average five inches. It is stated, in other words, that the increase is not more than the twentieth part of an inch each year, or one foot in the period of 240 years. All the remains of organic bodies found during these investigations under Hekekyan Bey belonged to living species. Bones of

the ox, hog, dog, dromedary, and ass were not uncommon, but no vestiges of extinct mammalia were found, and no marine shells were anywhere detected. These excavations were on a large scale, in some instances for the first sixteen or twenty-four feet. In these pits, jars, vases, and a small human figure in burnt clay, a copper knife, and other entire articles were dug up; but when water soaking through from the Nile was reached, the boring instrument used was too small to allow of more than fragments of works of art being brought up. Pieces of burnt brick and pottery were constantly being extracted, and from all depths, even where they sank sixty feet below the surface toward the central parts of the valley. In none of these cases did they get to the bottom of the alluvial soil. If it be assumed that the sediment of the valley has increased at the rate of six inches a century, bricks at the depth of sixty feet have been buried 12,000 years. If the increase has been five inches a century, they have lain there during a period of 14,400 years. Lyell states further on that M. Rosiere, in the great French work on Egypt, has estimated the rate of deposit of sediment in the delta at two inches and three lines in a century. A fragment of red brick has been excavated a short distance from the apex of the delta at a depth of seventy-two feet. At a rate of deposit of two and a-half inches a century, a work of art seventy-two feet deep must have been buried more than 30,000 years ago. Lyell frankly states, however, that if the boring was made where an arm of the river had been silted up at a time when the apex of the delta was

somewhat further south, or more distant from the sea than now, the brick in question might be comparatively very modern. It is agreed by the best geologists that the age of the Nile mud cannot be accurately, but only approximately calculated by the data thus far furnished. The amount of matter thrown down by the waters in different parts of the plain varies so much that to strike an average with any approach to accuracy must be most difficult. The nearest approach, perhaps, as has been observed by Baldwin, to obtaining an accurate chronometric scale for ascertaining the age of the deposits of the Nile at a given point, was made near Memphis, at the statue of King Rameses. It is known that this statue was erected about the year 1260 B. C. In 1854 it had stood there 3,114 years. During that time the alluvium had collected to the depth of nine feet and four inches above its base, which was at the rate of about three and a half inches in each century. Mr. Horner found the alluvium, below the base of the statue, to be thirty feet deep, and pottery was found within four inches of the bottom of the alluvium. If the rate of accumulation previous to the building of the statue had been the same as subsequently, the formation of the alluvium began, at that point, about 11,660 years before the Christian era, and men lived there some 12,360 years ago, cultivating the then thin soil of the valley. But it would appear to be certain that the average deposit is so slight annually that many centuries more than those formerly quite universally received as the age of the world for the stage of mankind's achievements must

have passed since the work of man's hands have been buried under these vast deposits of alluvium. Thus, geology insists, is the fact of man's existence, long before the historic era, conclusively established.

The Desert of Sahara presents some interesting facts of the same nature. It has already been stated that this part of Africa was ocean within a comparatively recent geological period. Tristram and several French officers of scientific attainments, who have made geological examinations of large portions of the desert have shown that the northern margin is lined with ancient sea-beaches and lines of terraces—the "rock-bound coasts" of the old ocean. Numerous salt-lakes exist in the desert which are tenanted by the common cockle. A species of *Haligenes* which inhabits the Gulf of Guinea is found in a salt lake in latitude 30 deg. north and longitude 7 deg. east, separated, therefore, from its present marine habitat by the whole extent of the great desert, and the vast expanse of Soudan and Guinea. Geologists hence conclude that the existing fauna, including man, occupied Africa long before the Sahara became dry land. Reference has been made in the preceding chapter to the supposed remarkably beneficent effect this great expanse of desert, heated sands, and hot air, has upon the climate, and consequently upon the civilization of Europe.

It is probable that from the fact that Sahara was about the last extensive portion of earth to be abandoned by the ocean, that the general opinion became prevalent that the continent of Africa was, geologically, the most recent of the grand divisions of the

earth. Though supposed to be the oldest in civilization, it has been supposed to be the youngest in geological constitution. I am informed by scientific men that on account of recent investigations and reasonings, the opinion has for some time been gaining ground that Africa is likely to be shown to be the oldest part of the globe in both respects, and to have been the original birthplace of the race of man.

The negroid race, comprehending the Negroes, Hottentots, and Algutos, are, it is claimed by many scientists, the most ancient of all the types of mankind, and since their appearance on earth vast geographical changes have taken place. Continents have become ocean and sea has become land. "The negroes," says Lubbock, "are essentially a non-navigating race; they build no ships, and even the canoes of the Feejeeans are evidently copied from those of the Polynesians. Now what is the geographical distribution of the race? They occupy all Africa south of Sahara, which neither they nor the rest of the true African fauna have ever crossed. And though they do not occur in Arabia, Persia, Hindoostan, Siam, or China, we find them in Madagascar, and in the Andaman Islands; not in Java, Sumatra, or Borneo, but in the Malay Peninsula, in the Phillippine Islands, New Guinea, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Feejee Islands, and in Tasmania. This remarkable distribution is perhaps most easily explicable on the hypothesis that since the negroid race came into existence there must have been an immense tract of land or a chain of islands stretching from the eastern coast of Africa right across the Indian ocean; and secondly

that the sea then occupied the area of the present great desert. In whatever manner, however, these facts are to be explained, they certainly indicate that the race is one of very great antiquity." "It is manifest," says Baldwin in his Pre-Historic Nations, "that Africa at a remote period was the theatre of great movements and mixtures of peoples and races, and that its interior countries had then a closer connection with the great civilizations of the world than at any time during the period called historical." It is the opinion of this writer that the Cushite race—the Ethiopians of Scripture—appeared first in the work of civilization, and that in remote antiquity that people exerted a mighty and wide-spread influence in human affairs, whose traces are still visible from farther India to Norway. Nor is he by any means alone in the opinion that the Carthagenians, ages ago, sent their ships across the Atlantic to the American continent. The Cushites, or original Ethiopians originated in Arabia, but their descendents are still found in northern Africa from Egypt to Morocco. Of this race are the Tuariks, the robbers of the Great Desert, to this day among the most magnificent specimens of physcal man to be found anywhere on the globe.

The final solution of these problems of the geological status of Africa, and the great antiquity of man can but be of the greatest interest to all thoughtful persons. Unquestionably their solution will be greatly hastened, should Dr. Livingstone succeed in the great enterprise upon which he is now engaged, and soon make known to the world the true sources of the Nile. His success therein would stimulate endeavor,

study, exploration, and, it is to be hoped, comprehensive and systematic surveys of a continent the evidences of whose civilization in remote ages lie buried among the debris of countless centuries.

We know, from the imperfect investigations which have already been made, that cities have been engulfed in the sands of Sahara. We know that vast changes have taken place in the physical structure of the continent of Africa and of the world since the negro race first appeared. It is not improbable, therefore, that where for so many ages beasts of prey and savage tribes have occupied a land oppressed with heat and burdened with many ills, there may yet be found evidences of former civilization and power in greatest possible contrast to present barbarism and national weakness. And who shall say that when the face of the continent was changed, whether by a great convulsion or by a gradual process, some of the people did not migrate northward, cross the Mediterranean and populate the continent which has since become the abode of the highest civilization and the greatest intellectual culture? Who shall say that these races of remote antiquity were not possessed of culture and arts and literature placing them very high in the scale of civilization? Within the historic period those nations have passed away which were the acknowledged parents of modern culture and art. The power and versatility of the human mind, reason, eloquence, and poetry, were most sublimely illustrated by the Greeks, whose works still remain to benefit and instruct mankind. Yet the freedom and power of this wonderful people have for more than twenty centuries been an-

nihilated. The people, in the eloquent diction of Macaulay, have degenerated into timid slaves; the language into a barbarous jargon; and the beautiful temples of Athens "have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen." The vast empire of Rome has passed entirely away within a few centuries. She had herself annihilated Carthage leaving nothing, as we have seen, of the arts, literature, or institutions of a people whose ships had sailed on every wave from the Hellespont to the Baltic, and, not improbably, from the Mediterranean to the delta of the Mississippi. Other great nations are also known to have passed away or been destroyed, the nature of their civilization and institutions being left to conjecture based upon a few monuments or a few literary remains preserved by foreign writers. It being once established that man existed ages before what is commonly called the beginning of the historic period it would be simply logical, considering many national destructions which have occurred during the historic period, to conclude by analogy that races of remote antiquity flourished and passed away leaving no sign, which has been yet discovered, of their power and civilization. It is evident the historian Macaulay thinks it not improbable such may be the fate of England, and he expressly states in a well-known passage that the time may come when only a single naked fisherman may be seen in the river of the ten thousand masts. It is difficult, if not impossible, for mankind entirely to overcome the tendency to decay.

We shall presently see that Africa is a field upon

which must soon be decided a great issue of politico-social importance; an issue which involves the abolition of polygamy, domestic slavery, and the suppression of the foreign slave trade. From what has gone before in this volume, it will have been seen that here, too, are likely to be most conclusively demonstrated the vast age of the world, the great antiquity of man, and the nature of his origin. In comparison of the settlement of this issue and the solution of these problems of science, even the discovery of the true sources of the Nile may be regarded as unimportant, except for the reason that Dr. Livingstone's great achievement will arouse other men of science to similar sacrifices, labors, and fortitude. Thus Africa is found to present another remarkable contrast for our contemplation; for while civilization is there at a lower ebb than in any other grand division of the globe, the highest intellectual efforts of the most astute thinkers of the times are turning their best efforts thitherward, in the confident hope of greatly enlarging the sphere of human knowledge, and of extending the triumphs of science and civilization.

There are many, it is true, who imagine that the scientific inquiries which are being made in regard to the great age of the world, the races which existed long anterior to the historic period, and the origin of the human species are founded in a spirit of skepticism and hostility to Christian civilization, or, rather, to Christianity as a religion. Doubtless there are many scientists who put no faith in Holy Writ, as much of it has been commonly understood. Others, and

those among the most distinguished of men, are no less devout believers in Christianity than they are firm believers in the great age of the world and antiquity of man. The devotees of Christianity have in not a few instances mistaken an ally for an enemy This was notably the fact, in an example which is here most appropriate, in the case of the modern origin of the science of astronomy. The Christian church, as then existing, pronounced as religious heresy the plain truth that the world moves, and that the sun neither rises nor sets, but is stationary—the sublime centre of a universe of planets and stars, and, perhaps, inhabited worlds, whose movements must be controlled, as the vast system must have been originated, by One of infinite wisdom and power and goodness. In due course of time it was discovered that astronomy did not militate against Christianity, and the church not only ceased putting astronomers in prison, but learned that the acceptance of all truth, come from whatever source it may, is a Christian duty. And many of the most distinguished astronomers have been no less earnest exemplars of the Christian system of religion than any monk who ever wore the pavements of a monastery and left the world no wiser or better than he found it.

As it was with astronomy, so it has been even of late years with the science of geology. The era of imprisonment for heresy had indeed passed by when men began to construct a comprehensive science on the study of rocks; but as their revelations became more extensive and more wonderful, it again appeared to many that here had arisen a formidable foe of Christ-

ianity, and the new science was assailed accordingly. It has not turned out that these disputants were as wise as they were zealous and as they were undoubtedly sincere. Though the sun never rises and never sets, we should be stupid indeed were we always, when speaking of his appearance on our horizon, or his disappearance therefrom, to state the fact in words of scientific accuracy. The world has never yet been slow enough justly to permit such waste of time and words. Not only the almanac-makers, but the most celebrated astronomers persist in saying that the sun rises and the sun sets. And, properly understood, it is perfectly true though scientifically false. To all appearance and for all practical purposes to the inhabitants of earth the sun does rise and set, and when one so says, whether inspired or uninspired, one simply conveys the idea that he intends to convey, and this is the province of language. As astronomy appeared to be utterly opposed by certain expressions in Scripture, but was found not to be, upon more liberal construction of the language, as well as more philosophical, so geology appeared to be, in its apparent demonstration of the vast age of the world, and, later, of the great antiquity of man, hostile to the received canons of the church, and especially subversive of the Mosaic account of creation and the generally received system of chronology. The conflicts thus arising have dissipated many erroneous theological constructions and dogmas, but they have in no manner affected the foundations of Christianity. There are many eminent geologists who are earnest Christians, and though Dr. Livingstone himself has done geology

incalculable service he has done Christianity incalculably more. It may well be doubted whether any single theologian of the age has conferred more valuable service upon Christianity than Hugh Miller, the great geologist of Scotland, whose scientific works are, perhaps, the most fascinating of any in the English language.

There can be, then, no well-grounded fear of science overturning Christianity. It is more likely thereby to be in the end not only more thoroughly and correctly understood, but more firmly established and more generally adopted. Even the inquiry which is now receiving so much attention from men of thought—that into the origin of man—need not be deemed as fraught with any real danger to the system which has given the world its present civilization. Were it possible to establish Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution—and that it is more than a theory cannot be claimed for it by its most devoted advocate—and establish man's origin in the ape, still would the act of his creation into man from ape be an act of infinite power and goodness. For the infinite power and goodness of the act consist in the creation, by some means, of a being of intellectual and moral attributes. The act of divine power is in breathing into the nostrils the breath of life, and causing the being to become a living soul. Even Mr. Darwin will not dispute that the ape was in the long ages evolved from dust, nor that, so far as science has shown or probably ever can show, there is no being in the universe with capacity to evolve thought except only God, as shown in His manifold works, and man.

Whatever may be the result, therefore, of the interesting inquiries in commerce, religion, geography, geology, ethnology which now are being more and more directed toward Africa with each passing year, we may quite safely conclude, judging from the results of the past, that Christianity will come forth out of the conflicts that may arise, whether they be scientific or of other nature, with renewed beauty and power; with more liberal and enlightened views, doubtless, upon some questions which have been erroneously considered, but with greater influence on this account, and with brighter prospects of more speedily than might have been but for these conflicts extending the rule of her pure and beneficent morality among all the nations and tribes of men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

The Result in Behalf of Science, Religion, and Humanity of the Explorations and Missionary Labors of Dr. Livingstone and Others in Africa—Review of Recent Discoveries in Respect to the People and the Physical Nature of the African Continent—The Diamond Fields of South Africa—Bird's-Eye View of that Division of the World—Its Capabilities and Its Wants—Christianity and Modern Journalism Dissipating Old Barbarisms, and Leading the Way to Triumphs of Civilization.

It would be difficult to estimate the result present and sure to come, in behalf of science, religion, and humanity, of the explorations and missionary labors of Dr. Livingstone and others in Africa during a period which embraces but little more than a quarter of a century. The manner in which Livingstone conducted his missionary labors has already been pointed out, but more with reference to their connection with peoples outside of Africa: with men of letters, of science, and of trade in the civilized world: than with reference to the natives themselves. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Christian religion has nowhere in Africa been anything like so generally adopted, practiced, and honored by the natives as in the country of the Bakwains. And it was among the Bakwains that Dr. Livingstone performed his principal missionary work. Among that people only did he establish a permanent missionary station. There he had his home in Africa; there his children were

born. Unquestionably the labors of the Rev. Dr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, were of the highest importance in some respects. The scene of his studies was at Kuruman, several hundred miles to the southward of Kolobeng where Livingstone was stationed. He translated the Scriptures into the Bechuana language, travelled and preached over a wide domain in South Africa, and accomplished vast good. But it was Livingstone who infused into the spirit of Christian propagandism practical wisdom and the argument of present as well as future good. He is the Franklin of missionaries, having wonderful power in showing pagans that, even so far as their temporal affairs and material prosperity are concerned, the religion of Him of Nazareth is the best policy. Much has been accomplished at the "Gaboon Mission" as it has been called, on the east coast, but it may be said that the principal good is in the mitigation of the woes of the slave trade, which here, with the aid of nations which keep cruisers off the coast, has received, perhaps, a mortal wound. Nevertheless, the tribes of this coast are exceedingly depraved, drunken, and ignorant. They are universally idolatrous and given to disgusting superstitions and habits. Scarcely more than a hundred miles in the interior are tribes of cannibals, which are doubtless succeeded by others practicing the horrid orgies of man-eating across the continent to Tanganyika Lake. But with the great decrease in the slave trade has sprung up among all these people a wish to engage in legitimate commerce. With half the ideas of Christain civilization which have been instilled into the Bak-

wains of South Africa, these unhappy people would soon find ways and means to conduct a large trade in ebony, India-rubber, ivory, and other products of their country so much prized by commerce. Those who live on the coast have become somewhat skilful and daring in navigation, their little vessels, made of great trees hollowed out and pointed, making considerable coastwise voyages. Upon the arrival of a vessel on the coast, great numbers of these canoes, filled with natives, are constantly moving about from ship to shore, too often carrying off the miserable beings from the baracoons. This terrible traffic completely done with, they must perforce seek other means of trade; and these their country happily affords in great abundance.

The Makololo of central South Africa, so often mentioned in this volume, were greatly improved by the restless genius of the warrior-statesman Sebituane, whose remarkable career has been delineated in these pages. These people, possessing a country of great beauty and fertility along the valley of one of the most magnificent rivers of the world; possessing also vast herds of cattle and many villages and towns; and endued by nature with tractable dispositions and ambitious spirit, continue greatly to profit by the teachings and example of Dr. Livingstone. Related to the Bakwains and with them speaking the Bechuana language, Christian ideas are rapidly gaining adherents, so that it is but reasonable to expect that ere long, that vast extent of country from Cape Colony to Londa, between the eastern and western coast "shells" of South Africa will have come under the be-

nignant and progressive influences of Christian civilization.

The value of the results of Dr. Livingstone's explorations to science can hardly be overestimated. Geography, geology, botany, natural history, ornithology, have all recived new facts of value by his labors, while the latest intelligence from him clearly points to his speedy success, should his life be spared, in the solution of that problem in geography which for many years has elicited the studies of the learned and the adventures of the adventurous.

But Dr. Livingstone has not been alone in giving the world intelligence of the long unknown continent. In the interest of commerce, England sent an expedition to central Africa in 1850 under Captain Richardson, with whom were associated Dr. Overweg and the celebrated Dr. Barth, upon the latter of whom the work of the mission devolved on account of the death of both of his colleagues. The result was published in a most elaborate work of which mention has been made in the early pages of this volume. Dr. Barth traversed the African Sahara from north to south and again from south to north, near the middle, passing through Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, Ghat, Tintellust, the capital of Asben, Agades, and Katsena, whence on the journey out Dr. Barth proceeded to Kano, Messrs. Richardson and Overweg going to Lake Tsad. Dr. Barth remained in Africa about five years, exploring the country from east of Lake Tsad to Timbuctoo. All this vast country is inhabited by a remarkable people, or a variety of remarkable peoples, who are good horsemen, sustaining large armies,

chiefly of cavalry, adroit robbers, cruel, vindictive, having the worst form of domestic slavery, but who number many millions of souls; cultivate vast tracts of land, raising corn, rice, millet, tobacco, cotton, and other products; have many extensive towns and walled cities; carry on great operations in manufactures, trade, and mining; and are almost constantly at war: for the different states are independent of each other, each empire governed by its own sheik, the lesser sovereignties by sultans. The common religion of the people is that of Mahomet, but there are remnants of pagan tribes, some of which are even yet independent, and wage deadly war with their cruel oppressors. The country is well watered, and may be generally described as a vast plain, diversified only at wide distances by insulated mountains of no great height. In this expanse, the general name of which is Soudan, or Soodan (Berr es-Soodan, "Land of the Blacks"), the most celebrated city, perhaps, is Timbuctoo, which, from remote antiquity, has been the meeting-place of many caravans and converging lines of traffic. Sokato, or Sukatu, was formerly a city of 50,000 inhabitants, but has of late years decreased in importance. It is noted for its excellent manufactures of leather and iron, and its general markets, which always bring together great numbers of people and a wonderful variety of articles for sale. Kano, the capital of the province of Houssa, has a population of forty thousand souls. The city is surrounded by a wall of clay, thirty feet high, and more than fifteen miles in extent. Much of the enclosed space is occupied by gardens and cultivated fields. The cotton

cloth woven and dyed at Kano is the chief article of commerce. The fine cotton fabrics of the Timbuctoo market are really manufactured at Kano. Dyed sheep-skins, sandals, ivory, the kola nut are largely exported. Kuka, the capital of Bornu, is near Lake Tsad, but is a small city of inconsiderable importance. Yola, the capital of Adamwa, is larger than Kuka. It was in this province that Dr. Barth discovered the Benue river, a navigable stream and the principal affluent from the east of the Niger. There are many cities in this portion of Africa of far more importance than the capitals of Bornu and Adamwa. Polygamy is universally practiced, and there are probably more slaves than freemen throughout all the vast expanse between the equator and the Desert of Sahara, and Senegambia and Abyssinia.

In 1856, Captain Burton, whose "Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca" (which he made in the disguise of a dervish) had just made a sensation in the reading world, explored, with the lamented Speke, a considerable portion of East Africa. The explorations of Grant and Speke in this portion of the continent were also of the greatest value. Thus was a knowledge of the expanse lying between Lake Nyassa, Tanganyika Lake, Victoria Nyanza and the Indian ocean made known to the world. The explorations of Sir Samuel Baker and others in search of the sources of the Nile are familiar to the intelligent public. At this moment there are at least two expeditions engaged in attempting to solve this interesting geographical problem, one, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the other under that of the

Khedive of Egypt. With this latter is a representative of the same American journal whose Search Expedition under Mr. Stanley discovered the great discoverer on the shores of Tanganyika.

The most interesting and valuable series of explorations from the west coast of Africa which have been made of late years were those by Paul B. Du Chaillu, an American traveller and student whose work has been freely quoted from in this volume. His explorations embraced some three degrees of latitude and six of longitude near the equator. He penetrated far into the country of the gorilla and the cannibal, and his researches in respect of the people, animals, vegetation, and birds of this part of the continent are confessedly of great value to science.

Thus, if we consider the known portions of Africa at the time Dr. Livingstone began his first expedition of discovery, and compare them with the known portions of Africa at the time of the finding of Livingstone by the "Herald" expedition, we shall see that nearly all South Africa and much of East Africa has been explored by Livingstone himself; that Baker, Burton, Speke, Grant have added much to our knowledge of the supposed regions of the upper Nile and the "lake country" of East Africa; that Richardson and Barth have informed us of the true nature of the Desert of Sahara, the latter adding a vast fund of information in respect to north-central Africa; that Du Chaillu's explorations and direct information almost impinge upon the vast area, both upon the east and the south, explored by Dr. Livingstone. The unexplored regions of Africa, therefore, are now

small in comparison of the regions explored and in regard to which trustworthy information has been gathered. Whereas, when Dr. Livingstone went to Africa, only the outer portions of the continent had been examined, the regions now unknown are a wide belt eastward of Lake Tsad; a considerable expanse south of Abyssinia; portions of the Desert of Sahara, and of Kalahari; and that expanse in equatorial Africa between the recent explorations of Livingstone among the supposed sources of the Nile and the eastern limit of Du Chaillu's journeys. It is true that these still unexplored regions embrace the most interesting portion of the continent and extend over an area several times larger than that of France, but in comparison of the portions of this great division of the earth which have now come under the view and the study of civilized man, they are but like a little cloud in a clear sky.

Within the long explored regions of South Africa a most important discovery in respect to commerce has recently been made. Reference can be had, of course, only to the discovery of the diamond fields of the Orange and Vaal rivers, some seven or eight hundred miles, by a traversable route, northeastward of Cape Town, but considerably nearer either Port Elizabeth in Cape Colony, or Port Natal on the east coast. Some twenty years ago, England abandoned the tract of country now known as the Orange River Free State, and it was occupied by emigrant Boers, some of whom also proceeded still farther north and established the Trans-Vaal Republic—a region over which Great Britain never had dominion. The Boers

are generally supposed to be descendants of the Dutch colonists, but by some they are believed to be descended of certain warlike North Germans, whom the Dutch employed to guard their distant settlements, giving them lavish grants of lands in return for their services. This latter opinion would seem to be substantiated by the fierce and warlike nature of the present race of Boers. The diamond fields commence near the junction of the Orange and Vaal rivers, and extend indefinitely up both those streams. The diamond region is described as "a desert country of bare rock and sand, far from the upland pastoral districts" where the Boers successfully conduct agricultural pursuits. The fields are reached by a journey of some eight hundred miles from Cape Town. The distance from Port Elizabeth is about five hundred miles; that from Port Natal about four hundred and fifty. By the Port Elizabeth route, the traveller passes over the Zumberg mountains, and over the Drakensberg range, should he start from Port Natal. By either route, the scenery is described as magnificent and calculated to put the traveller at once in love with the country. But the region between Port Natal and the diamond fields is more wild and desolate than that on either of the other routes, and great suffering is often experienced by the way.

The first South African diamond is said to have been found in March, 1867. The fortunate person was a Dutch farmer named Schalk Van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. It turned out to be a genuine diamond, and was purchased by Sir Philip

Wodehouse, then governor of the Colony, for $2,500. In a short time the governor purchased several other fine and valuable stones. In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond "Star of South Africa" was discovered by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange river. This was a diamond of eighty-three and a-half carats and was purchased for $56,500. Being cut, it produced a fine gem of forty-six and a-half carats, valued at $100,000. The finder of this diamond sold it for 500 head of sheep, 10 head of cattle, and a horse. In a single year since their discovery these fields have yielded more than five stones above forty carats. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the famous Koh-i-noor in size and equaling it in beauty when cut and polished. The Sultan of Matan, of the island of Borneo, has a diamond of the first water, weighing 367 carats, and worth at least $3,500,000. The Orloff diamond, belonging to the Czar of Russia, weighs 195 carats, but is worth only about $500,000 on account of being a little off color. It is not too credulous to believe that the diamond fields of South Africa may produce stones equal to these, and which will throw the fabulous "Moonstone," about which Wilkie Collins has written one of his most fascinating stories, completely in the shade.

These diamond fields have already been visited by great numbers of explorers, many of whom have been exceedingly lucky, while others had better remained at home. Astonishingly few scenes of lawlessness and violence have been witnessed, a fact which is owing to the peaceful nature of the Africans who do

the most of the digging. The result of the discovery of this extraordinary diamond region was greatly to lower the price of rough diamonds for a season. It is not believed that the price will be permanently affected. Only about one tenth of the African diamonds are of the first water. The ordinary trade in diamonds had been about $800,000 a month—$400,000 from the mines of South America and India, and $400,000 from private parties. The increase from the South African fields has not yet been $100,000 a month, or anything like it on the average. The introduction of machinery and of capital to direct and control the workings, will doubtless add largely to the yield of these precious stones. Rubies are also found here in large numbers, but they are generally small. The probability of the discovery of gold also is very great.

Reflecting upon all these recent explorations and discoveries in Africa, how different would be a bird's eye view of that continent now from what it was when Dr. Livingstone first went ashore at Cape Town! The extreme southern portion of the continent is under the dominion of Great Britain. On the east and northeast are Natal and the Boer republics of Orange River and Trans-Vaal. Here, of course, we find a people not unlike the peasantry of Europe, with towns and cities and farms and manufactures and commerce. The political institutions are liberal, and popular education supported by the state, is becoming general. The original inhabitants of this region were the Hottentots, a race bearing more

resemblance to the Mongols than to the negroes, having broad foreheads, high cheek bones, oblique eyes, thin beards, and a yellow complexion. They are of a docile disposition, and quick intellectual perception. They were possessed of vast herds of cattle and large flocks of sheep, but were enslaved by the Dutch. Emancipated in 1833 by England, they are still found all over this region—still enslaved by the Boers in their so-called republics—and in small bodies here and there to a great distance in the interior. The Caffres, who inhabit the eastern portion of South Africa north of the British possessions, and form a large proportion of the population of the northern part of Cape Colony, are described by Livingstone as "tall, muscular, and well made; they are shrewd, energetic, and brave; altogether they merit the character given them by military authorities of being magnificent savages! Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans." Near the east coast of Africa the Caffres are brown or copper-colored. Their government is patriarchal, a petty chief presiding over each kraal or village, who is tributary to a higher chief, and these higher chiefs owe allegiance to the great chief, with whom they form the National Council. They live by hunting and raising cattle. Their women attend to the agriculture. They have no notion of a Supreme Being, but are exceedingly superstitious in respect to witches, spirits, and the shades of their ancestors. The missionary labors of more than forty years have made no

perceptible impression upon this stalwart race except those who live under the British Colonial government, and these have only been partially won over to civilization. Caffre women are described as superior in beauty to the other native races of South Africa. Then, and farther to the left, still looking northward, we have the Bushmen, who are described by Livingstone as true nomads. Then we come to the Griquas, an independent people north of the Orange river. By Griquas is meant any mixed race sprung from natives and Europeans. These are of Dutch extraction through association with Hottentot and Bushwomen. Many of these have adopted Christianity. The human inhabitants of the Kalahari Desert are Bushmen and Bakalahari, the former supposed to be the aborigines of Southern Africa, the latter the remnants of the first emigration of Bakwains. Both of these singular people are possessed of an intense love of liberty, but the Bushmen live almost exclusively on wild animals, while the Bakalahari have an irrepressible love of flocks of domestic animals. They procure a precarious existence over the dry expanse of Kalahari. East of the Desert are the Bakwains, among whom Moffat and Livingstone labored. These, numbering many different tribes, inhabit a large portion of Southern Africa, and by their migrations under Sebituane, have for a number of years also held a vast territory on the Chobe and Zambesi rivers, north of Lake Ngami. Many of the Southern tribes have embraced Christianity and all are noted for intelligence and the desire of progress. Between the Southern Bechuanas

and their relatives the Makololo are the Bamangwato and the Bayeiye, the latter "the Quakers of Africa," who do not believe in fighting. The former are sufficiently savage and indolent. They live round about Lake Ngami. To the westward of Kalahari and as far northward as the country under Portuguese dominion we observe a region possessing many fertile tracts. A wide expanse is called Namaqua Land, and is sparsely inhabited by Hottentots among whom live a few Dutch. Northward of these are the Damaras, whose domains extend far into the interior, but of whom little is known. Far up the east coast extends the country of Mozambique, long known to geography. Near the middle of this country the waters of the Zambesi empty into the Indian ocean. Far up this stream we find many tribes of ignorant men, all polygamous, but none, until we reach the watershed of central South Africa, devoted to disgusting fetiches. There, where the country is for a vast distance an immense flat, with a river, part of whose sluggish waters seek outlet in the Atlantic and part in the Indian ocean, we see negroes of the most savage nature and the most degrading superstitions. And as we cast our vision westward toward the Portuguese colony of Angola, we find them becoming more and more degraded, through the immense territory of the Balonda, until we reach the magnificent valley of the Quango, and begin to perceive the beneficent effects of civilization, even though its representatives have not been of the best. We shall look in vain over the whole expanse of Lower Guinea for notable prospects cheering to the cause of

man's advancement. Then extending our vision northward and eastward over what may for convenience sake be called the equatorial region of Africa, we shall observe great lakes and rivers on the east, the lakes scarcely less great in surface extent than those of interior North America, while at the west we perceive extensive rivers, and immense forests. Here the nobler wild animals do not live, but repulsive apes and cannibals possess the gloomy shade of the vast wilderness. Near the eastern portion of this expanse the great explorer of Africa is at this time engaged in traversing that now most interesting portion of the globe whence spring the sources of the Nile. Still farther north, and extending nearly across the continent, we see an immense territory crowded with a commercial, trading people, whose cities have been noted for ages through the reports of caravans which have brought their goods and gold across the great desert to the Mediterranean sea. On the right of the desert we find Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. The desert itself is seen to have many oases, stately mountains, and in places a growth of singular trees. Its caravans are sometimes submerged by the terrible simoon; but the robbers of the desert are more cruel and destructive than the winds and sands. On the north of Sahara we see the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, where in ancient times the great rival of Rome exercised supreme authority, which was doubtless wrested from Carthage in a calamity to mankind. To the westward of this famous seat of ancient empire, the French now have a numerous and prosperous colony. Still farther westward and look-

ing out upon the pillars of Hercules, live the remnants of that singular people who once possessed a large part of Spain, and whose melancholy fate has been rendered wonderfully interesting to the intelligent of all lands by the great and tender genius of our American Irving. The descendants of the old possessors of Granada, the builders of the Alhambra, may now be found in northwestern Africa, and penetrating deeply into the regions of the Desert, with little to suggest the ancient taste, and culture, and warlike prowess. With the exception of Liberia, and the English, Portuguese, Dutch, and French colonies, and of late some of the Backwains who have become Christianized, the people of whom we are taking this rapid view are devoted to polygamy. As it exists throughout nearly the whole of the vast continent it is both a social and a political institution. Of all these people, perhaps those only who are actually progressive are the Bakwains, under Sechele, the Makololo, under Sekeletu, successor to the greatest of South African chieftains, Sebituane, some of the colonists of extreme South Africa, and a province or two of central West Africa.

Confining our view now to the physical aspect of Africa, we perceive that the four great rivers are the Nile, the Zambesi, the Quango, or Congo, and the Niger. The Orange river of the south is of less magnitude, as is the Senegal of the west. Of these, the Nile is the greatest and most interesting, the most interesting river, perhaps, of the world. The Niger drains much of western and central Africa, and with its affluents forms a system of drainage for an im-

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mense empire. The Quango is the principal river of central South Africa, but between it and the Niger are the Gaboon and the Fernand Vas with their many affluents. The Zambesi is seen to drain a region many times larger than Great Britain. The Orange, with its affluents is at least equal to the Ohio in the United States. All these rivers, with the exception of the Nile, force their way through mountains which reach in almost unbroken range around the continent from Abyssinia southwestward to Cape Colony, then northwestward to Senegambia, whence they shoot off in broken fragments over the Desert of Sahara.

The northern half of Africa is chiefly Mohammedan, the southern half chiefly pagan. In the north we have sheikhs, khedives, sultans, harems, intrigues, treachery, vindictivenes, and tortures. In the south we have man-eating, superstitions, fetiches, degradation, but, unquestionably as I think, very much less of man's inhumanity to man. North and south, except where the English have control, domestic slavery exists in its most cruel forms, but nowhere in the world has it ever existed, perhaps, in such monstrous shape of iniquity as in central Africa under the rule of Islamism. Dr. Barth accompanied the sheikh of Bornoo on a predatory (slave-catching) expedition into the Musgu country on one occasion. He thus relates the principal business of a single day:

"The village we had just reached was named Kakala, and is one of the most considerable places in the Musgu country. A large number of slaves had been caught this day, and in the course of the eve-

ning, after some skirmishing, in which three Bornoo horsemen were killed, a great many more were brought in; altogether they were said to have taken one thousand, and there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body."

The number of "slaves" (that is, free persons captured) on this expedition was about 4,000, of whom nearly 1,000, being full-grown men, were disposed of in the horrible manner above described.

—Those who have read the preceding pages can hardly help arriving at the conclusion that the capabilities and the wants of Africa are very great. Leaving out those portions of the continent which were known when Dr. Livingstone first reached South Africa, we find that there have since been discovered lakes, rivers, mountains, regions abounding in precious stones and metals, vast fertile plains, forests rich in valuable trees and vines, animals producing rare articles of commerce, peoples rude indeed and degraded, but neither cruel by nature, vindictive, nor revengeful. Many of them are magnificent specimens of mankind, so far as physical nature is concerned, while a great majority of them are far above that which is too generally considered the typical African. They are by no means wanting in intellectual powers; and their almost universal love of children must be regarded as a most admirable and redeeming trait. Even the cannibals of the equatorial regions are un-

questionably less cruel and infinitely less treacherous than the Mohammedans of north Central Africa, while the numerous tribes of Bakwains and Makololo are for the most part by nature gentlemen; brave, magnanimous, and reasonable. The Bakalahari are a pastoral people; and those who are fond of both children and flocks cannot be irreclaimably depraved. Over a large part of South Africa, idolatry is unknown; and skepticism is a much less powerful antagonist of Christian civilization than fetiches.

These people have many navigable rivers, vast extents of arable lands, large numbers of domestic animals, and some of them are wonderfully skilful in the manufacture of certain fabrics and tools. Perhaps it is hardly too much to say that the Fans (cannibals) of equatorial Africa are the best blacksmiths in the world.

There can be little doubt that many of these people would have adopted Christian civilization before this time but for polygamy. As has been said a moment ago this is both a social and political institution. The more wives a chief has the more fathers-in-law, the more friends, and consequently the more influence. We have seen how this long kept the chief Sechele from espousing Christianity. It appeared to his generous nature like a cruelty to return his supernumerary "wives." It is difficult to see how any general progress can be made toward the adoption of Christian civilization by these people until this institution shall have been destroyed.

The abolition of domestic slavery is one of the greatest wants of the continent. In no part of pagan

Africa is this inhuman system upheld by such barbarous practices as in many large portions under the sway of Islamism. In pagan Africa the captives of war are made slaves, but the adult males are not mangled and slain. Throughout a great extent of Mohammedan Africa the system of slavery is upheld by nameless atrocities in gratification of the terrible cruelty and scarcely less terrible lust of the most cruel and lustful people. The legend of Legree in Mrs. Stowe's celebrated novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a pleasant fable in comparison of many acts pertaining to African domestic slavery of which truthful accounts might be given. It might appear that time is necessary to prepare a people so cruel for the reception of Christian civilization. The Boers of South Africa are exceedingly hard task-masters with their slaves, compelling them to do a great deal of hard labor and drudgery, but they have not been charged with blood-thirstiness.

This wide-spread system of domestic slavery is, of course, an important ally of the foreign slave trade but the slave trade is in some respects a wrong and unutterable woe of itself. There is a certain intronational slave trade, if we may so speak, in Africa, carried on between tribes which are independent of each other. The importance of a chief is often estimated by the number of his slaves and wives. Now that the recent explorations of white men have made intercourse between tribes of more frequent occurrence than formerly, a rude diplomacy has sprung up, which is chiefly exercised in matters pertaining to slaves and the purchase of wives. A chief

strengthens himself at home by marrying as many of the daughters of his "head men" as he can, and among other tribes by the same course among them. A large number of slaves adds to the consideration in which he is held at home and abroad. Thus polygamy, domestic slavery, and the foreign slave trade are the great obstacles which stand in the way of civilizing the continent of the black man. And of these the greatest obstacle is the foreign slave trade. This, not only because of its own cruelty, fearful wrongfulness, and hideous practices, but because it gives the black man a fairly unanswerable practical argument against civilization. Dr. Livingstone expressly tells us, in letters which we have quoted, that the practices of the slave-traders are more horrible and cruel than even those of the man-eating Manyema. Is it to be expected that the natives of Africa will adopt a system which, so far as they see, is more cruel than the most horrible customs of their most degraded tribes? Those Africans only who have to any considerable extent adopted Christain civilization live at the greatest distance from the scenes of the foreign slave trade.

The first great want of Africa, therefore, is the suppression of the slave trade. This has been to great extent accomplished on the West Coast. It has not been accomplished on the East Coast because of the neglect of the British government. Not long since Zanzibar was visited by a terrible hurricane, whose destructive fury laid waste its shipping, its houses, and scattered death and desolation over a wide expanse. The affliction was very great, and

grievous to be borne. The slave trade of Zanzibar is almost infinitely more cruel than the remorseless elements. Its speedy suppression is demanded by the united cries of Christianity and humanity. It is the undoubted duty of the government of Great Britain to heed this demand, and put an end to the woes which exist through the cupidity of British subjects and the inefficiency of British officials at Zanzibar.

The other great wants of Africa are the abolition of domestic slavery and the destruction of the system of polygamy. To accomplish these great objects will be no easy achievement, nor one, it is believed, which can be speedily brought about. It certainly can be done the more easily and the more speedily after the suppression of the foreign slave trade. Until that be done, it is simply impossible. That having first been brought about, the national characteristic of all African peoples will be found, it is confidently believed, to form an element of vast power in bringing the continent under the sway of civilization. That characteristic is the love of trade. It is another of the singular anomalies of this division of the world, that while it is, upon the whole, the least commercial of all, the people are natural traders. They are universally fond of barter. This may be called the African idiosyncrasy. Taking advantage of it, with his inculcations of religious truth, Dr. Livingstone's labors at the time and afterwards were crowned with magnificent success. Those of his co-laborers who have succeeded have pursued the same plan. Thus throughout a vast expanse have slavery and polygamy passed

away, and the institutions of Christian civilization been adopted in their stead by a people naturally intelligent, progressive, and brave.

Christianity and modern journalism ought, therefore, to unite in urging commerce to clasp hands with religion for the purpose of making a common triumph for trade and civilization over the vast continent much of which has so long sat in darkness. There, surely, are the foundations upon which a mighty commerce may be built; there, beyond question, is a vast field in which the labors of Christian propagandists have much to engage them, and much to encourage great zeal and self-denial. Journalism and Christianity thus succeeding in making a firm and earnest ally of Commerce, cannot help leading the way, in the good time of Heaven's providence, to most gratifying triumphs of civilization; so that the gloom and misery of centuries shall be dispelled, and even Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto GOD.

THE END.

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